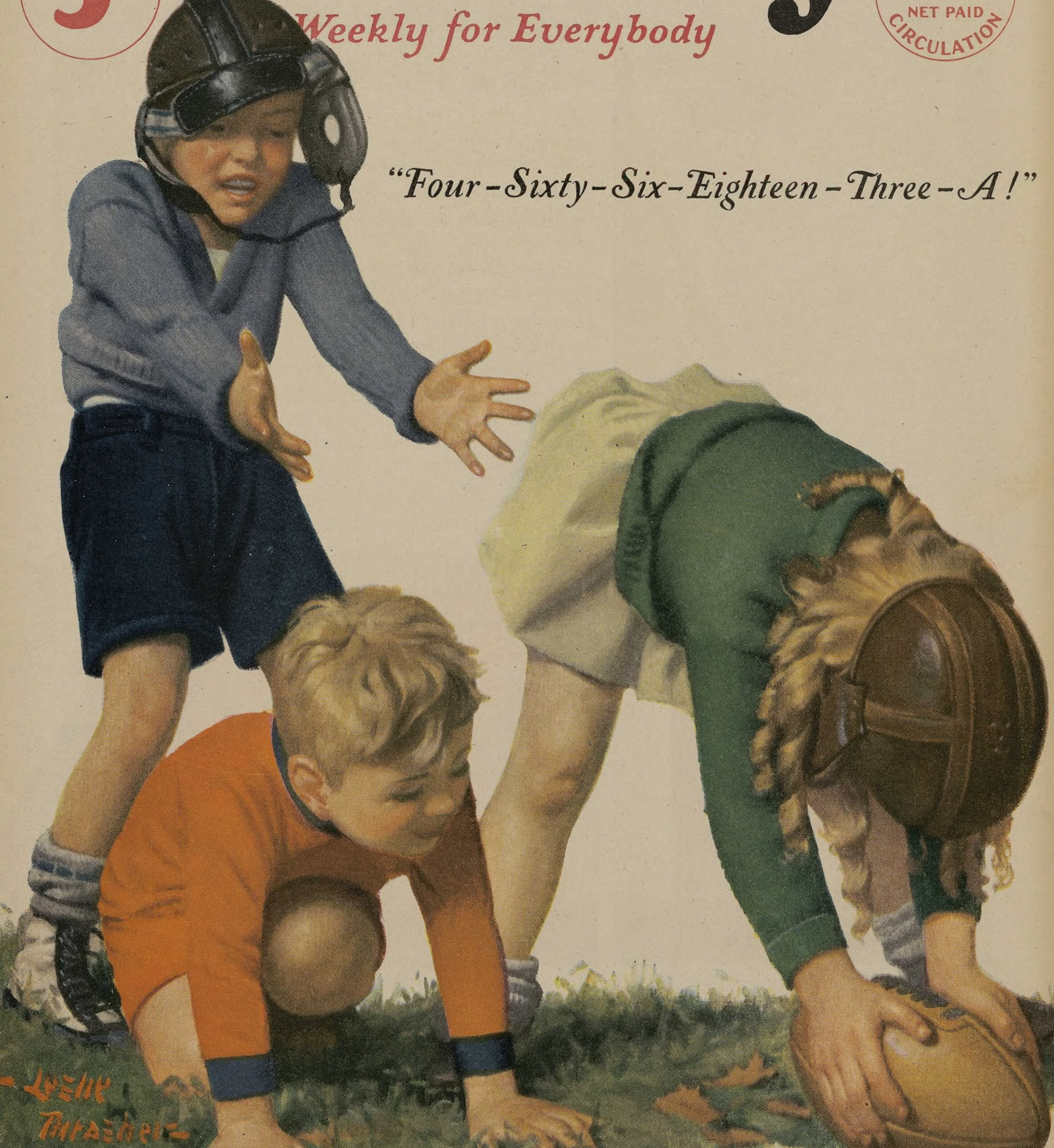
WEEK
ENDING
NOV. 22, 1930

5c

Liberty

Weekly for Everybody

OVER
2,250,000
NET PAID
CIRCULATION



"Four-Sixty-Six-Eighteen-Three-A!"

ELMER **DAVIS** ~ JOHN MONK **SAUNDERS** ~ HELEN **HATHAWAY** ~ EDWARD **DOHERTY** ~ FLOYD **GIBBONS**

BEAUTY *is* BUILT *into these* GENERAL ELECTRIC RADIO CABINETS

External beauty, however attractive, is only one important factor in a radio cabinet.

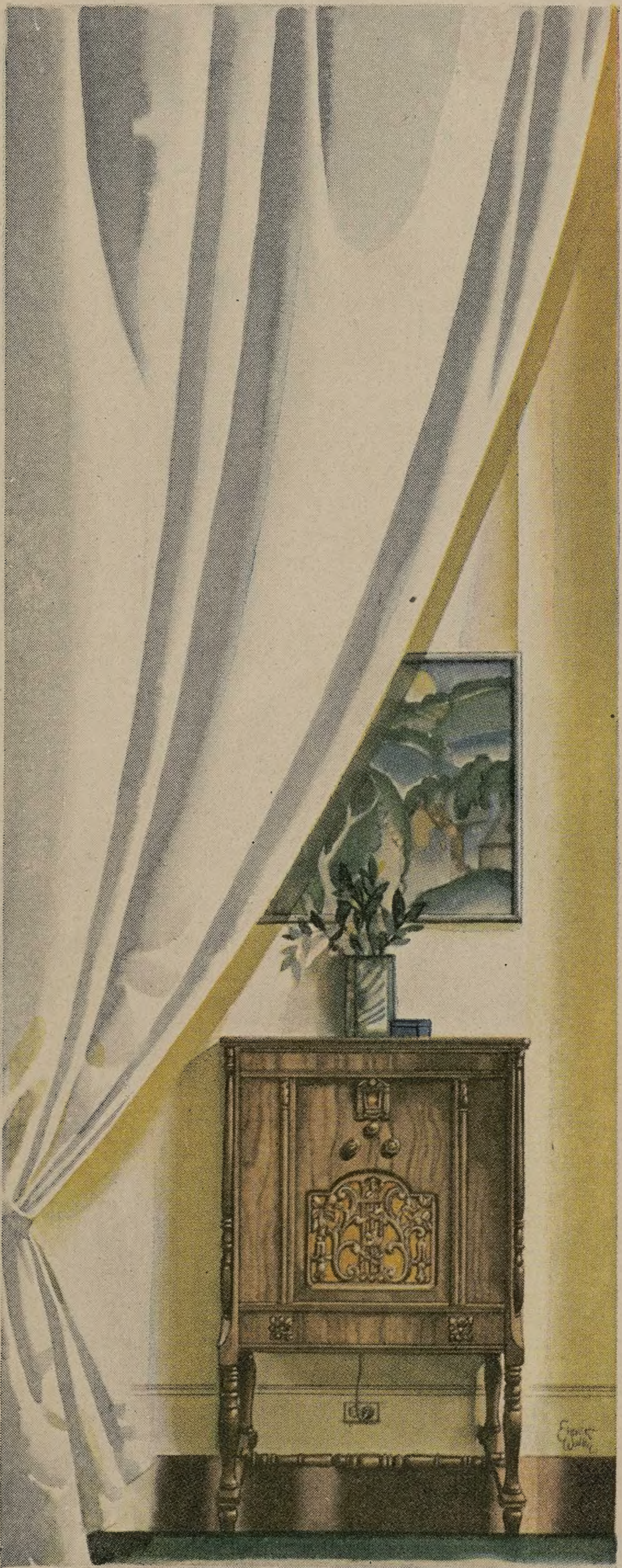
The rich brown walnut from which these cabinets are built is thoroughly aged . . . beyond the influence of extreme climates.

Today's demand for simpler, more authentic furniture design is exemplified in the handsome lines of these cabinets.

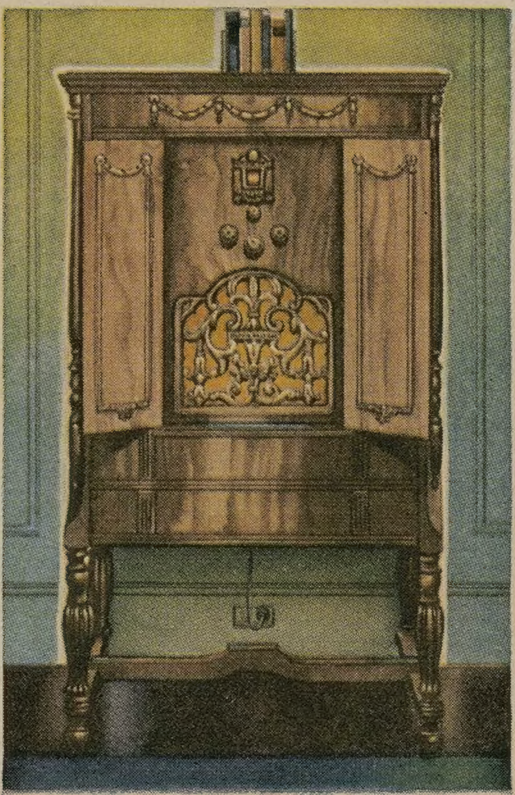
But there is something else at least equally important. The craftsmen who built these cabinets know that vibration and "rattle" will ruin radio tone.

Every part of these cabinets has been put together with the utmost care. Each joint is sturdy and strong. Each cabinet has been designed and built to preserve the true tone quality of your General Electric Radio.

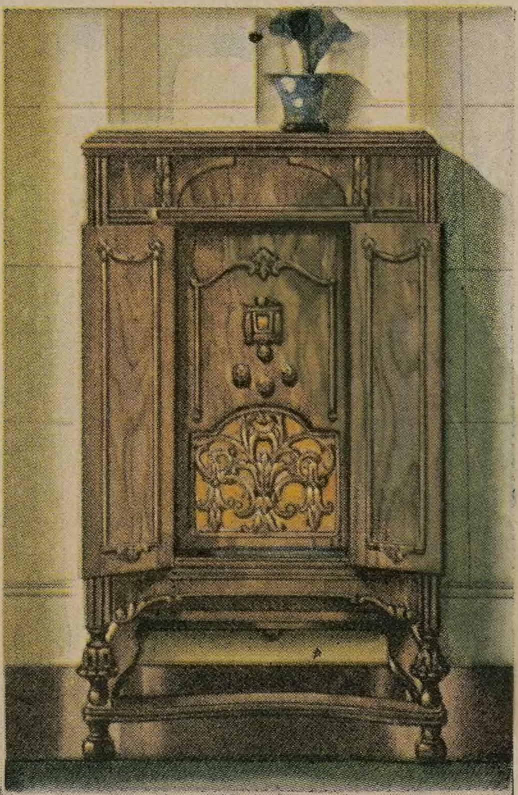
If you desire further information write Section R-4911, Merchandising Dept., General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.



LOWBOY—A distinguished example of early American cabinet design. Rich brown walnut, satin finish. Harmonizes beautifully with any surroundings. Superheterodyne circuit, 9 tubes—four of which are screen-grid. More selective and sensitive than any set hitherto offered to the public.



HIGHBOY—Two-door cabinet of early American design. Dignified, distinctive. Rich brown walnut with satin finish. Super-heterodyne circuit, 9 tubes—four of which are screen-grid. Fitted with *tone control*. Remote control optional at additional cost.



RADIO-PHONOGRAPH COMBINATION—Rich brown walnut cabinet with satin finish. Super-heterodyne circuit, 9 tubes—four of which are screen-grid. Fitted with *tone control* and home recording equipment. Remote control optional at additional cost.

GE
GENERAL ELECTRIC
650

So selective that every line on the dial marks a different station.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

FULL RANGE RADIO

Wake up . . .
to
Opportunity

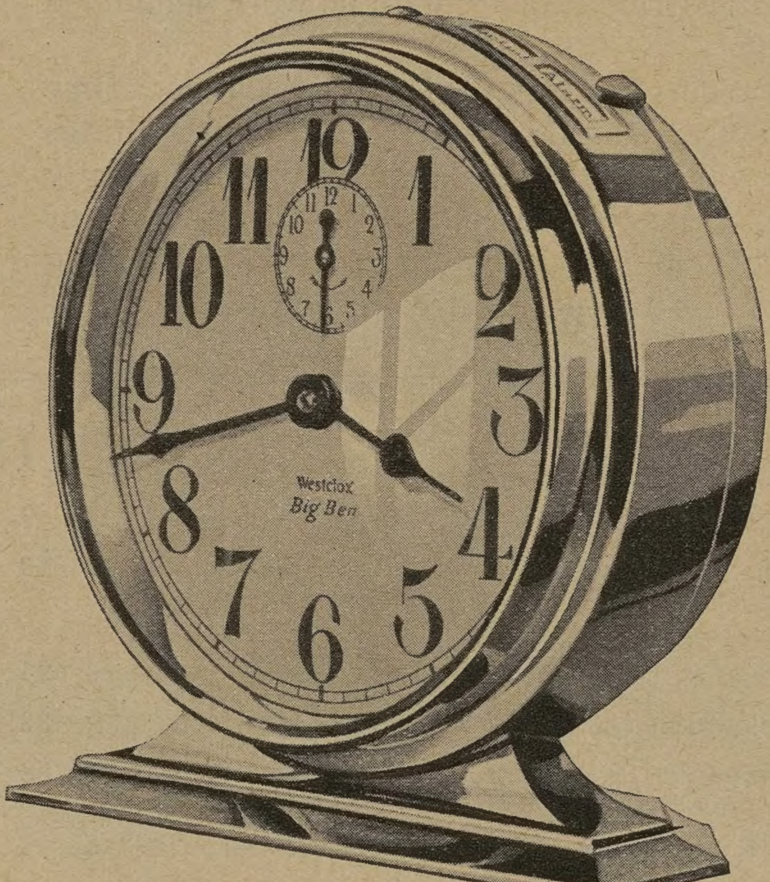
Deep in the heart of all mankind there lies the spirit of adventure . . . of conquest . . . the desire to advance . . . to make good . . . and the dawn of each new day sets us afloat on the sea of life's activities . . . drifting aimlessly, or steering a true course toward a port of achievement and happiness.

The difference between opportunity *grasped* and opportunity *lost* is often a matter of *minutes* . . . punctuality always rides at the helm of the ship that "comes in."

Arising on time is the very first step toward a successful day. Six o'clock . . . seven o'clock . . . exactly when you say . . . Big Ben can be depended on to give a pleasing, clear-toned call that wakes even the heaviest of sleepers . . . and right on the dot.

Big Ben . . . trustworthy . . . good looking . . . long lived . . . runs and rings with unfailing accuracy. And you are given *positive* assurance of *dependable service* . . . for every Big Ben carries a two year factory guarantee . . . a better alarm clock, well worth his price.

Attractive base model in lustrous nickel finish — or beautiful shades of blue, green and old rose, $3.50 . . . luminous dial, a dollar more. There is a great variety of other Westclox — alarms as low as $1.50 — precision built pocket watches and auto clocks. Westclox prices are slightly higher in Canada.



Westclox

ALARMS POCKET WATCHES AUTO CLOCKS

Nov. 22, 1930

Liberty

Vol. 7
No. 47

A Weekly for Everybody

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —*Stephen Decatur.*

HELP WANTED

Judging by present indications, this winter is not going to be a fortunate or happy one for many people.

The well-to-do are spending less on themselves because the idea of economy and hard times is in the air. It is estimated that approximately 3,500,000 persons are out of employment in the United States.

Obviously, everything possible should be done to keep the working man in employment. There is no more tragic figure than the man who wants, and is able, to work, but cannot find work to do. Particularly is this so if he has dependent on him a family with small children in it.

If worse comes to worst, in such a situation, the government must give doles or private citizens must give charity. But the less we have of this sort of thing the better off we shall be. Even if the national, state, county, and municipal governments did work that was not immediately necessary, to give men employment, that would be better than giving straight doles, with no work demanded in return.

So it seems to us that this winter is a poor time to cut 4,800 men off the payroll of the United States Navy in the name of pacifism, as it was recently announced the Navy Department would do. Nor does it seem an auspicious moment to start having work done in the navy yards by enlisted men instead of workers in the trades, even though it is a cheaper way. Or, as the post office department has done, to curtail the number of mail deliveries in the larger cities and otherwise restrict the number of its employees.

Much has been said in recent weeks about speeding up public works, but curiously, not much has been done.

New post offices are needed—conspicuously in the two largest cities, New York and Chicago, where they have been asking for new buildings for a generation or more, and still haven't got them.

Waterway improvements in the Ohio River, the Illinois River, and the Erie Canal are as necessary as they ever were.

At Muscle Shoals water is still running over one of the world's greatest dams without adding a cent to the wealth of the country.

The eternal question of harnessing Niagara is as far from a solution as it was in the first term of Governor Smith.

The electrification of railroads all over the country, the burying of electric wires where they are not buried, and a vast amount of other work which should be done, is not being done.

Regarding many private projects, it is said that those who would ordinarily finance them cannot afford to do so—that they would not be profitable. This is probably true.

Well then, here's a thought for the statesmen: Why would it not be good to subsidize the railroads and perhaps some other corporations, and make some of these projects possible?

It will be said that there might be graft. Years ago men got rich building subsidized American railroads. and it may happen again.

True, men did get rich in those days, and there were scandals. But the country got richer too. Would it be better for us now if those subsidized railroads had not been built?

Even graft is better than doles. A country is more prosperous if men are working, in any circumstances, than if they are not working at all.

A year ago Mr. Hoover assembled a commission to find work for the unemployed. There is even less work now, and there are more unemployed. Isn't it time for more action and less talk?

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

Clean inside-well outside!

© 1930 Stanco Inc.

★

THEY LOOK IT

and so can You!

HEALTH inside a person is like a candle lighted inside a dark window. It just shines out. Bright eyes, clear skin, joy in doing things, living every minute with keen pleasure—these are some of the signs. Popularity, happiness, seeing the bright side of life—these are blessings that go along with good health. Isn't it too bad that so few of us really enjoy it!

Doctors pretty well agree that (barring germ diseases) most illness and headache, most drowsiness, lack of pep and ambition, most cases of seeing the world through blue glasses generally, are due to failure to keep "clean inside." One famous British physician goes so far as to say "auto-intoxication (the self-poisoning that comes when you are not internally clean) is perhaps the most important factor in the production of disease."

Just as most doctors agree in blaming this condition for much of our sickness, so they also agree that the Nujol type of treatment is a safe way to relieve it. Nujol can't possibly hurt you. It isn't a medicine at all. It has no drugs in it. It isn't absorbed—so it can't make you fat. It is crystal-clear—colorless—tasteless—and children love it.

Nujol makes you feel well because it helps you without using weakening drugs. Since it is harmless as pure water, many doctors advise taking it as regularly as you brush your teeth or wash your face.

It's common sense, isn't it, that if you keep as clean inside as you do outside, you increase your chances of being well—and therefore happy—all the time!

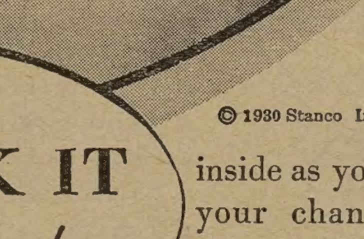
Remember two things if you want to enjoy "Nujol health."

One: Don't expect results overnight. This is nature's own method, and nature is never violent. Your body will respond gratefully, and day by day you will feel better as this soothing treatment takes effect.

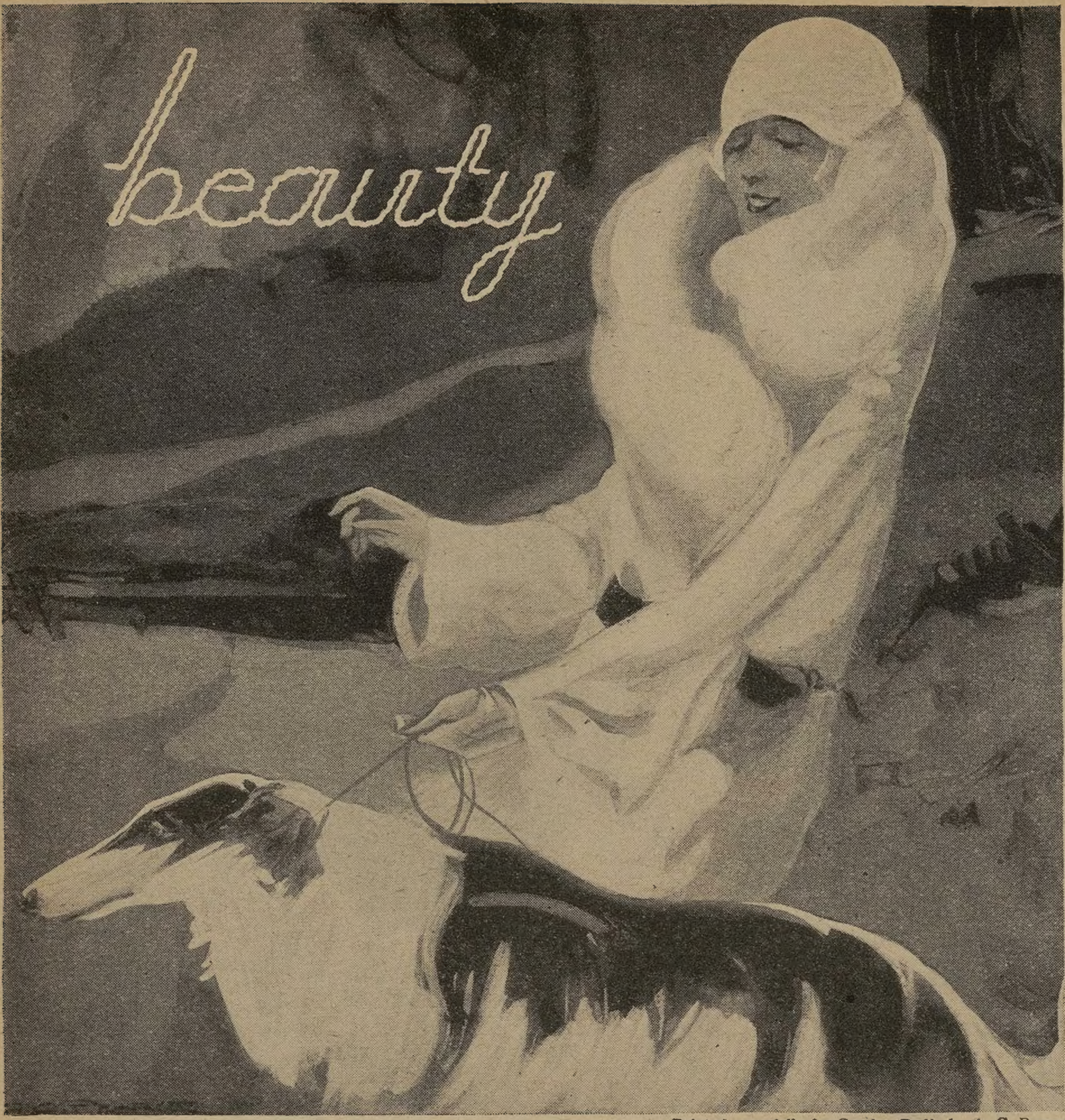
Two: Be on your guard. Don't accept any substitute. Your druggist has Nujol—always in a sealed package—always trademarked "Nujol" for your protection.

If you want health's sunshine to brighten your whole life, why not give the sensible Nujol treatment a real trial? Begin today!

Nujol



health



Painted especially for Crosley Radio by A. C. Pearce

You're there with a CROSLEY

The NEW Buddy

Here is something entirely NEW in radio . . . . a real sensation . . . . a NEW and utterly exquisite mantel, clock or table type self-contained A. C. electric radio receiving set so light in weight and small in size as to be readily movable from place to place in the home. It can also be moved from house to house under the arm. It is especially ideal for efficiency apartments where space is at a premium. Contains the same type receiving set as The PAL and The MATE. Employs three Screen Grid tubes. Nothing ever equaled it at so low a price **$64.50** WITH TUBES

BEAUTY . . . golden autumn and Nature in a new party dress, foot-free in the meadows and the wooded places. "The most beautiful time of the year," poets and idealists venture to say. Perhaps they sense the *living* moods of the seasons . . . the buoyant voices of Spring . . . the chattering comic opera notes of summer . . . Autumn's medley of pathos in a minor key. For the world, at best, is a vast radio in itself . . . alive, vibrant, many-sided.

RADIO . . . to encompass this in a cabinet of beautiful carving . . . to enshrine in a miracle of mechanism the voice of the universe, accessible to finger tips at a moment's notice . . . to follow the seasons through, day in and night out, reflecting their infinite beauty and their gayer moods, requires genius of the highest order. The culmination of this genius is to be found in the new Crosley radio receiving sets . . . opening a new vista in radio cabinet design and construction . . . fair to the eye, physically, and obedient to the individual demands of the human ear in their amazing ability "to get anything on the air," note for note, heartbeat for heartbeat, with the original as it enters the microphone . . . thus is brought you a new day in radio reception by Crosley.

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
Powel Crosley, Jr., Pres. Home of *"the Nation's Station"*—WLW
CINCINNATI

Also manufacturers of CROSLEY *Battery Radio Receiving Sets, the* CROSLEY ROAMIO *Automobile Radio Receiving Set, and the famous* AMRAD RADIO

CROSLEY RADIO

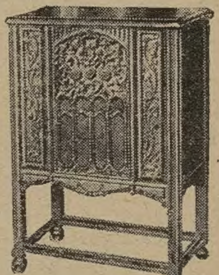
The CROSLEY NEW Companionship Series

SCREEN GRID · NEUTRODYNE
POWER SPEAKER · A. C. ELECTRIC

The Pal

A marvelously beautiful cabinet, 25⅝ inches high, suitable for use as an end, bedside or occasional table. Contains the same receiving set and power speaker as The MATE and employs same number and type of tubes. The price is amazingly low for the quality and performance **$74.50** WITH TUBES

The Mate

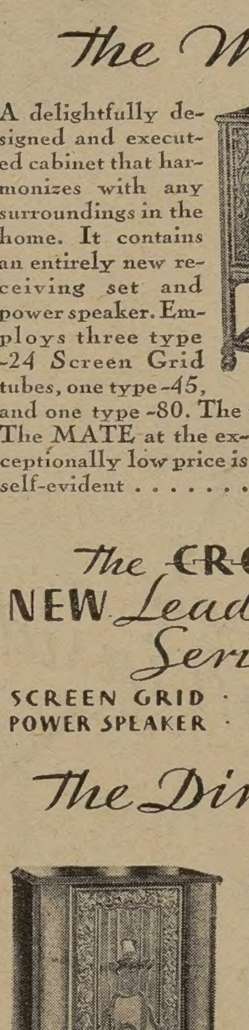


A delightfully designed and executed cabinet that harmonizes with any surroundings in the home. It contains an entirely new receiving set and power speaker. Employs three type -24 Screen Grid tubes, one type -45, and one type -80. The unusual value of The MATE at the exceptionally low price is self-evident . . . . . . **$79.50** WITH TUBES

The CROSLEY NEW Leadership Series

SCREEN GRID · NEUTRODYNE
POWER SPEAKER · A. C. ELECTRIC

The Director

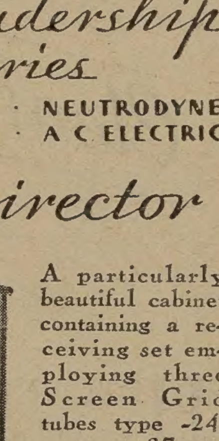


A particularly beautiful cabinet containing a receiving set employing three Screen Grid tubes type -24, one type -27, two type -45, and one type -80. Positive automatic volume control, local-distance switch and dynamic-power speaker are features of this set. Astonishingly low in price . . . . **$107.50** LESS TUBES

Available with D. C. chassis at same price

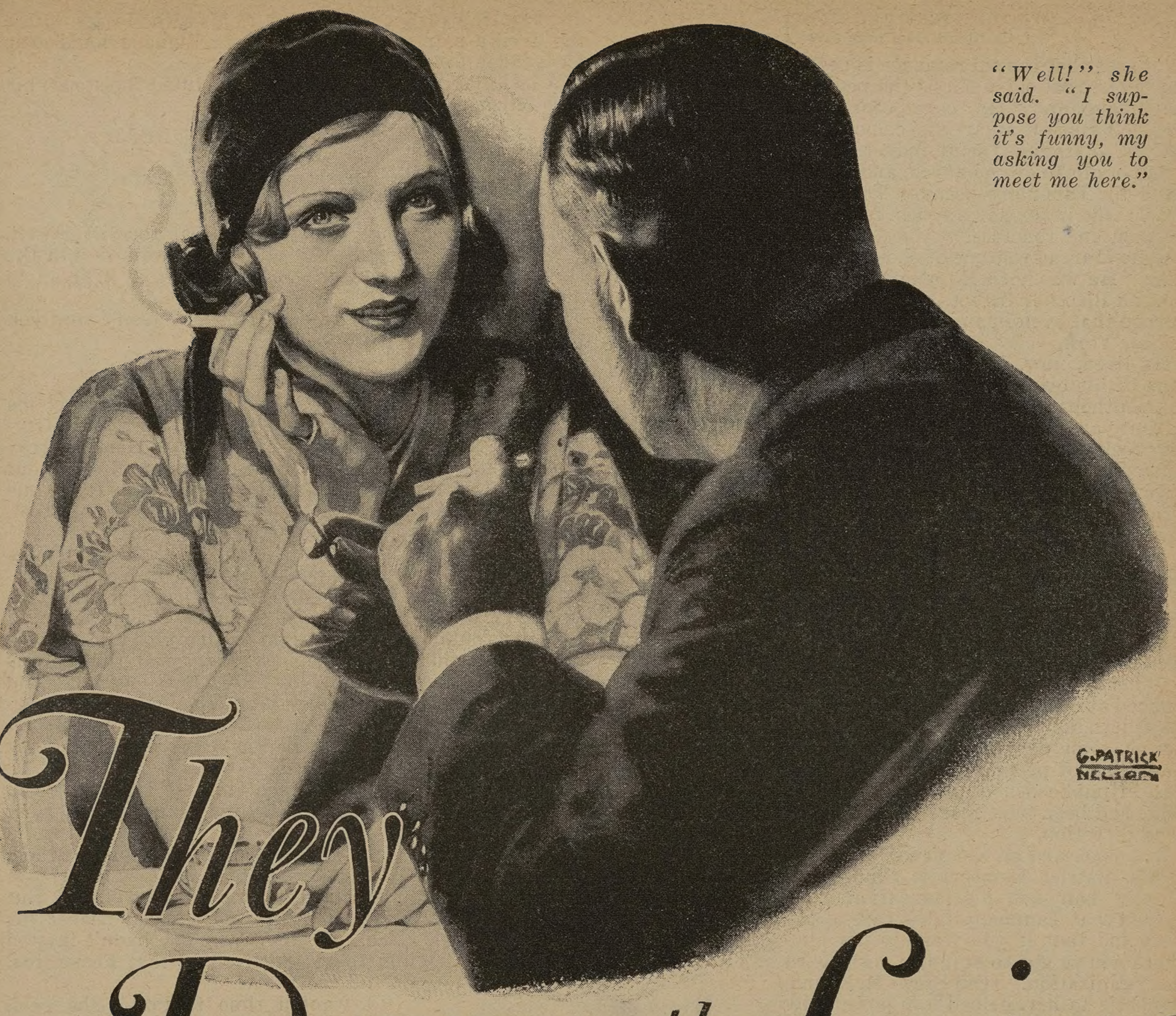
The Arbiter

Electric Phonograph and Radio Combination



A truly versatile instrument that provides complete entertainment for any occasion in the modern home, complete in a cabinet of superlative beauty. The same super-selective and sensitive radio receiving set and dynamic-power speaker as in The DIRECTOR. A marvelous electric phonograph and radio combination for what you would ordinarily expect to pay for a radio receiving set alone . . . . **$137.50** LESS TUBES

Also available with induction type self-starting motor at $147.50



"Well!" she said. "I suppose you think it's funny, my asking you to meet me here."

They Drew the Line

The Story of a Sidetracked Romance

(Reading time: 34 min. 50 sec.)

By

ELMER DAVIS

author of short stories and novels, formerly on the staff of the New York Times. He was born in Indiana, is married, and lives in New York.

Pictures by G. Patrick Nelson

AS the twig is bent the tree is inclined; so say the wise men. But maybe there's a difference in twigs, no matter how you bend them. Take Gene Murray, for instance; and Silver Vail . . .

Gene Murray was going to lunch—walking to the Hotel Lafayette from his real-estate office on Sheridan Square—surveying Greenwich Village as he went with a large imperturbability that you might have called complacent. But he wasn't feeling particularly complacent. A man isn't apt to, when he's just thrown away a hundred thousand dollars; or when he's begun to wonder how he can go on living with his wife—or without his children.

The old-timers will tell you that Greenwich Village isn't what it used to be, and that it's Gene Murray's fault. Westward, toward the river, something of the old Village still lingers; but Washington Square and Sheridan Square and the streets above the Washington Arch will never look the same again. He tore down block after block of picturesque old houses where artists and writers used to live for next to nothing, and put up fifteen-story modern coöperatives in their place.

The Villagers who lived and loved, and occasionally worked, in the old houses—they've gone. Some of them grew up and settled down, some of them moved west of Seventh Avenue, some of them moved to Montparnasse; but only a few still hang about the old Village, cursing Gene Murray who spoiled it all. Your modern Villager is no carefree Bohemian; he's a man who has made money—a lot of money—enough money to buy an apartment in one of those big coöperatives. Just a crass bourgeois, the Villager of the great days would call him; a Babbitt, too

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THEY DREW THE LINE
Continued from page seven

dull to see that the old romance is dead. But that doesn't worry the real old-timers—the people who were born in the Village, and lived there before immigrants from the corn belt made it an artists' colony. They're Irish, these natives, or Italians; solid, industrious citizens, who think a man ought to go to church, and support his family, and stand by Tammany because Tammany stands by him. People who never had any use for what the Villagers call freedom and romance.

Gene Murray was one of those people, though he wasn't Irish. He was born Eugene Moret, the son of a French cook on Bleecker Street, and modified his name when he learned that even in an Italian quarter it pays to be Irish in New York.

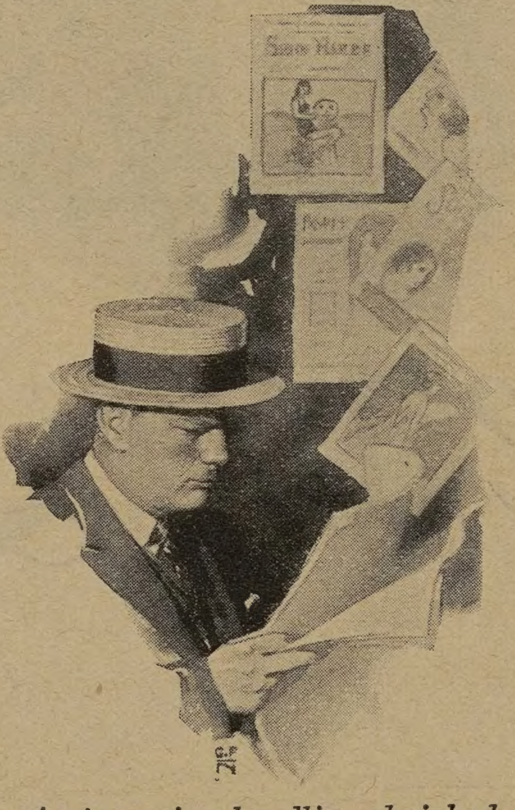
He lived, now, in a fifteen-story modern coöperative (one of his own developments) on lower Fifth Avenue, in a penthouse on a roof—nine rooms and four baths and a front yard, real grass and trees in tubs, a hundred and fifty feet above the sidewalk. But he had been born in a tenement, and educated in the old public school below Washington Square.

Some of his classmates were judges and commissioners now and some had died in Sing Sing; one was a contralto at the Metropolitan Opera House and one or two had become streetwalkers.

Also there had been a boy named Silvio Valle, whom Broadway knew now as Silver Vail; and a girl named Blanche McKenna. Red-haired Blanche McKenna, whose father was a contractor with political influence; he had sent her on, after graduation from public school, to be finished at a Quebec convent. Boys and girls together on the sidewalks of New York; some of them fairly prosperous, some desperately poor; but all pretty much the same kind of people; all of them twigs that in public school, and on the sidewalk, had been bent more or less in the same direction.

In school, and on the street, and later in the district Democratic Club, Gene Murray had got his education. He learned that Tammany takes care of the poor, and that if you want to get anywhere you've got to stand in right with the organization. (Old Steve McKenna, Blanche's father, helped him powerfully when he was getting his start in politics.) He learned also that to stand by your friends is the first and great commandment; that you've got to fight, with fists or wits, for what you want; and that when you start something it doesn't matter how pure your motives may have been if you don't get away with it.

FINALLY, he learned that there are only two kinds of women; and after years of renting studios in the Village to girl poets and artists, he still believed it. Two kinds of women. What a man does about the bad ones is his own affair, so long as he doesn't make a fool of himself; but it's up to him to protect the good ones against the things that are too tough or too messy for a good woman to handle.


A streaming headline shrieked at him—Hawkes Failure Probed.

His wife was a good woman; even in their bitterest quarrels he had never doubted that. Blanche McKenna Hawkes, to whom he had sold a coöperative apartment last fall in the house he lived in himself, was a good woman too. . . . He had reached the Lafayette, and paused to pick a paper off the news stand before he went in. A streaming headline shrieked at him:

HAWKES FAILURE PROBED—INDICTMENTS HINTED

Well, he'd sized up Jay Hawkes as a crook long before his brokerage house failed for five million dollars. He'd seen a good deal of Blanche's husband around town, before the divorce—and not much of her, in those days; she stayed out at Quaker Ridge with the children. He still met Jay Hawkes occasionally, with his second wife. How the devil a man who had lived with Blanche could ever have fallen for that little gold digger—

A last glance at the paper as he mounted the steps; his eyes fell on another headline:

THOS. J. M'ERRITY DROPS DEAD

VETERAN POLITICAL LEADER EXPIRES AT BREAKFAST TABLE

Gene whistled; that was a tough break for Silver Vail. . . . But he forgot Silver Vail as he walked into the lounge, and a red-haired woman rose from a divan to meet him.

"Hello, Blanche," he said. "Hope I haven't kept you waiting."

II

SHE was severely smart in her black hat and frock; she was Blanchette, Inc., Boudoir Wear, on West Fifty-seventh Street, and she looked it. But to Gene Murray she was still little Blanche McKenna who had stuck out her foot and tripped the pursuing policeman that time Gene and Silver Vail broke a window on Bleecker Street, when they were all about ten years old.

The head waiter led them to a balcony table by an open window—the best in the house; the very table, Gene recalled, where they had dined together that night in January, 1917, when everybody still thought Wilson was going to keep us out of war. The night she had told him she was going to Florida, where Gene Murray, for all that he was a rising young realtor, couldn't afford to follow her. And the next time they met, years later, they were both married—happily married then. He wondered if she remembered the table, but she was impenetrable. They ordered lunch.

"Well!" she said. "I suppose you think it's funny, my asking you to meet me here."

His level gray eyes were unperturbed.

"Nice of you to come downtown; you know I like to lunch near the office." But her apartment was a block nearer his office. He knew why she hadn't invited him there: he lived in that house, too. So did his wife.

"I wanted time to talk," she said. "And nobody we know lunches here any more—we won't be interrupted. . . . Gene, what you must think of me—! I've been crazy," she apologized. "For months—maybe for twelve years. But I think I'm sane, now. . . . I was fool enough to think Jay was honest, right up to the end. He'd been rotten to me, of course; but men and women can be rotten to each other when they're pretty decent every other way." (He wondered if she was thinking of his cat-and-dog life with Neva; all their friends were beginning to see it.) "But now that this has all come out," she said—"how he cheated everybody, doctored his books— And you let me have a hundred thousand dollars of your money—to give him!"

"Forget it, Blanche. I've got plenty left."

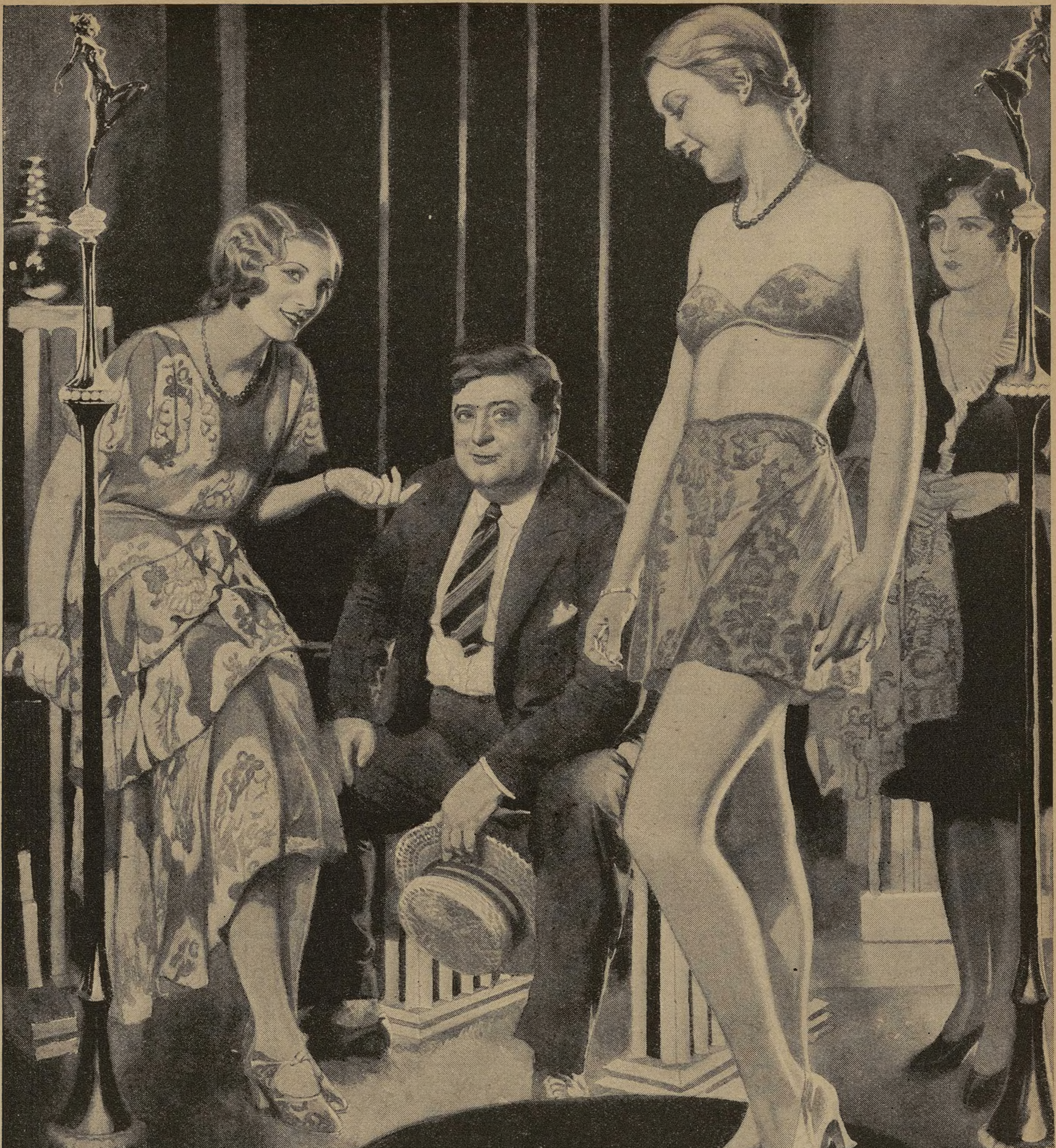
She smiled skeptically.

"Nobody's got plenty—this year. I won't forget it! God knows when I can pay you back; people aren't buying expensive negligées much, just now. But I'll give you a note, at six per cent interest—"

"You will not! I lent that money to Jay Hawkes and I'll hold the sack with everybody else. It happened to pass through your hands, but—"

"But he never knew it came from you; you made me tell him I'd borrowed it at the bank. I couldn't understand that—till he testified yesterday that he'd asked you for a loan, and you turned him down!"

"He wanted more than money out of me," said Gene. "He wanted a tie-up with somebody with political influence, who could head off an indictment. He didn't say so,



"He drops in at the shop now and then to buy something for one of his girls."

naturally; but I knew what he meant. I advised him to see somebody else, and I hear he did. He'll be indicted, but he'll never come to trial. Not if he gives up some of the loot he hid out."

"But why didn't you give the money to him direct, after I asked you?"

"Maybe that was foolish," he said uneasily. "But if he'd told the district attorney I turned him down, and then let him have it because you asked me—well, that might not have looked so good. But as it is, nobody knows it's mine; and everybody knows you let him have all your own money. Count this as part of it. If you ever get any of it back you can give me my percentage."

"I know you think I'm the world's worst fool," she sighed. "Giving all my money to the man I'd divorced so that he could marry another woman."

"People do foolish things when they're in love. And I know you've always been crazy about him—even when you took your trip to Reno."

"Yes, I was—then. I didn't believe in divorce; but if he wanted Doris it wouldn't have been decent of me to stand in their way. . . . But I never considered that I was divorced; only Jay. So when he came to me and said he was in a jam— He swore Doris had pawned her jewels—what a lie that was!—and he knew I couldn't bear to think she'd do more for him than I would. I couldn't touch the children's money—it's in trust; I

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THEY DREW THE LINE
Continued from page nine

wouldn't have, anyway. But he got all of mine. . . . Well, the education was worth it. But when I think of the unforgivable thing I did to you—" She looked him in the eye. "And when I realize, now that I'm sane again, why you let me have the money—"

He felt as if she had exploded a bomb under the table—such a bomb as Silver Vail's henchmen exploded on the premises of tradesmen who wouldn't join his Manhattan Milk Dealers' Fraternal Protective Association.

"Why I let you have it?" he said placidly. "Well, you and I went to school together, played together when we were kids. Your father got me my first job. Any of the old-timers around town would see why I did it."

"Oh, they would, would they? Then, if I have to go before the grand jury, it would be all right to say you let me have the money?"

"My God, Blanche, you know better than that!"

"Yes," she said, faintly smiling. "I do. . . . There seems to be food on the table, Gene. Let's eat it."

But he only pretended to eat. All winter he had tried not to see that he was falling in love with her all over again; but when she came to him, hysterical, and begged him to give her the money that she thought would save her ex-husband, he couldn't fool himself any longer. A man who has earned his money doesn't throw away a hundred thousand dollars without knowing why he is doing it. She didn't see it, of course; if she had, she wouldn't have asked him. She couldn't see anything, then, except the peril that threatened the man whose children she had borne. But now—

She wasn't eating, either; and neither of them had said a word for ten minutes. He felt that he had to break the silence.

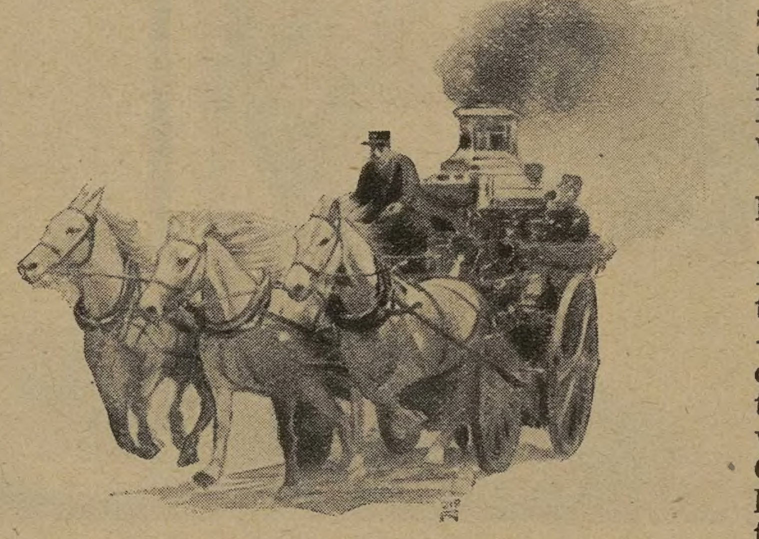
"I see by the papers Tom McErrity's dead," he observed. "That's a blow to our old friend Silver Vail."

"Oh! Was McErrity the silent partner in the Manhattan Milk Dealers?"

"Something like it. The papers have been going after Silver pretty hard of late, but so long as McErrity was alive he was safe enough. Now, I wouldn't be surprised if they get him. . . . I always liked Silver," he confessed. "Crooked as a corkscrew, of course, but frank about it. I was a partner in his first racket—did you ever know that?"

"Gene Murray!" She was blazing. "You were not!"

HE grinned. "It was a long time ago. You remember how the kids at school used to snitch fruit off of every stand in the neighborhood? Well, Silver and I could lick any four of them; so he organized himself and me as a sort of fruit dealers' protective association. We got all we could eat; but if anybody else took anything, we beat him up. Yes, I was Silver's gorilla. But of course in those days he actually gave protection to people who needed it."



"I'd forgotten that," she said. "But I remember how Silver and I always used to follow the fire engines."

"He does it still. Only last fall I saw that armored limousine of his tearing along in the wake of a couple of pumpers."

"I run and look myself, even yet," she admitted, "whenever I hear a siren. But it isn't the same. . . . I wonder if our children get the thrill out of anything that we used to get out of the old three-horse steam fire engine tearing down a crooked street and spitting sparks. Those were the good days, Gene."

He knew it, all too well, and changed the topic.

"Ever see Silver any more?" he asked. "He drops in on me now and then. Once he and his mob took me for a ride." He grinned. "A friendly ride—up the Post Road for dinner, and back again, without any shooting."

"I see him too," she said. "Last year they elected me secretary of the school alumni; and Silver—that was before there was so much about him in the papers—was made chairman of the dinner committee. He's quite proud of the old school. He drops in at the shop now and then to buy something for one of his girls, and the last time he suggested we ought to have lunch together and talk over this year's alumni dinner."

"Good Lord, Blanche! You've no business letting yourself be seen with him outside the shop!"

She was amused. "Why not? You let yourself be seen with him—and his mob, too."

"That's different. He's really a bad egg. A woman like you—"

"I hope," she said, "my reputation could stand a lunch with an old school friend. Hasn't it ever occurred to you, Gene, that I'm thirty-six years old and able to take care of myself?" But she didn't seem displeased.

THEY were smoking over their coffee now; a silence drew out.

"Remember the last time we were at this table together?" she asked suddenly.

He faced her, imperturbable.

"Yes. . . . But I don't know what good it does to talk about that now."

"It does this much good," she said fierily. "We're old enough now to look where we're going—not to let ourselves get tripped up over something we didn't see. We've got to talk things out. That night in 1917, when I told you at this table I was going to Florida— If you'd only said, 'Stay here with me'—"

He brooded bleakly for a while.

"I suspected it," he confessed. "But I was making forty a week and you were Steve McKenna's daughter. I thought in another six months—"

"I know; I thought we could wait, too. We didn't know there was a war coming. So I came back on the fifteenth of April—and you'd enlisted on the sixth. Gene, you had leave before you went overseas. If you'd come to see me, and asked me to marry you then and there—"

"Everybody was excited then; it would have been taking an unfair advantage. I couldn't believe Steve McKenna's daughter would marry me, in her right mind. Of course, I didn't know I'd be away three years."

"Or that I'd meet Jay Hawkes, with weak eyes that kept him out of the army. Everybody was excited in 1918, too, but he didn't have any scruples about taking advantage of it. And it was only excitement, Gene, when I married him. Excitement and lonesomeness, with you in France."

"But you fell in love with him!"

"Yes—after I married him. I'd have fallen in love with you the same way if I'd married you—only harder, because you're decent. I stayed in love with him twelve years, till this last month woke me up. Oh, what a mess, Gene! And what an idiot I was last fall, to buy an apartment in the house where you lived! I felt I couldn't stand Quaker Ridge after the divorce; I wanted to come back to the Village, where I'd been happy. But, of course, if I'd ever dreamed this was going to happen to us—"

"Us?" he exploded. "You too?"

She smiled faintly. "My dear, haven't you seen it? As soon as I came out from under the anæsthetic of that twelve years' madness I felt for Jay— The next time I saw you—just for a minute, the evening I came up to play bridge with your wife—I knew what had happened to both of us. So did Neva."

So that was what had been the matter with his wife lately.

"Well?" he said. "What can we do about it? I'm married; and if you don't believe in divorce—"

"Divorce seems to be something that happens, whether you believe in it or not. Even after Jay married Doris I felt that he was still my husband. But now, all at once, he's only a man I used to live with. . . . But you— You don't go to church, but I don't suppose you believe in divorce—"

"I never thought much about it, Blanche. You know how badly I've been getting on with Neva. But I never supposed you felt this way. And I'm crazy about my children."

"Of course. The children have got to come first—for both of us."

"Neva's crazy about them too," he said. "And each of us thinks the other spoils them. Probably we're both right. I had a tough time when I was a kid, and it was good for me. I want to toughen them, too. She'd rather go easy on them—keep them happy even if it means slack discipline. Well, you know them; they're pretty good kids. Probably she and I, pulling against each other, give them just about what they need. But either one of us, alone— So, even lately, we've never talked of a divorce. She's got her friends, and bridge, and charities; I've got my business, and politics. But now that this has happened—! What are we going to do!"

She pondered a while; then:

"I guess I'll go back to the shop," she said drily. "And you'd better go back to the office. We seem to have this bright idea about thirteen years too late. . . . Oh, and, Gene—put up my apartment for sale, will you? It's rather inconvenient for me, living so far from Fifty-seventh Street."

III

SO she went back to her shop and he went back to his office; and when he got there he found a limousine parked at the curb. You wouldn't have known at a casual glance that it was built of bullet-proof steel and bullet-proof glass, or that there was a submachine gun within reach of the lounging chauffeur's hand.

"Hello, Sam!" Gene greeted the chauffeur. "Silver calling on me?"

"Yeah, the chief's inside."

Silver was waiting in the anteroom; two slim, alert young men sat beside him, and answered Gene's nod with what was meant for cordiality. But they stayed outside when Gene took Silver into the inner office.

"Well, Silver, sit down. How's tricks?"

"Pretty fair, Gene. Just dropped in to say hello as I was passing."

You think a big racketeer is a crude, blustering, overdressed person; and some of them are. Silver Vail was large and smooth and handsome; his clothes were made by the best tailor in New York; he faced Gene Murray with a bland imperturbability that matched Gene's own.

"I hear tales about you, Gene," he observed. "Hear you're likely to be the next borough president."

"That's a long way off, Silver. I'd like the job," Gene admitted. "Somehow we've got to rearrange this town so that there's room for the traffic, without tearing down quite all the buildings. I'd like a shot at it. But I don't know whether they'll give me the job."

"It would cost you money," Silver mused. "You wouldn't take any of the easy pickings, give your own business any of the breaks. So I thought you might be interested in a side line."

"Yes?" said Gene, immovable.

"You heard Tom McErrity dropped dead this morning? Good old Tom!" said Silver. "He was like a father to me. Now that he's gone, I thought you might like a partnership in my milk association."

"Afraid not, Silver. I haven't got any money to invest, right now."

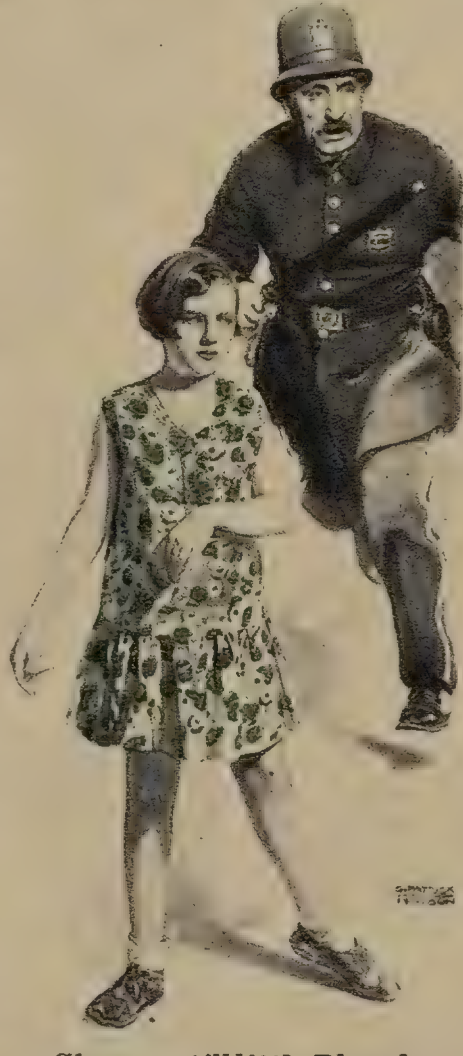
"You don't need to put in a nickel. No use beating around the bush, Gene; I need somebody to keep the wolves off me, and you know it."

"You mean the sheep dogs," Gene suggested.

Silver shrugged. "Call it what you like. But I need somebody—quick."

"Try somebody else, Silver. I'm out."

Silver's brows lifted. "Joined the Good Government League, or something?"



She was still little Blanche McKenna who had stuck out her foot and tripped the policeman.

"I belong to Tammany Hall," said Gene Murray. "And you know what put Tammany on top, Silver, and kept it there; you know it as well as I do. It was because Tammany takes care of the poor. Well, your gorillas drive milkmen into your association, and the dues add one cent to the price of every quart of loose milk that's sold in this town. A lot of people are poor enough to feel that. What Tom McErrity chose to do was his business, but, by God, I won't take a percentage out of the babies' milk!"

Silver blew a huge smoke ring, regarded it thoughtfully.

"WELL, I'm sorry, Gene. There'd be about fifty grand a year in it for you. I expect you could use that, now that you've dropped a hundred grand in Jay Hawkes' bucket shop."

Gene's gray eyes flickered, but he never stirred.

"You've heard wrong, Silver. I didn't have a nickel in that."

"No?" Suddenly Silver was apologetic. "I knew Blanche had let him clean her out; so when you slipped her a hundred grand I thought maybe it was going to him too. If it wasn't—sorry if I walked in on any private business between you and Blanche."

Behind his mask Gene Murray's mind was racing. How could Silver know? He'd given her the money in bills, in her own apartment. She'd called him up next day, hysterical with gratitude, just after she'd passed the money on to Hawkes; but she'd called after hours, when there was no one else in his office—not even the switchboard girl.

"This telephone service is hell," said Silver. "You never can tell when you'll get a wrong number, or be plugged in on a busy wire. Once I was plugged in on a wire where a couple of people were talking, when I was trying to get you. I heard an earful, Gene."

"Then you know damn' well Hawkes got the money."

"Did he?" said Silver. "My memory's bad. If I got to telling it around, as a bit of interesting gossip, I might forget that. . . . But don't worry, Gene. Nobody knows it but me. Nobody ever will know it but me if you come in with me in place of Tom McErrity."

Gene's gray eyes regarded him, level, thoughtful. He supposed a hero, the kind you read about, would kick Silver Vail out of his office. But Silver could fight, with fists and feet; also he carried a gun in a shoulder holster. Not to mention the two bodyguards in the outer office, and the chauffeur with a machine gun at the curb.

"You couldn't make that story stick," said Gene quietly. "If I said, and she said, that she passed it on to Hawkes—"

"Suppose Hawkes said she didn't? He's sore at Blanche because she wouldn't let him have the children, after the divorce. And you don't think he put your hundred grand on the books, do you? He salted it away in some safe-deposit box, where he and Doris can find it after this blows over."

"Even so," said Gene. "If Blanche and I both said he got it—"

"He testified yesterday that he asked you for a loan, and you turned him down. Why did you come through when his ex-wife asked you?"

"I owed a lot to old Steve McKenna. If his daughter

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THEY DREW THE LINE
Continued from page eleven

asked me a favor— A man stands by his friends, Silver. All the old-timers would see that."

"Times have changed, Gene, and even the old-timers know it. You'd be surprised what people get away with now—or try to get away with. You'd never be borough president, or anything else, if people got to saying you were keeping Steve McKenna's daughter."

Gene knew it. The Puritanism of his and Blanche's kind of people may be narrow, but it runs deep. What a man does about bad women is his own affair, so long as he doesn't make a fool of himself. Gene could have kept half a dozen girls discreetly, and nobody would have made trouble for him. But Steve McKenna's daughter—

"Silver"—he was desperate now—"you wouldn't start a story like this. You know Blanche is straight. Why, we were all kids together!"

"I wouldn't start any story," said Silver amiably, "on my business partner." He rose. "I expect you'll want to think it over, but I need somebody quick. I'll be out and around for the next few hours, but I always drop in at the Rodomont Club around eleven thirty." He paused at the door. "The grand jury will probably ask Blanche about that money she handed Hawkes at the last moment," he suggested. "She'll say it was hers, of course. If it comes out that it wasn't— Well, they might not indict Steve McKenna's daughter for perjury; but everybody would figure there was only one reason why she'd try to cover it up. . . . I'll look for you at the Rodomont, around eleven thirty. And think hard, Gene. Think hard."

He went out and left Gene Murray thinking—hard.

No, he hadn't behaved like a hero. A hero would have warned Silver that he told the story at his peril; but Gene knew that Silver had coolly estimated the peril in advance, and decided it was nothing to worry about. Unless somebody came to his help, Silver was going to Sing Sing; but even in Sing Sing he could still tell the story that would ruin Gene Murray's political future and Blanche McKenna's reputation. Gene knew Silver well enough to be sure that only one thing would stop him; and you can't do much by violence to an armed man with armed guards in an armored car.

Gene kept on thinking—thinking of one plan after another, and discarding them all. But he never thought of surrender, of grafting on the babies' milk. And he never thought of telling Blanche of the menace that overhung them both. She was quick-witted and resolute; she might have thought of a way out. But it's a man's business to protect good women against the sort of thing they shouldn't be mixed up with.

He forgot that Silver knew Blanche pretty well, too. A block up Seventh Avenue from Gene's office, Silver had stopped his car before a cigar store. He went into a telephone booth and called the number of Blanchette, Inc., Boudoir Wear, on West Fifty-seventh Street.

"Mrs. Hawkes, please. Mr. Vail calling. . . . Hello, Blanche. About time for us to be thinking of that school dinner, isn't it? If you're free about nine tonight, I'll drop in at your apartment for a minute or two."

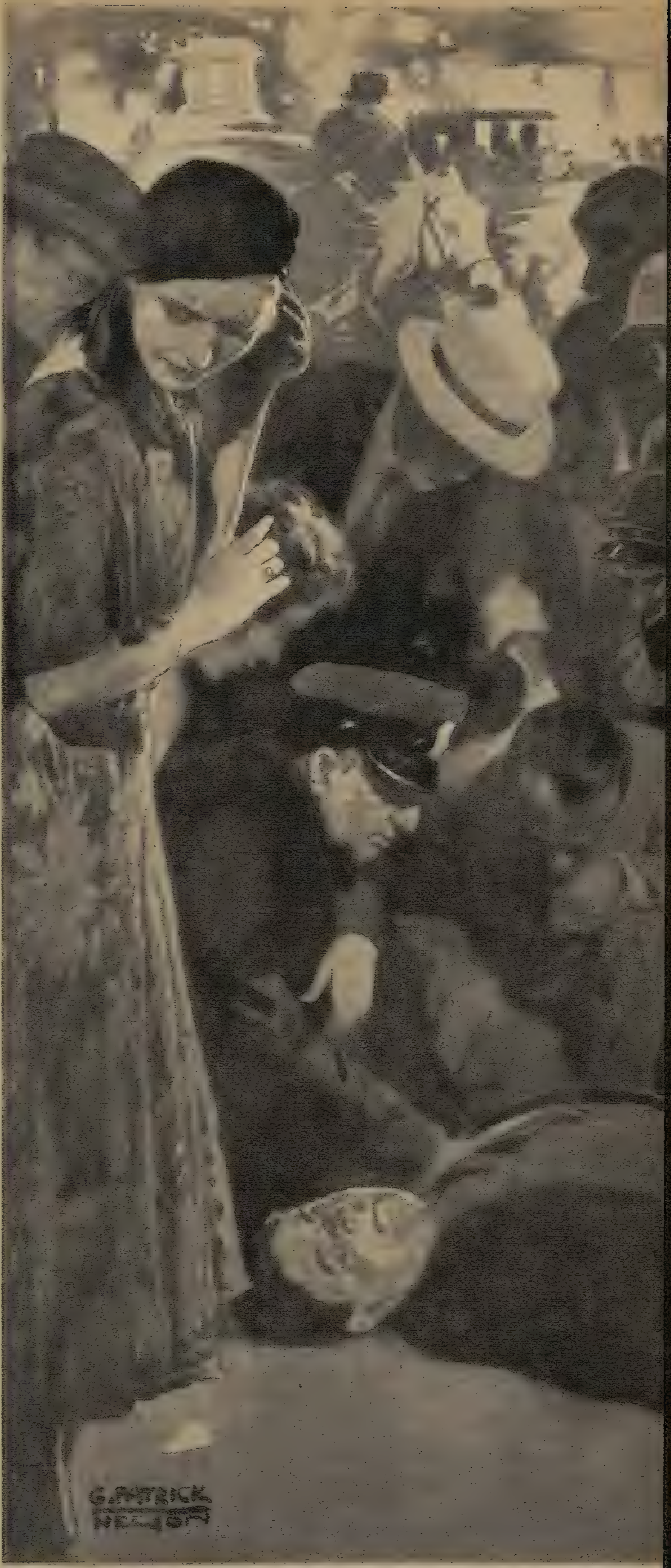
IV

GENE MURRAY sat thinking for an hour; then he called in his secretary and dictated for another hour. He put off so many things he had thought of starting, wound up so many odds and ends of his business, that she concluded he must be going to take a trip to Europe.

Then he walked home, and went to the nursery. He always spent an hour with his children before they were put to bed and he and Neva went to dinner; but tonight he stayed longer with them than that, paying special attention to each child in turn, giving each one the game or the story he wanted. Something they'd remember. . . . His wife was more agreeable than usual at dinner; or perhaps, he reflected, he was more agreeable than usual. He was certainly trying to be.

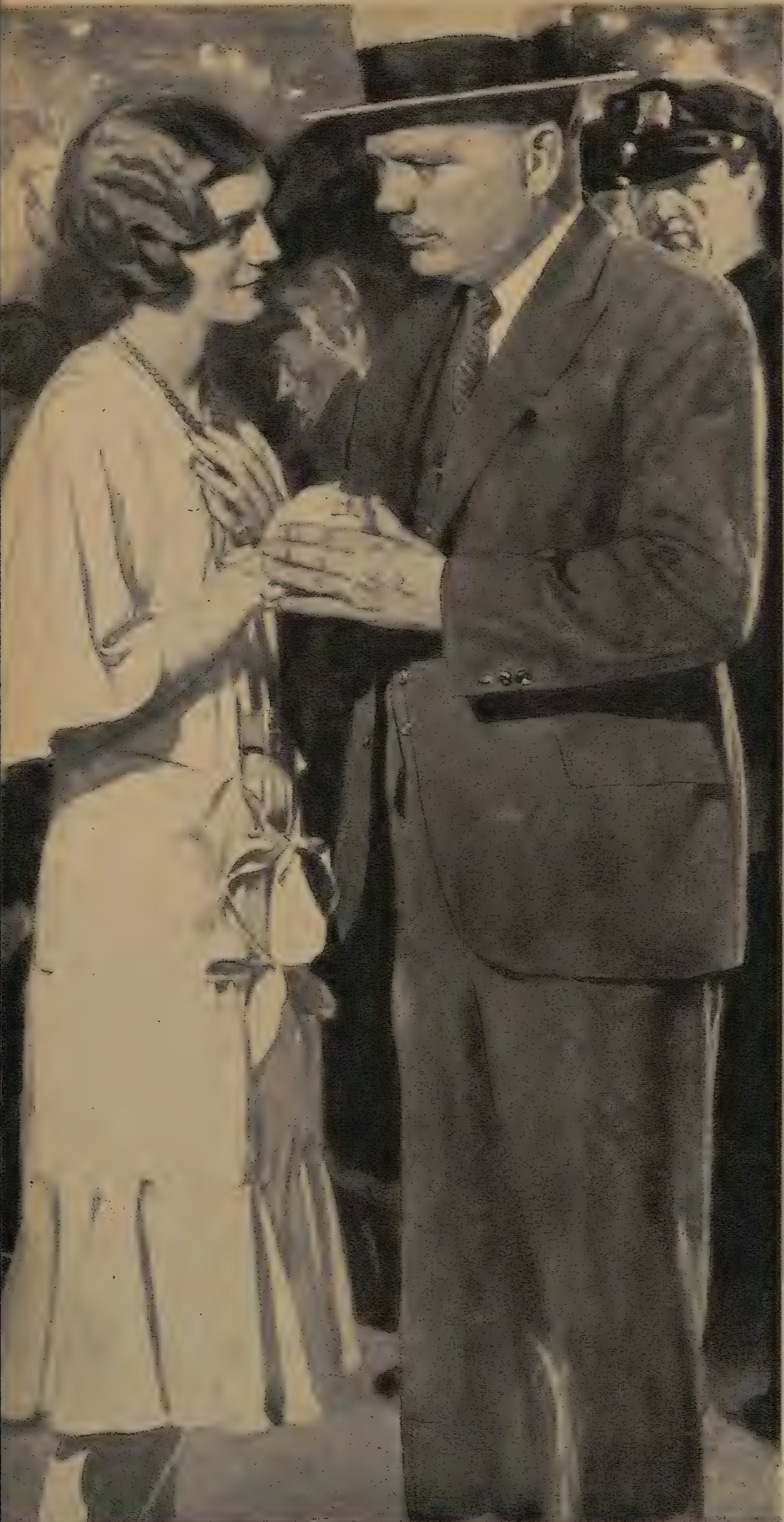
"I'm having some people in for bridge," she said as they rose. "That won't interfere with you, will it?"

"Not a bit. I've got to go uptown presently. Good night."



"Here comes a cop," she said. "I'd better t

He kissed her, for the first time in weeks; she seemed surprised but not displeased. He supposed he and Neva were rather decent persons, on the whole; they had started with high intentions, a real emotion; but something had gone wrong. Still, their life hadn't become impossible till he had begun to fall in love with Blanche, and she had begun to see it. Neva might get a better



him how it happened." But her hand lingered a moment in his.

break if she married again. He went to his bedroom and shut the door; he took his old service pistol out of a drawer; with an old belt he rigged the holster under his arm, hidden by his coat.

He had about one chance in a hundred, and he knew it. Silver was a bad egg; now that Tom McErrity was gone a man who shot him would get the benefit of any reasonable doubt. If he could make it look like self-defense, he'd get off. It would finish him politically, of course; but it wouldn't hurt his business much—and it would save Blanche.

But he couldn't make it look like self-defense if he shot Silver at his table in the Rodomont Club. Half a dozen people would be there—not only Silver's bodyguard, but actors, newspaper men; disinterested witnesses who would swear that Gene had reached for his gun first. So he'd have to try it outside the club, when Silver got out of that bullet-proof car and crossed the sidewalk. There, if Gene had luck, there would be no witnesses but Silver's guards and the doorman, and perhaps a taxi driver or two. People whose word no jury would take against Gene Murray's.

Even so, his makeshift shoulder holster might fail him; Silver might beat him to the draw, even though Gene knew there was going to be shooting and Silver didn't. And even if he got Silver, there were the two bodyguards and the chauffeur with the machine gun. Silver's one-man organization would disintegrate when he died; give the guards and the chauffeur ten seconds to think it over, and they'd waste no loyalty on a dead man. But they had been trained to shoot promptly, and not to think at all. . . .

One chance in a hundred. But the only chance. . . .

Gene looked at his watch: ten past nine. He couldn't hang around the apartment for two hours more; he'd better get out, go uptown, sit at a café table, and listen to music, and drink a lot of coffee. . . . He stepped into the private elevator that led down from his penthouse, walked out through the lobby —and stared at Silver's car standing at the curb. That upset all his plans. Automatically he walked out, saw the chauffeur lounging at the wheel and the two bodyguards on the back seat.

"Hello, Sam," he said. "Silver gone up to see me? He must have passed me in the other elevator."

Sam the chauffeur grinned. "No, he went to see a woman. That's why he didn't take the boys."

Gene Murray's eyes flickered. He knew who lived in every apartment in that house; there was only one woman Silver could want to see. . . . So he must have decided to tell Blanche; get her to working on Gene. He was in her apartment now. If Gene shot him there, with no witness but Blanche—

Why, that would be pie for the tabloid papers. Silver Vail, shot in a woman's apartment—"Racketeer Slain in Love Nest." That wouldn't do.

Gene stood pondering—and heard a noise up the avenue, a noise that grew and swelled; the shriek of sirens, the clangor of bells. Down the avenue fire engines came roaring.

"Jeese!" said Sam the chauffeur. "The chief will hate to miss this. He's crazy about fire engines."

V

MRS. HAWKES, that blameless matron, thought it was rather amusing that a big racketeer was calling on her to talk over the affairs of their school alumni association. She gave him a drink and a cigarette. He lay back placidly in her softest armchair and told her the substance of what he had told Gene Murray.

"I gave him till half past eleven to make up his mind," he finished. "But he might make it up quicker if you spoke to him about it."

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

THEY DREW THE LINE
Continued from page thirteen

“ He might,” she admitted. She rose, walked to the window, turned back, and faced him. “ But I won't,” she said. “ That's a dirty business, Silver—grafting on the babies' milk.”

He shrugged. “ Better think again, Blanche. I'd hate to have to tell my story.”

“ I suppose Gene made the appeal to old friendship? ” she suggested. “ Asked you to be decent about it? . . . No use, of course? ”

“ No use. I'm in a jam, Blanche. This is my only way out.”

“ You could get somebody else with influence to throw in with you.”

“ I'm in pretty bad,” said Silver frankly. “ I couldn't trust a man unless I had something on him—or on somebody he cares about.”

“ Something on me,” she repeated. “ Silver, it's funny. This is New York—Greenwich Village—1930. The idea that a divorced woman should worry about having people think she's having an affair— But I would, of course. My old friends—dad's friends—would hate it. I'm old-fashioned enough to hate it too. And the children.”

“ Jay might get them back,” he suggested, “ if the court got evidence that you're an improper guardian.”

“ Silver, they couldn't do that! Not to Steve McKenna's daughter! ”

“ Steve McKenna's been dead a long time; and if his old friends heard his daughter had been cutting up they'd be too sore to give her a break. Better give Gene some good advice, Blanche, if you want to keep your children.”

Now she, too, stood pondering. . . . Suddenly she started; she leaned out of the window. Between the towering apartment houses echoed the shriek of sirens, the clangor of bells; and Silver Vail, who had followed the engines since he was old enough to walk, jumped up and ran to the window beside her.

“ Look! ” she cried. “ There it is—below the square. See the flames! ”

He leaned out, following her pointing finger. . . . Blanche belonged to an athletic club, and used it; she was strong, and quick. Not that it takes much strength to push a man out of a window when he's leaning out, preoccupied, off guard, searching the horizon for flames that aren't there. . . .

Two minutes later Gene Murray, standing at the edge of the crowd that had gathered about something on the pavement, felt a hand slip into his and grip it, trembling.

“ Silver? ” Blanche whispered. “ Is he dead? ” He nodded; they drew aside, away from the crowd. “ He fell out of my window,” she said. “ Leaned out too far, to watch the engines. He'd come up to talk to me—”

“ Yes, I heard he was up there. I was looking for him myself.”

A knot of newcomers, running toward the swelling crowd, jostled them, flung her against him.

“ What's that under your coat, Gene? ”

“ A pint flask in the inside pocket. . . . What had he come to see you about? ”

She was still shivering, but her eyes met his steadily.

“ School business, of course. What else? . . . Here comes a cop,” she said. “ I'd better tell him how it happened.” But her hand lingered a moment in his. Down the avenue they heard the slow clang of bells. “ The engines are coming back,” she said. “ I guess it was only a false alarm.”

VI

“ MRS HAWKES to see you,” said Gene Murray's secretary.

He hadn't seen her since that night; she'd taken her children down to Atlantic City for a rest, after all the publicity about Silver's death. She came in, gave him both her hands; he stood for a moment, looking into her eyes. She released her hands, sat down.

“ I'm glad you sold my apartment, Gene. A very nice price, too. And I'm selling the shop; I can't get much for it just now, but altogether I'll have enough to live on quite comfortably in the south of France.”

“ France? You're not going to live there? ”

“ I think I'd better, Gene.”

“ Oh, my God! . . . Blanche, I've been trying to think what I can do—”

“ You can't do a thing, my dear. I wouldn't let you give up your children, even if you wanted to. Of course,” she said, “ there was one other possibility. I thought you might want me to be your mistress.”

“ You know I want you! ” Slowly his face reddened. “ But—”

“ But I'm a good woman,” she said, smiling cheerlessly. “ That means a lot to you, doesn't it? ”

“ Well, yes—it does! Maybe I'm old-fashioned, but— And it wasn't only that. You're— Well, I don't know just how to say it.”

“ I do,” she told him coolly. “ I'm Steve McKenna's daughter, the girl you played with when we were children, the first girl you ever loved. Even if you might ask some other woman like me to be your mistress, you couldn't get over all that, and ask me. Oh, I thought it all over, at Atlantic City; and I decided that when I came back I'd ask you. But I can't, Gene. I can't. On account of my children.”

“ No. You couldn't risk their finding out.”

“ OH, we could keep them from knowing. But I'm afraid of Jay. He wanted the children when we were divorced; and he's mean enough to have me watched. If he ever got anything on me the court would give him the children. Him and his wife.”

“ But when you divorced him on account of Doris—”

“ I was generous,” she said acridly. “ Instead of divorcing him in New York and naming her, I went to Reno and got my decree for desertion. So his record, and hers, are spotless. If I got any spots on mine—” She rose. “ Well, Gene, I guess we've said it all. Good-by. . . . I—I don't suppose you'll be coming to France, any time soon? ”

“ I'm afraid not. Not till the children are old enough to travel.”

“ I guess you're right,” she said. “ We had our chance thirteen years ago. It's too late to claim a misdeal now.”

She was gone. . . . And afterward—Gene Murray never knew just how long afterward—his secretary was standing in the door.

“ A girl's here from the Chronicle,” she announced. “ She wants an interview for a Sunday feature story.”

Gene Murray scowled; he didn't want to see anybody just now. But the Chronicle—all the papers—had always treated him well, given him good publicity. If he was going to be borough president, he'd have to play ball with the newspapers.

“ All right,” he said. “ Send her in.”

The girl from the Chronicle said she thought there was a good story in the changes in Greenwich Village. Maybe Mr. Murray, who was supposed to know all about the Village, would agree with her that even if picturesque old studios had made way for fifteen-story modern coöperatives, the old-time freedom and romance had not been utterly destroyed— At which Gene Murray interrupted her with a dry chuckle.

“ Excuse me,” he said. “ But all this talk about the romance of Greenwich Village makes me laugh. You came from out of town, I suppose; you've probably read a lot of books about Greenwich Village. Well, I was born in the Village; I've lived and worked here all my life, except when I was in the army. We used to have a lot of lazy loafers around here who talked a lot about freedom and romance, but that was all the bunk. Greenwich Village is just like any other place—like your home town, wherever that is. A place where people work for a living, and try to be decent to each other, and do the best they can to get a good break for their children. Romance! That's all blah.”

He leaned back in his chair and grinned at her.

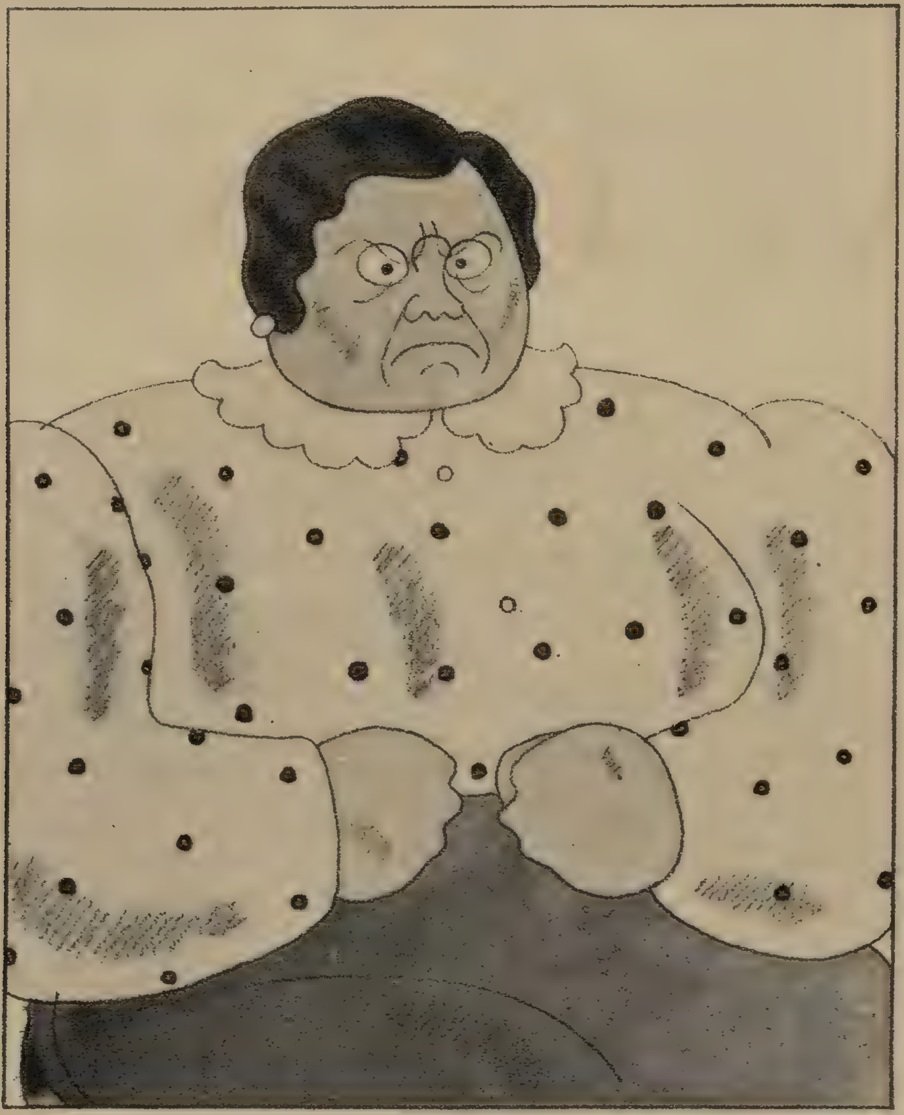
“ But that's not what people want to read,” he said. “ Not about Greenwich Village. So go ahead and tell me what you want me to say, and I'll see if I can stand for it.”

THE END

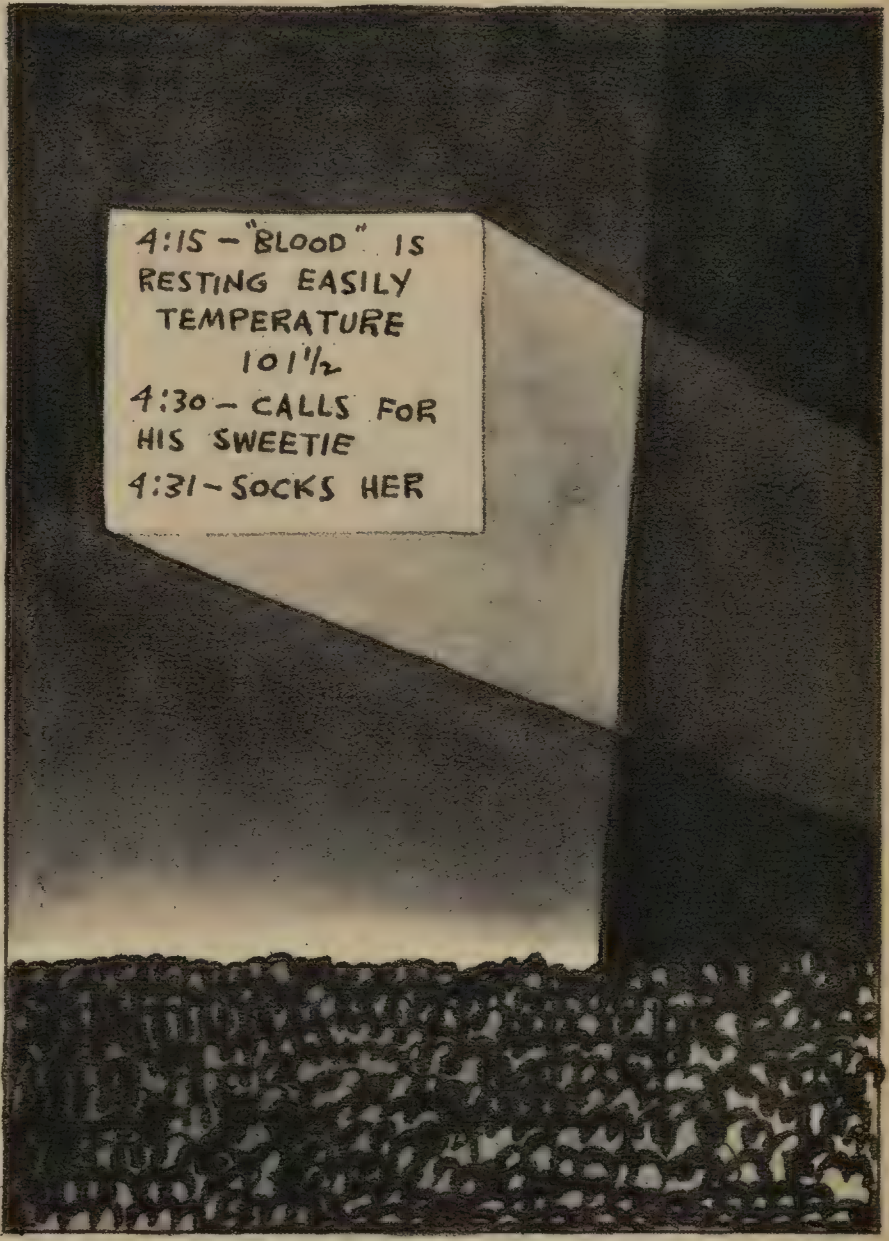
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

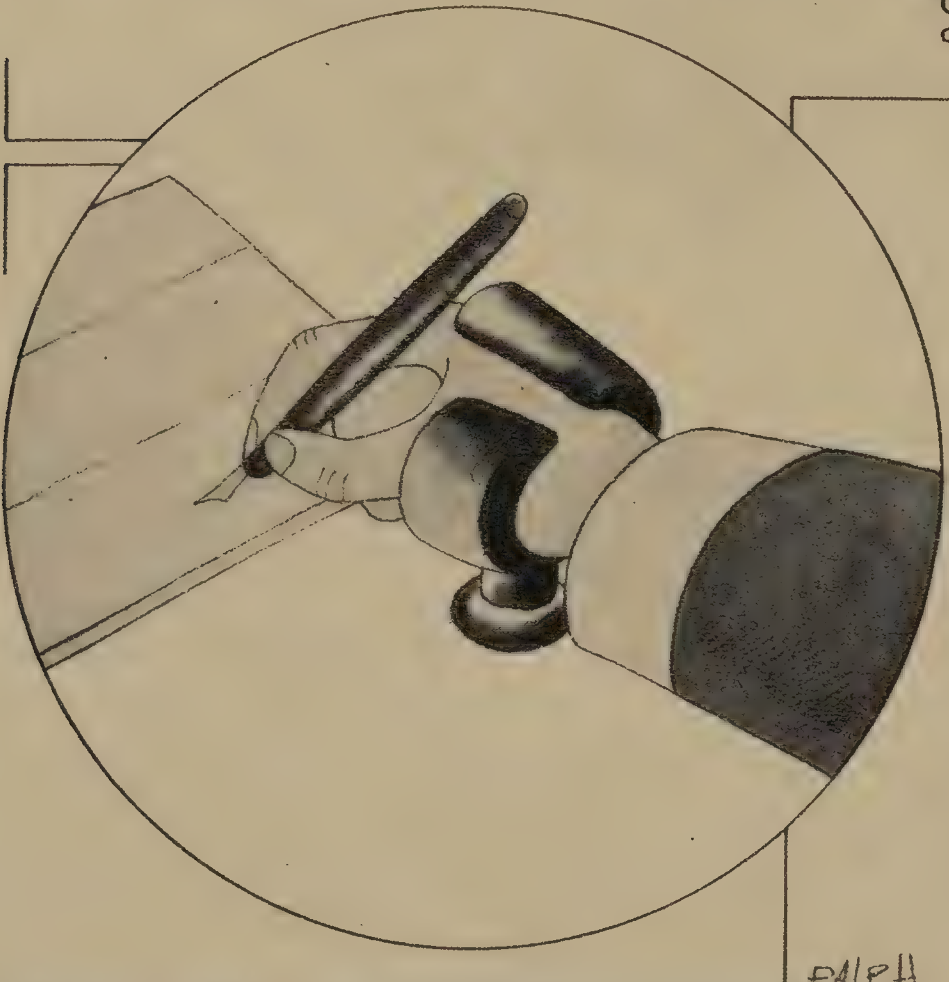
By RALPH BARTON



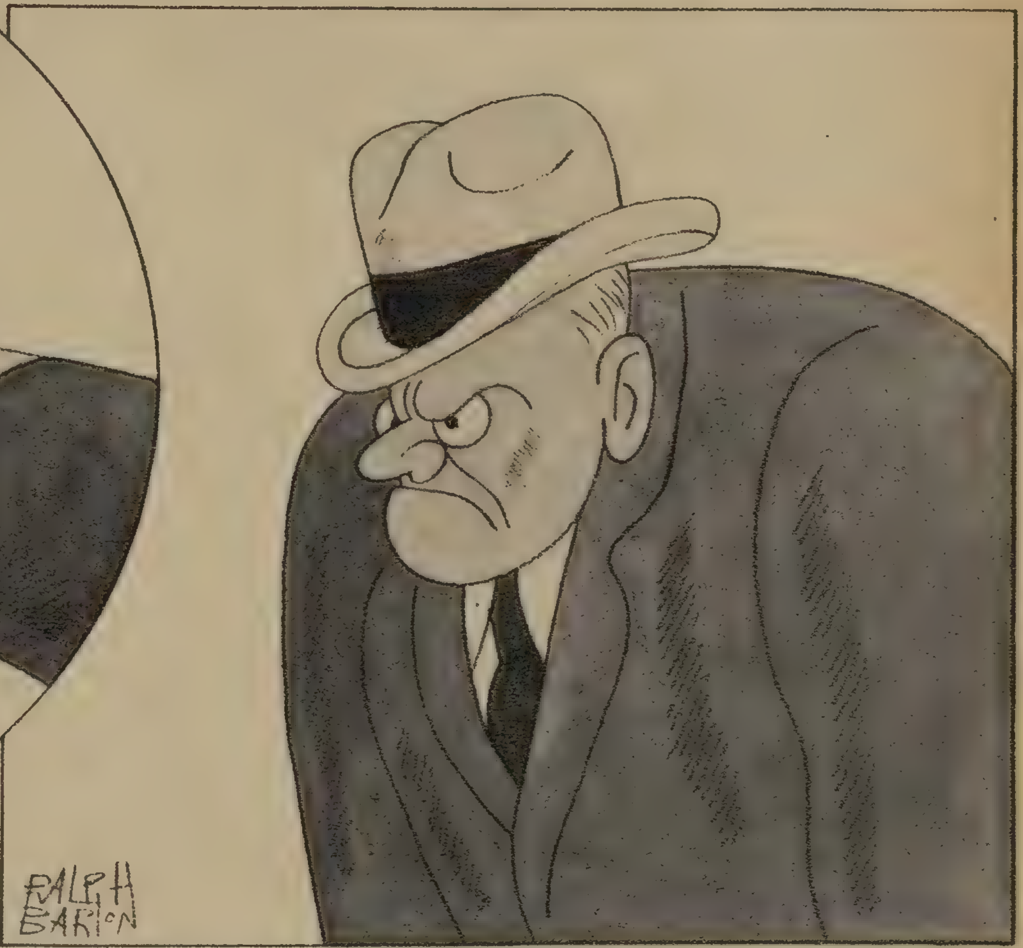
ONE WAY OF SOLVING THE PROBLEM: Mrs. Hazlett Weeble Knob sets aside the hour between ten and eleven every morning to hate modernistic furniture.


4:15 – "BLOOD" IS RESTING EASILY
TEMPERATURE 101½
4:30 – CALLS FOR HIS SWEETIE
4:31 – SOCKS HER

OUR NATIONAL HEROES. Vast throng waits throughout night to read the bulletins on the state of health of Blood Lipsky, celebrated gunman shot up by rivals.

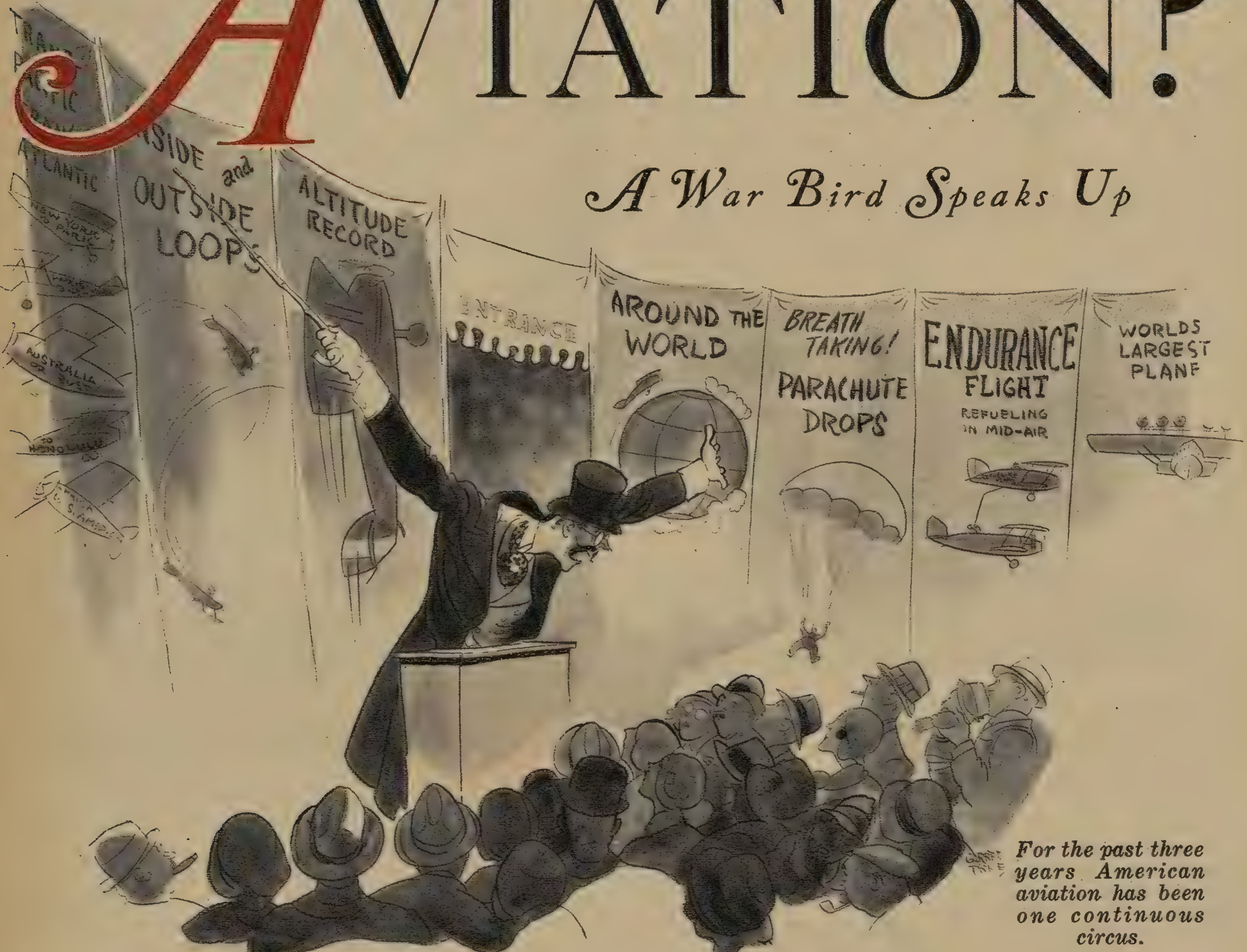


JITTERS CLAMP. A new desk fixture which holds the hand still enough to sign checks after a hard night with hard liquor.


RALPH BARTON

DEPRESSION: an economic condition characterized by people over a wide area being depressed at the idea of being obliged to work for their money.

What's the Matter with AVIATION?



A War Bird Speaks Up

For the past three years American aviation has been one continuous circus.

(Reading time: 22 min. 38 sec.)

EDITOR'S NOTE—Liberty knows that it is going to get a lot of kicks as a result of printing this. But if what Captain Rogers says is true—and as far as our limited observation goes it *is* true—publishing it will do good rather than harm, because the aviation industry must face facts and cannot profit, in the long run, by ignoring them.

By

BOGART ROGERS

who joined the British Royal Flying Corps in 1917 and served in France with 32 Squadron, R. F. C., from April, 1918, until he was demobilized with the rank of captain. He was born in 1897 and is a brother of Adela Rogers St. Johns, who was represented in Liberty last week. His mail reaches him at Beverly Hills, California.

Pictures by GARRETT PRICE

A GREAT many people, including the editors of Liberty, are asking, "What is the matter with aviation in the United States?"

Something is assuredly wrong.

A year ago this bouncing baby industry was the apple of America's eye; today it is a neglected orphan suffering horribly from growing pains plus a complication of ailments that threaten to stunt its growth for years to come.

The public is not flying.

Passenger air lines are operating at alarming losses and wondering how long the money will last.

Dozens of companies which started out with a fanfare of publicity a few months ago have disappeared in the slough of financial despond.

Flying schools are doing badly.

Airplanes cannot be sold.

Many factories, therefore, have closed their doors.

Experienced pilots—hundreds of them—are out of jobs.

Salaries have been cut, organizations trimmed to the bone.

Hordes of ambitious young men who leaped eagerly into aviation a year ago have abandoned it in disgust.

Million-dollar airports are dreary and deserted.

Aviation stocks are a drug on a dull market.

The exceptions are pitifully few.

In general, the business is in a pretty terrible mess and, despite heroic efforts to resuscitate it, threatens to be worse before it is better.

As an executive with a sense of humor told me: "The greatest danger in flying today is starvation."

What causes all this and who am I that I should ascend my soap box and offer an answer to the puzzling problem?

I'm just an old broken-down aviator who for thirteen years has been an enthusiastic and loyal devotee of flying. I first flew in 1917, which makes me comparatively an old-timer. I was a captain and flight commander in a pursuit squadron in France—and you'd be surprised how much flying a man could see and learn in France. In 1919 I flew commercially and was aëronautical editor of a metropolitan newspaper. Subsequently I followed aviation closely and constantly, wrote about it frequently, flew regularly though not professionally, kept in intimate touch with what was going on. For two years recently past I was engaged in aviation as a means of livelihood—in various capacities, none of them important in themselves but serving as excellent observation posts from which to see the circus pass by.

I continue an enthusiastic devotee of flying and as such—not, I assure you, as a pessimistic and disgruntled critic—I make so bold as to say here what I think, and know, is the matter with aviation in the United States.

For the past three years American aviation has been one continuous circus—three rings, a side show, spielers, steam calliopes, pop corn, peanuts and pink lemonade, ballyhoo, a lot of noise, a glitter of lights—but back of it all remarkably little of transcendent importance going on.

The present excitement started with the transoceanic adventures of 1927—the historic voyage of Lindbergh, followed by Chamberlin, Byrd, Brock and Schlee, the Honolulu flights, Ruth Elder, and the dozens who partially succeeded or tragically failed.

THEY were spectacular and romantic, appealed to the imagination, and set the nation afire. Some bright lad coined the phrase "air-minded." Nobody knew exactly what it meant, but it was fashionable and everyone promptly got that way.

Viewing them dispassionately, none of these flights proved a single thing. Lindbergh's journey—I'll be hanged for this!—demonstrated one point: that a courageous, adventurous, and methodical young man named Charles Augustus Lindbergh, with careful preparation, good weather, and a smile from the gods, could fly from New York to Paris—that and nothing more. In every sense of the word it was a "trick" flight. It did not prove regular transatlantic air lines were feasible. It did not prove the airplane was any better or had any greater possibilities than it had before he crossed the ocean.

No other plane linked New York and Paris for more than three years, until Dieudonne Coste, probably the world's greatest long-distance flyer, after prolonged preparation and weeks of waiting for favorable weather, made a westward flight that, while admirable and courageous, no more proved the commercial practicability of aviation than did Lindbergh's.

While the Atlantic had been flown eight years before—by Brown and Alcock, through a stormy night at greater speed, 117 miles an hour—the Lindbergh venture scored a psychological hole in one.

America went mad about aviation—or perhaps being mad over Lindbergh it imagined it was mad about aviation.

ENTER, at this juncture, the investment bankers.

The public, with money in its jeans, clamored to buy aviation stocks and share in the enormous profits to come. The bankers accommodated—organized new companies, reorganized old ones, made great and ambitious plans for gigantic air lines, gigantic factories, million-dollar airports, national chains of flying schools, and sold stock to the eager public. The honest bankers mistook a national interest in flying for a national demand. The dishonest ones—there are such—merely took advantage of the situation.

They used orthodox promotional methods—luxurious offices, optimistic predictions, mahogany desks, velours rugs, engraved stationery, and beautiful stenographers. They did not know anything about aviation because nobody did. Nobody knows much about it right now. Having great gobs of money, they assumed they could hire the necessary brains. In due course they discovered there were actually not a handful of men in the country capable of economically and efficiently organizing and operating the ventures they had planned—as subsequent results have shown.

A lot of famous aviators, most of whom were excellent pilots but very bad business men, were put in jobs they were totally unequipped to fill. Smooth talkers ignorant of aviation conversed themselves into high-salaried positions and set about spending other people's money.

In short, the bankers sent aviation out to break the world's running record before it could even walk.

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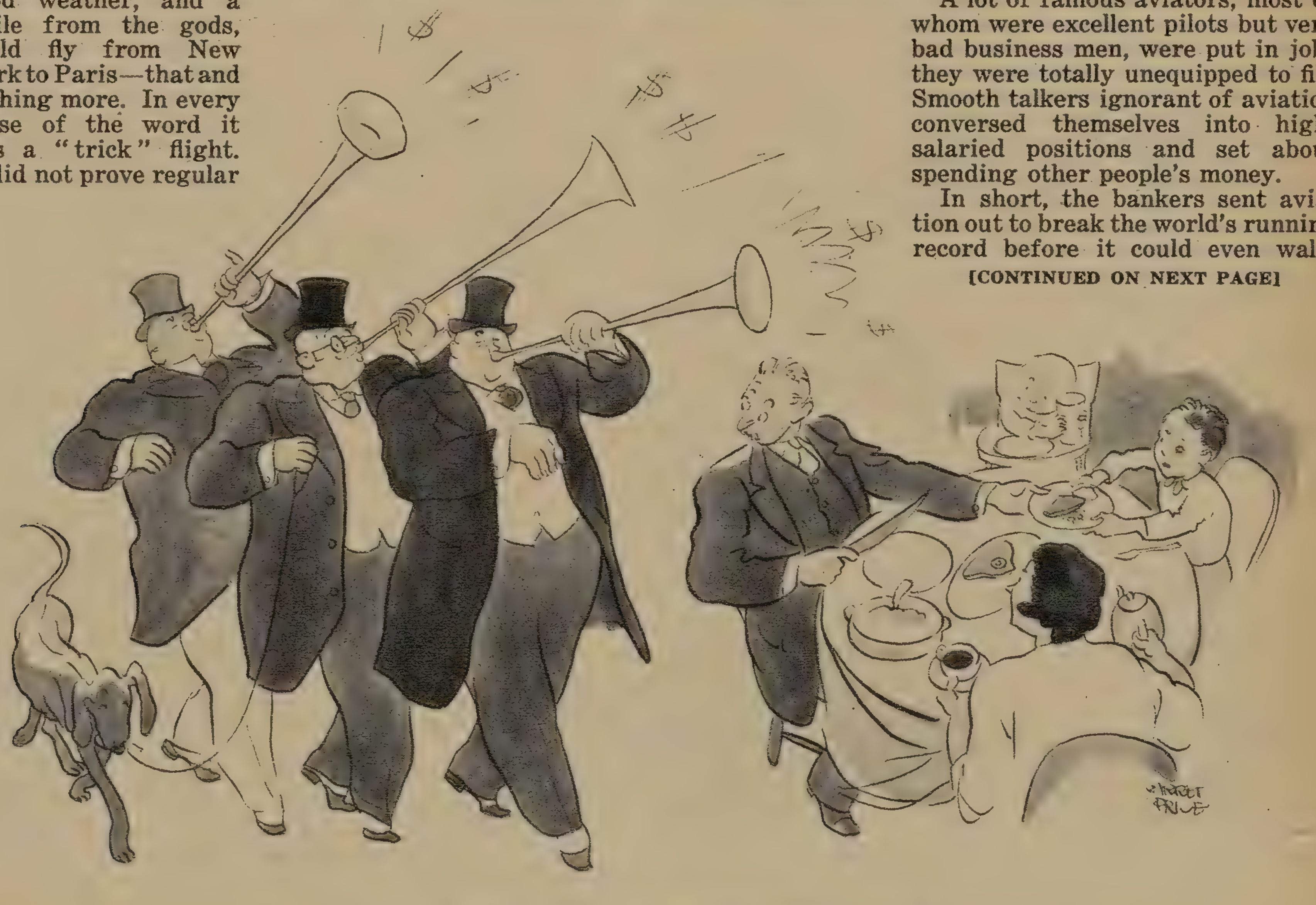


Enter, at this juncture, the investment bankers.

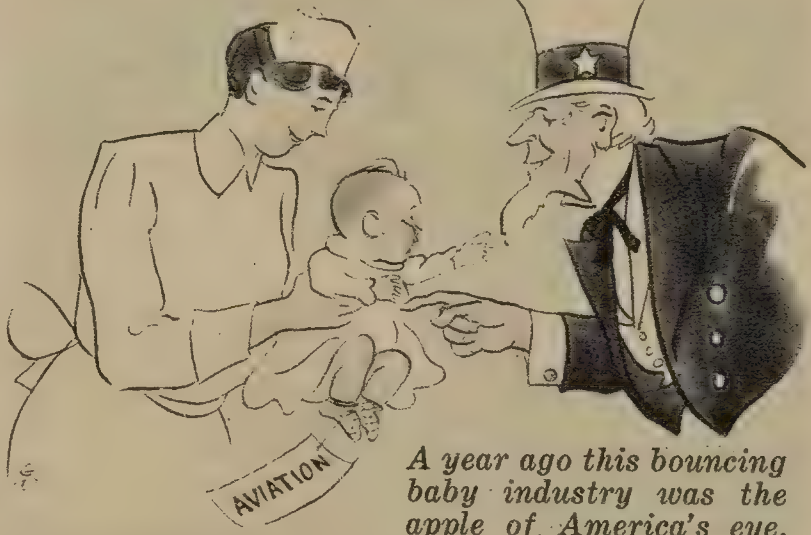
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

The result was inevitable. Like all overambitious babies it "faw down and go boom"—plenty of boom in a puddle of red ink.

The hysteria is over. The bubbles have burst. The bankers have reaped their harvest and a disillusioned public wonders how long it will be before their aviation stocks are worth what they paid for them—or pay dividends. The industry itself is frantically trying to figure out what it should do.

The hippodroming continues—refueling flights, transatlantic flights, loop-the-loop records, record altitude parachute jumps, stunts, gags, foolishness that no more advances the cause of aviation than flagpole sitters advance the welfare of the human race.

None of this circus stuff is done to advance aviation, anyway. It is to advertise a certain gasoline, a certain motor oil, a certain make of plane, to make a few stray dollars for the pilots or merely to appease the insatiable American craving to get on the front page.



A year ago this bouncing baby industry was the apple of America's eye.

The public, then, has been grossly oversold on the possibilities of flying, made to expect far more of the airplane than it can deliver for some years to come.

Why isn't the public flying?

In the first place, it's far too expensive.

It is a rich man's game. Most of the people interested in it cannot afford it.

An airplane large enough for the family costs $7,500—more likely $10,000. Fuel cost per mile is not excessive, but storage costs $50 a month, insurance nearly 20 per cent of the purchase price per year. First-class maintenance is necessary and expensive. If the owner is not a pilot he must hire one at $400 or more a month. If the owner can't fly but wishes to learn he can take a few months off and $3,000 and become fairly capable.

As this is written there are no approved types of planes selling for under $2,000—very few under $3,000. It is certain, however, that drastic price reductions will be made in the very near future in an attempt to dispose of large stocks of unsold and somewhat antiquated planes.

Why should the comparatively few people who can afford airplanes own them? Most of them couldn't use them if they had them.

THE airplane is essentially a means of transportation. People will buy it for the same reason they will buy an automobile, boat, bicycle—to take them somewhere they want to go, whether it be a Sunday picnic, a call on a customer, or to deliver a case of gin.

It is fast, but handicapped by fog, rain, snow, high winds. It is risky to fly at night except for an experienced pilot over lighted airways, of which there are but few.

If you own a plane, where can you go with it? Let's say you live in California, where there are 165 airports, more than in any other state. You may visit these 165 airports and also numerous other places where you may sit down with the risk attendant on landing on unprepared fields. You cannot fly to Lake Tahoe, Yosemite, the national parks, the big trees, the beaches, the theater, or the corner drug store. You may be able to land near these points, but once near you must abandon your plane, and a guard for it, and seek other means of transportation.

In brief, while the air is theoretically one great free highway, an airplane can go only where there are adequate landing facilities.

When there are 17,000 landing fields in the United States, even though most of them be merely prepared fields to insure safe landings, instead of the present 1,700, more people will be inclined to buy planes.

There is no such thing as the "private owner" plane—a plane that will fit the public and not just the experienced pilot, as is the case today, a foolproof plane that the man in the street can buy and operate cheaply and learn to fly safely in a few hours. Until such a plane appears there will never be any great aviation industry, just as there was never any great automobile industry until Henry Ford came along with Lizzie and made the public automobile-minded.

The only airplane market of any importance today is an internal market—the aviation business selling planes to itself.

Most life-insurance companies refuse to pay off on deaths occurring in planes other than those running on regular scheduled routes. Numerous men of means, all heavily insured, have cited this to me as one reason they are not interested in buying planes or learning to fly. They don't mind being killed, but they want to be sure their families will be able to collect their insurance.

IN many instances the air lines lack utility. The airplane is supposed to be a time-saver. Sometimes it is. Sometimes it isn't. Take, for instance, the scores of railroad "sleeper jumps"—New York to Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Buffalo, or Richmond; Chicago to Kansas City, Omaha, the Twin Cities, Cincinnati; San Francisco to Los Angeles; Denver to Salt Lake. The business man boards a train at night and wakes up at his destination in the morning with no loss of business time. He usually has a choice of numerous first-class trains.

If he flies he must spend more than half his business hours in the air en route. Instead of saving time he wastes it. If he waits until the last minute and relies on a plane to get him promptly to his destination the chances are one in five he won't get there that day at all.

Study any guide of transport schedules and you will understand what I mean. Only part of the present air routes offer real utility to the average traveler except in cases of emergency—and air transport cannot prosper on emergency business. There isn't enough of it.

Aviation's worst enemy is weather. It makes the airplane unpunctual.

The traveling public has formed the habit of being on time. Unfortunately, air liners too frequently are not on time, particularly through the winter season.

Radio communication and highly organized weather-reporting facilities are greatly increasing the safety of passenger flying but not so greatly adding to its punctuality and reliability.

Unhappily, too, the worst weather is found in the districts with the greatest amount of potential traffic—the East and Middle West.

As to the cost of air travel—

Originally air-line rates were at least twice those of railroads, and the public would not pay. In an effort to fill empty seats the flying companies reduced the rates. Business improved somewhat. In desperation they trimmed to the level of the railroads. People started to fly. The sad part of it is, however, that the air lines cannot possibly afford to carry passengers at railroad rates. High-class operation is expensive, requires extensive facilities and costly equipment. Losing money hand over fist, the lines were forced to raise their rates slightly —and traffic fell off slightly.

It has yet to be demonstrated that more than a very small number of travelers will pay more to ride by air than by rail.

Are the American people afraid to fly?

Well, I should hope to tell you they are! I have talked to literally thousands of people about flying during the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

Her fiancé wrote me "Please tell me what to tell Mary about her complexion"

It was such a worried, anxious letter—from a man. I shan't tell you where he lives. And I shan't quote his letter. And his fiancée's name is *not* Mary. These are all matters just between him and me.

But I felt I had to tell all of you how much concerned this man was when he realized his Mary was spoiling her complexion by following seemingly innocent complexion fads.

It seems she has lovely red-gold hair and a delicate pink-and-white skin. Her complexion has always been lovely, too, until just lately.

Her fiancé noticed this fact (don't ever think men fail to notice such things). He asked Mary what the matter was and discovered an ill-advised friend had told her not to use soap. So he wrote me asking what he should say to her.

I answered this letter with all speed! I said 73 eminent dermatologists told me every normal, healthy complexion should be cleansed every day with warm water and a gentle, mild soap.

I also said in my letter that these same 73 dermatologists, after careful tests of Camay, gave it their approval as the kind of soap they would prescribe for even the most delicate complexions.

And *now* I have a grateful letter saying that, thanks to Camay's gentle, fragrant care, Mary's complexion is once again its lovely self.

I'm sure Mary's experience will interest all of you. And if you'll write for my free booklet, "Face Your World with Loveliness," you'll find still more complexion help. Write to me at Dept. YLL-110, 509 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

Helen Chase

What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to their approval, as stated in this advertisement.

Wm Allen Pusey
M. D.

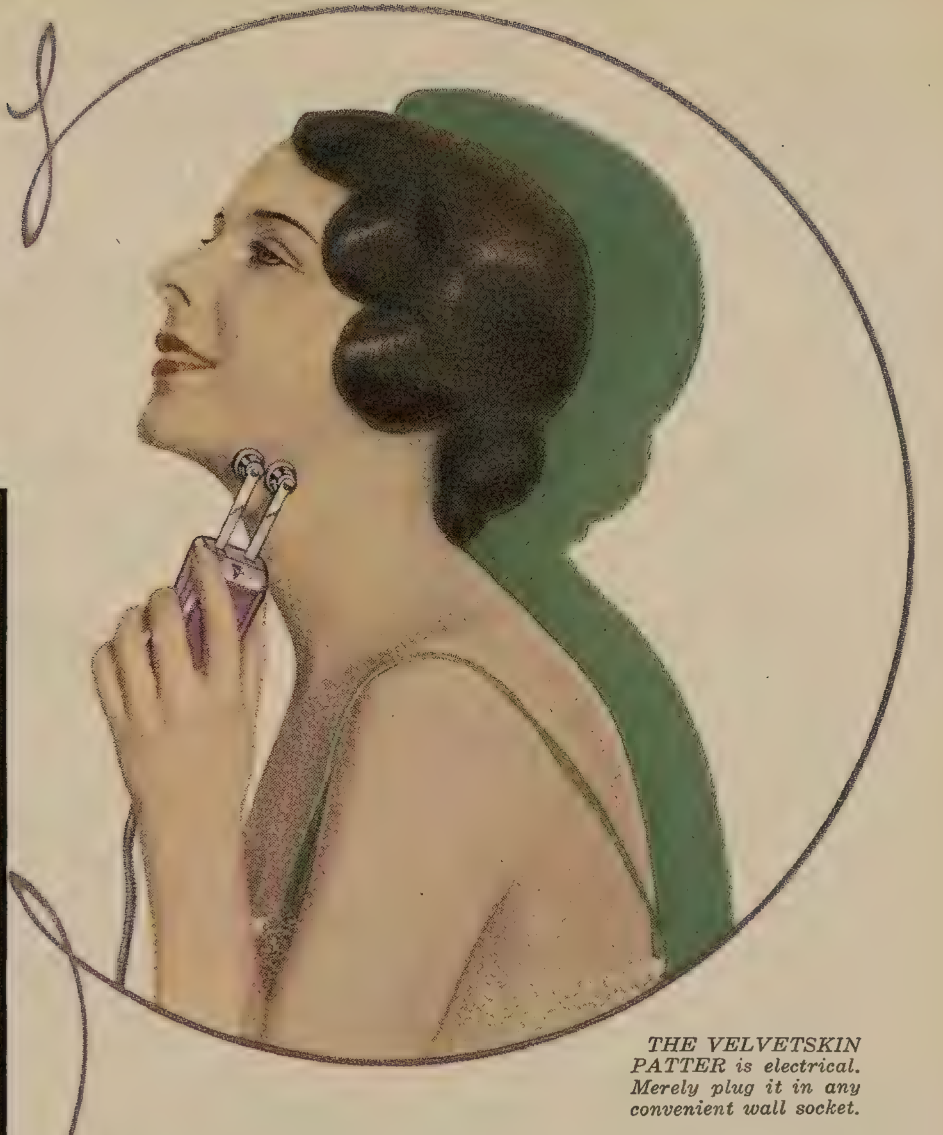
(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of American dermatology.)

Camay has been tested and approved by 73 of America's most eminent dermatologists — no other complexion soap ever had such medical approval. Camay is a Procter & Gamble Soap [Called Calay in Canada]—10¢ a Cake

An engagingly *different* gift

PRIMROSE

ORCHID



THE VELVETSKIN PATTER is electrical. Merely plug it in any convenient wall socket.

charmingly practical ...delightfully luxurious

THE Velvetskin PATTER

TRADE MARK REG.

JADE GREEN

AN EXCELLENT giver is the man or woman who this year selects THE VELVETSKIN PATTER as a Christmas gift. For this remarkable new aid to beauty is a composite of the qualities you have long wanted to embody in your Christmas remembrance. It is different . . . smart . . . practical . . . and personal.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

THE VELVETSKIN PATTER operates electrically, delivering more than one hundred gentle pats per second. It stimulates circulation but does not abuse the most delicate of skin textures. It works in creams and lotions and accomplishes pore-deep cleansing. Pats away the wrinkles and tones elasticity into drooping facial muscles. A few minutes with THE VELVETSKIN PATTER makes an exhilarating pleasure of the daily facial.

Available in the three most popular boudoir shades . . . Orchid, Jade Green, and Primrose. The handle is of a new material (non-metal) that resists heat and electricity.

THE VELVETSKIN PATTER is indeed that "different" gift. For sale at the better shops and stores. Send the coupon for free beauty booklet. Learn this new method of making your daily facial a real pleasure.

Connecticut TELEPHONE & ELECTRIC Corporation

741 Britannia Street Meriden, Conn.

(Division of Commercial Instrument Corp.)

Enclosed find check or money order for which please send one VELVETSKIN PATTER with privilege of return for refund within 30 days.

Mark X here ☐ for Alternating Current, $5.00.
Mark X here ☐ for Direct Current, $7.50.
Mark X here ☐ for free Beauty Booklet only.

COLOR WANTED: ☐ Orchid ☐ Jade Green ☐ Primrose

Name ____________________
Street and Number ____________________
City ____________________ State ____________________
My dealer's name ____________________

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

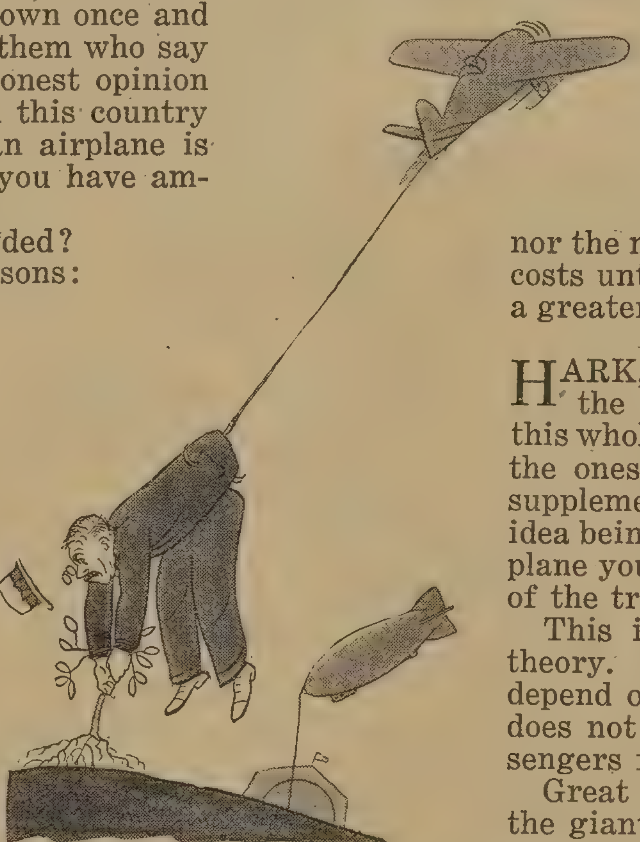
past three years. You can't drag 50 per cent of them into an airplane with a team of elephants. Three of America's greatest aviation boosters—you'd know them if I mentioned their names—have never been off the ground in their lives. They represent that huge legion that is convinced flying is a wonderful thing—for the other fellow. I could readily name a number of prominent aëronautical officials who travel by train.

How many people do you know who have never flown, won't, don't want to, or have flown once and never gone back for more? A lot of them who say they are not afraid are. It is my honest opinion that eight out of every ten people in this country have a deep-rooted conviction that an airplane is an excellent thing to keep out of if you have ambitions to grow a long white beard.

Why aren't the flying schools crowded?

Perhaps these are a few of the reasons:

The average cost of a private license in an approved school is $500. You barely learn the fundamentals of flight. A transport license costs $4,000 and several months' time. Even a private license requires more time than the average man, faced with the necessity of making a living, can afford even if he has the money.



Flying is a wonderful thing —for the other fellow.

The big transport companies have stacks of pilot applications on their desks. They seldom consider applicants with less than 500 hours' flying. Why should they when they can get plenty of pilots who have had 1,000 hours or more in the air? There are nearly twice as many licensed pilots as there are licensed planes. Under present conditions a man who pays $4,000 to acquire a transport flying license has no assurance he can get a job. The chances are he can't.

Airports are essential to aviation development, as I have said before, which is no reason for building them in bunches like grapes as the enthusiastic bankers have done.

Take Los Angeles, for instance. Five major airports represent an investment of nearly $10,000,000. None of them are making enough money to pay expenses and depreciation, let alone taxes, interest, and profit. The activity of all five could be concentrated on one and still have room to spare.

On the Oakland side of San Francisco Bay, three major air lines operate from three separate airports, all representing huge investments. Take—and this is too silly for words—Kingman, Arizona, a village on the desert. Two transcontinental air lines stop at Kingman. Four planes land there daily—and the competing lines have separate airports, each installed at considerable expense. Likewise at Albuquerque. How's that for an example of wasting the stockholder's money?

THIS tendency to build a lot of unnecessary airports explains what one of aviation's most intelligent critics calls "a passion for separatism," which has exhibited itself throughout the industry. While competitors in other industries have found it wise to get together and create a demand for their particular product, competitors in aviation have preferred to stand alone and stick out their tongues at each other. They have, on occasion, gone to the perfectly stupid extreme of surreptitiously spreading the news that fatal accidents on competing lines were due to unsafe planes and incompetent pilots. They have wasted their time and energy fighting each other instead of combining in an assault on the 122,000,000 Americans who don't ride in their airplanes.

Today, however, lashed by the fear of impending poverty, they are becoming more friendly and trying to eliminate some of their foolishness, as is indicated by recent affiliations of former arch-rivals. They realize they must either get together or go to the wall.

The amount of goods carried by American air lines is negligible. The reason is obvious—rates much higher than the shipper can afford to pay.

To send a ten-pound package from New York to San Francisco costs $1.65 by rail, $15.95 by air mail, $26 by air express. Other rates are proportionately out of sight.

There is no such thing as a freight airplane—a craft that can carry heavy cargo at a rate sufficiently low to attract the shipper. The greatest drawback to the modern plane is the tremendous disproportion between total weight and pay load. It is an efficient plane indeed in which more than 20 per cent of its total loaded weight is pay cargo. In other words, 80 per cent of the engine power must be used to keep the craft afloat and pull it through the air. Neither the best organization nor the most rational control can reduce flight costs until a plane is developed that can carry a greater pay load than present types.

HARK, hark! A thunderous cheer. It is for the giant planes that are going to solve this whole transportation business—you know, the ones you see pictures of in the Sunday supplements, the giant this, giant that—the idea being that by increasing the size of an airplane you will cure all its ills, a sort of dream of the triumph of magnificent dimensions.

This is in direct defiance of history and theory. The efficiency of an airplane does not depend on its size. Merely making it larger does not enable it to go faster or carry passengers for less money.

Great publicity was given to the flight of the giant German DOX with 169 passengers —in reality just another stunt to fool the public. It was the same as carrying twenty passengers on a Ford roadster—which, believe it or not, can be done.

As a matter of fact, it has never been conclusively demonstrated that multimotored planes are safer or more efficient than smaller single-engined craft.

The American trend, it appears, is toward bigger planes. At a time when ten- and twelve-passenger ships are flying half loaded it seems premature to introduce thirty-passenger and larger ships.

What American air-passenger travel needs is faster and more frequent services. It seems obvious that air transport is going to progress not by carrying more people at one time than the older forms of transportation but by carrying people faster and farther in a given time and offering them more frequent schedules.

The greatest single thing wrong with aviation in the United States is its airplane designers and engineers. They are hidebound, reactionary, uncreative, and uninspired. Lindbergh flies to Paris in a certain type of plane—they copy it. Somebody does something else—they copy it. Not all of them—only about 98 per cent.

I am told the airplane is a great and wondrous machine, that tremendous strides have been made in its structure and design during the past few years. Tush, tush!

The airplane of today is the original Wright biplane—Model Kitty Hawk, 1903—with a better engine, certain refinements, and a higher factor of safety. The fundamentals and materials are the same.

The army holds maneuvers and we read on the front page of the newspapers that the pursuit planes flew in formation at the amazing and record-breaking height of 25,000 feet. Now isn't that *wonderful?* These planes were equipped with 425-horsepower engines and superchargers. Twelve years ago I was flying squadron formations at 19,000 feet in a plane equipped with a 210-horsepower engine and no supercharger. The engineers, with twelve years in which to experiment and twice the horsepower, have boosted the limit of military formation flying a full 6,000 feet. The only amazing thing to me about it is that so little progress has been made in such a long time.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH AVIATION?
Continued from page twenty-one

Eleven years ago the air mail averaged a speed of about ninety miles an hour. Today it averages approximately one hundred miles an hour. You may call that progress—I call it a crying shame.

Noise has been a terrible nuisance. Cabin planes rumble and roar fit to break the eardrums of the passengers inside. Have the engineers figured out a way to eliminate racket? Not that I've noticed.

Most two-seater planes are built in tandem—like a Gay Nineties' bicycle. A perfectly silly arrangement. Not fifty people in all America would buy an automobile with such a seating plan. Do the designers do anything about it? A few have—most haven't.

The fire hazard? Planes have been burning up for years to the very great detriment of aviation. The engineers have heard about this but they haven't eliminated it.

Wheels and undercarriages sap an engine's power to drag them through the air. Every designer knows this and yet most of them have consistently failed to work out a method of folding them out of the way in flight.

How far have the engineers progressed with that low-priced, foolproof plane for the ordinary citizen? Most of them say such a plane can't be built. It must be built if aviation is ever to become an important industry.

Where is the plane that can carry cargo and passengers at a price the public can afford to pay?

Nobody has produced a plane with a very high flying speed and a very low landing speed, an admittedly ideal combination.

But why go on?

For your own amusement compare the progress made in airplane development with that made during the past few years in radio, talking motion pictures, a dozen other scientific industries. Come to think it over, the automobile is not much older than the airplane!

THE engine manufacturers have made great progress. Airplane engines are infinitely more reliable and durable than they were ten years ago. Give full credit to the engine designers, and also to the metallurgists, who have developed remarkably fine alloys with which to fabricate them.

Many well informed people are now voicing the opinion that the American aviation industry should stop kidding itself and the public and honestly face some unpleasant facts. Among them are these:

It is a subsidized industry and will probably continue so until it can stand on its own feet. Why do I say subsidized? Because were government support, huge army and navy orders, the air mail, and the Department of Commerce assistance removed, it would collapse like a punctured balloon. Except through the air mail the public is not giving it enough support on which to survive.

The Department of Commerce spends millions of dollars yearly lighting airways, maintaining auxiliary fields and weather stations, making the business behave itself and helping the cause along. There are those who cry bitterly that the Department of Commerce is throttling aviation with too much unnecessary regulation—which may perhaps be partially true. The silly part of this complaint, however, is that most of the irksome rules were originally passed with the consent and at the request of the aviation companies themselves. After they put on the shoe they found it pinched.

The airplane has proved its value in many ways. Aërial photography is an unqualified success. Aërial forest patrol has been tremendously useful. There are worthy industrial uses for planes and they have been excellent means of transport over country in which ground communications are undeveloped, such as parts of Canada, Alaska, and Central America. Though many of the shorter routes have doubtful utility, the airplane has been largely successful as a mail carrier. But as a vehicle for the individual and a common carrier capable of competing on anywhere near equal terms—and profitably—with the highly organized and efficient surface transportation systems of the United States it has to date been a pretty complete flop.

MANY companies have failed. Others will follow. Eventually flying will get down to a sound economic basis. The deadwood will be trimmed out. Air lines that fulfill an economic need will prosper. Planes that the public can use will sell. Sooner or later flying will take its place as a necessary and important factor in everyday American life.

If America is disappointed in aviation it is largely because it was led to expect too much too soon—much too much and much too soon.

And so—

If anyone is interested in the opinion of one broken-down old bird man, here is what I think the aviation business should do:

It should come out of that stockbroker's office, go home, put on its overalls, spit on its hands, and go to work. It should fire all its press agents, most of whom act as if they had just been bitten by a mad airplane. It should, for instance, stop talking about transatlantic air lines until it produces a plane that can carry passengers and cargo across the Atlantic safely and regularly, day in and day out—at a profit. No such plane exists today.

It should start thinking seriously about the overwhelming percentage of Americans who do not fly. It should kick some engineers squarely and soundly in the seat of their trousers and tell them to get to work and really accomplish something—or get out. It should realize that for years aviation has always been one great big unfulfilled promise, has lived in a perennial tomorrow. It should also realize that until it gives the public something it wants, needs, and can afford to buy, the public will not buy it. It should appreciate that what it needs is not bankers with money but inspired, creative engineers.

It had better do all these things pretty soon, or else—

THE END

NEXT WEEK—

Sunrise

A glamorous tale of love
and a mysterious
adventure

By
Edward Hope

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

1—How long is the term of a United States senator?

2—How did Sir Walter Raleigh die?

3—Between what nations were the Punic Wars fought?

4—Who were the troubadours?

5—Where is the Isle of Pines?

6—What does *per se* mean?

7—What is the title of the wife of a marquis?

8—In what state is Lake Winnepesaukee?

9—What is the literal meaning of kindergarten?

10—What is the longest bone in the human body?

11—Who was the goddess of the rainbow, in classical mythology?

12—What is a burnoose?

13—What is a male swan called?

14—What is the chief city of Syria?

15—Where is Brown University?

16—What is a mahout?

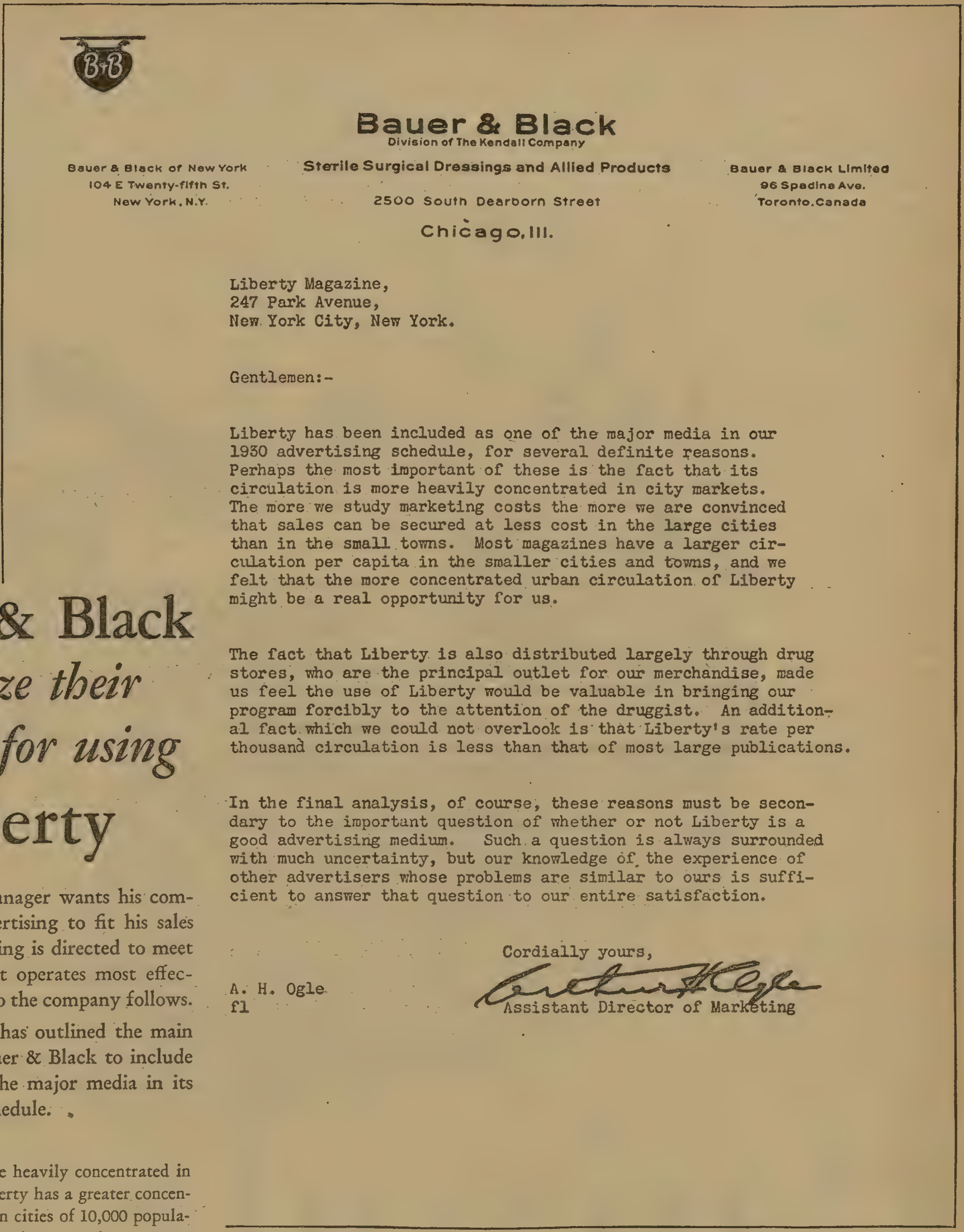
17—What part of a mile is a furlong?

18—What is the young of an elephant called?

19—What was the original name of Columbia University?

20—What is myopia?

(Answers will be found on page fifty)



B&B

Bauer & Black
Division of The Kendall Company

Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

Bauer & Black of New York
104 E Twenty-fifth St.
New York, N.Y.

2500 South Dearborn Street
Chicago, Ill.

Bauer & Black Limited
96 Spadina Ave.
Toronto, Canada

Liberty Magazine,
247 Park Avenue,
New York City, New York.

Gentlemen:-

Liberty has been included as one of the major media in our 1930 advertising schedule, for several definite reasons. Perhaps the most important of these is the fact that its circulation is more heavily concentrated in city markets. The more we study marketing costs the more we are convinced that sales can be secured at less cost in the large cities than in the small towns. Most magazines have a larger circulation per capita in the smaller cities and towns, and we felt that the more concentrated urban circulation of Liberty might be a real opportunity for us.

The fact that Liberty is also distributed largely through drug stores, who are the principal outlet for our merchandise, made us feel the use of Liberty would be valuable in bringing our program forcibly to the attention of the druggist. An additional fact which we could not overlook is that Liberty's rate per thousand circulation is less than that of most large publications.

In the final analysis, of course, these reasons must be secondary to the important question of whether or not Liberty is a good advertising medium. Such a question is always surrounded with much uncertainty, but our knowledge of the experience of other advertisers whose problems are similar to ours is sufficient to answer that question to our entire satisfaction.

Cordially yours,

Arthur H. Ogle
Assistant Director of Marketing

A. H. Ogle
fl

Bauer & Black *analyze their reasons for using* Liberty

EVERY sales manager wants his company's advertising to fit his sales job. Where advertising is directed to meet a selling problem, it operates most effectively. More profit to the company follows.

Arthur H. Ogle has outlined the main reasons that led Bauer & Black to include Liberty as one of the major media in its 1930 advertising schedule.

1. Circulation more heavily concentrated in its markets. Liberty has a greater concentration of circulation in cities of 10,000 population and over than any other magazine.

2. Liberty is distributed largely through drug stores, the principal outlet for Bauer & Black merchandise. Liberty is sold in more than 22,000 drug stores.

3. Liberty is a good advertising medium.

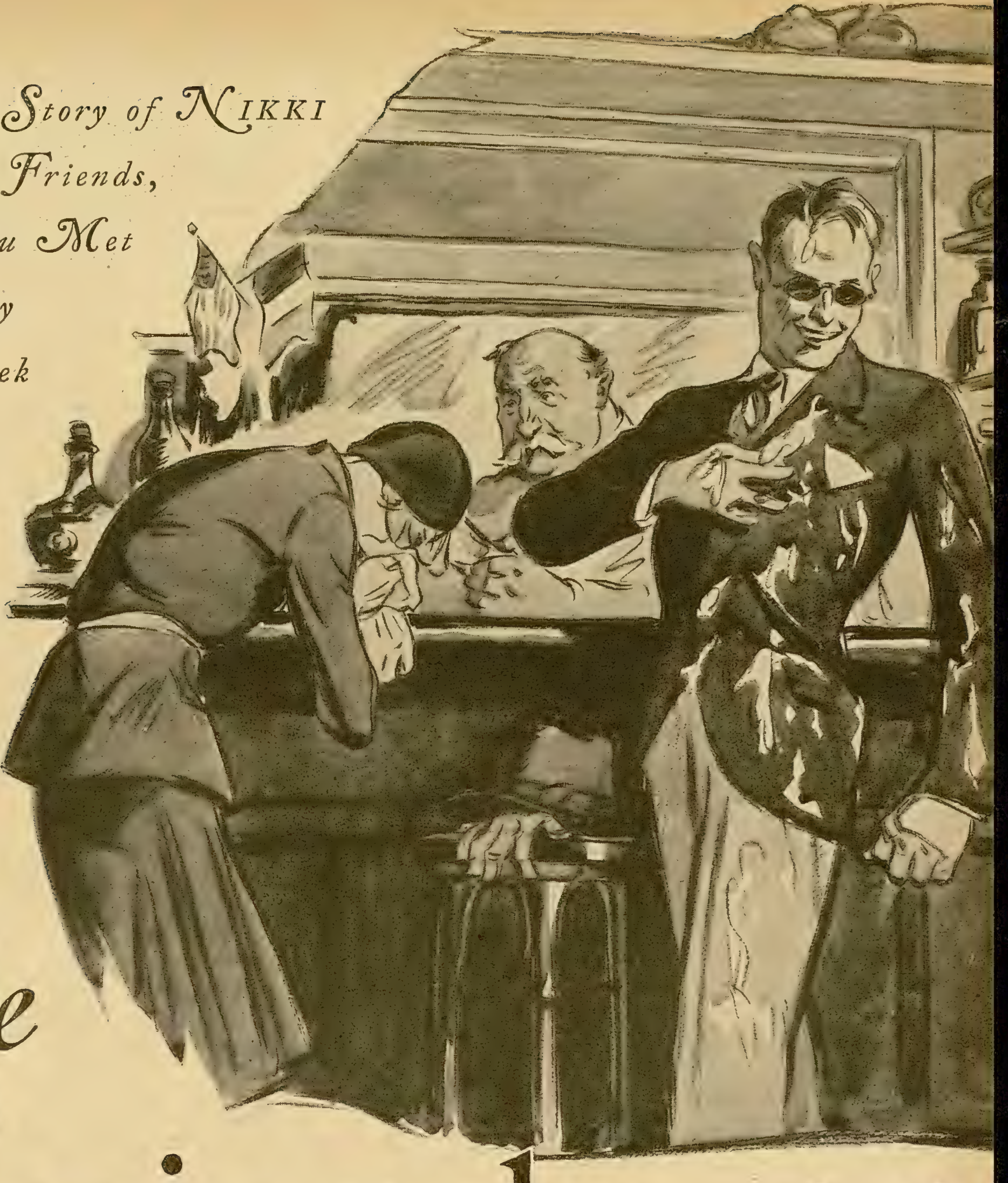
Advertisers present abundant evidence that Liberty is the first magazine for advertising drug store products by placing more of their advertising in Liberty than in any other magazine in the field. Ask a Liberty representative for details.

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

New York: 220 East 42nd Street
Chicago: Tribune Tower Detroit: Gen. Motors Bldg.
San Francisco: 820 Kohl Bldg. Boston: 10 High Street

Largest Single Copy Sale of any Magazine

Another Story of NIKKI and Her Friends, Whom You Met in Liberty Last Week



The Episode of the

By JOHN MONK

Pictures b

(Reading time: 33 minutes 15 seconds.)

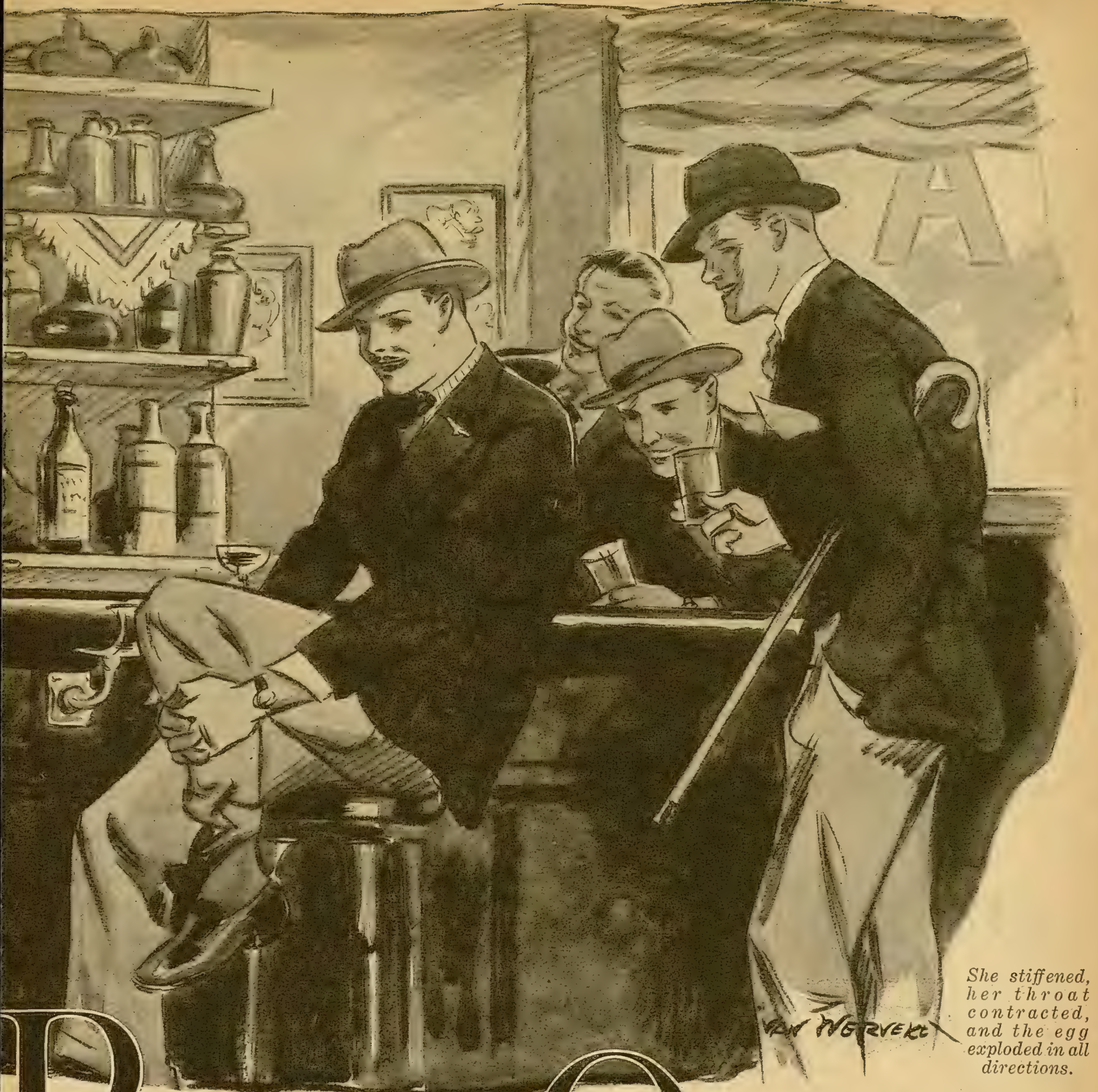
THE bar at the Carlton Hotel in Paris opens at nine o'clock in the morning. You'll find the high stools stacked on top of each other with their long legs spraddling into the air, the charwoman on her knees scrubbing the floor, *Madame La Directrice* deep in her accounts at the far end of the bar, and the barman busy with a soft cloth, polishing glasses. But you can get a drink straight off.

Johnny Swann, Cary Lockwood, Bill Talbot, The Washout, and Shepard Lambert were drinking pick-ups. Shep was wearing his dark glasses and he had a theory about drinking.

“It's the sleep that upsets you,” he declared. “I was all right when I went to sleep. Now look at me.”

“Pretty bad all right,” Bill agreed. “How you feel?”

“Must have strabismus or something,” Shep com-



She stiffened, her throat contracted, and the egg exploded in all directions.

Prairie Oyster

SAUNDERS

GEORGE VAN WERVEKE

plained. "My teeth are numb." Behind his blued lenses the nervous tic under his left eye was leaping spasmodically.

"That's a hell of a funny symptom for whatever ails you," Johnny Swann said. "You sure it wasn't something you et no doubt?"

"No, nor drank neither," Shep said. "I only had about sixty drinks yesterday."

"Couldn't be the likker, then," Johnny put in.

"Oh, no," Shep said, "it couldn't be that." Why, sixty drinks wouldn't bother a bee. It was the sleep that did the mischief, right enough, they all concluded. Shep was undoubtedly correct. The sleep was to blame.

Nikki came in some time after eleven in tow of that impatient pup, Eighty-Eight Carlton, at the end of a red

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

EAT YEAST

in this modern form if you are run down fagged out and.... ONLY HALF THERE

For health and vigor eat yeast. But get it in palatable convenient form! Yeast Foam Tablets are pure yeast; they are easy to swallow although many prefer to chew them like candy because of their pleasant taste.

Eat these tablets for indigestion, constipation, skin disorders and general run-down conditions.

As to quality and potency . . . this yeast is used as the standard for vitamin studies by investigators of leading universities of the nation and of the United States Government. Large 10-day bottle at drug stores for 50 cents.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE

NORTHWESTERN YEAST COMPANY
1750 North Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

Please send free sample
and descriptive circular.

Name ....

Address..............................

....

ON THE AIR

Every Wednesday 7:00 P. M. Central Standard Time, the "Yeast Foamers" over N. B. C. stations
WJZ · WBZA · WHAM
WBZ · KDKA · WJR · WLM
KYW · KWK · WREN
KSTP · WEBC · KFAB

YEAST FOAM
TABLETS
Extremely Rich in Water Soluble B Vitamin
Pure Dehydrated
YEAST
A Tonic Food
Prepared in Laboratories of Northwestern Yeast Co. Chicago
2 tablets 3 times daily

THE EPISODE OF THE PRAIRIE OYSTER
Continued from page twenty-five

leather leash. She was looking trim and smart in a tan suit with a narrow skirt and short jacket with red facings. She was wearing a cardinal red hat with a black half-veil.

"Hi, Nikki," Shep welcomed her.

"Hi, Nikki."

"Hi, Nik!"

"H'lo," Nikki said in her husky voice. "They told me you were down here."

"How you feel, baby?"

Nikki spread her fingers lightly over her shapely midriff and made a wry mouth.

"You don't look a day over ninety," Shep said comfortingly.

"Did you ever see those looping old monograms on the backs of watches?" Nikki inquired, describing the design in the air with her finger.

"No," said Shep, "but once I saw figure skaters on the Palace Rink at St. Moritz, and I get the idea."

THE PEOPLE IN THE STORY

NIKKI, an American girl, "pitifully young and tender and wise," who has found her way into the strange disordered lives of five American war flyers left astray in Paris after the Armistice.

And the flyers—

SHEPARD LAMBERT, known as Shep,

BILL BRONKO TALBOT, all-American half back,

CARY LOCKWOOD, Rhodes scholar at Oxford,

FRANCIS, otherwise The Washout, who is always falling asleep in the daytime, and

JOHNNY SWANN, the youngest of the crowd—all of them "like swimmers at night on a shoreless sea, fearful to let their legs down, swimming blindly onward and onward to self-destruction."

"*My* stummick is hanging by its knees," Johnny Swann offered.

Nikki saw that they were all dressed for the street and that they were all dressed in the same fashion; full, high-waisted, gray flannel trousers and blue, single-breasted coats. Cary wore gray suède Oxfords. They all looked comfortable and easy in their street clothes. She remarked on Shep's necktie, which was a kind of mauve color sprinkled with vagrant blue dots.

"Very fruity," Shep admitted and then explained that it represented the Spirit of Indigestion.

"I DIDN'T expect to see you all back here so early," Nikki said.

"Back here?" Shep said. "We never left."

"Haven't you been home?"

"No," said Shep. "We camped on your doorstep last night. We thought you might need some more help on account of your maid was gone. Anyway, we arranged to move in here."

"Here? The Carlton? Whatever for?"

"On account of you. We want to be with you. Despite your practically innumerable faults, we like you."

Nikki thanked him.

"So we decided to adopt you," Shep said.

"But how did you all get dressed?"

"Shep sent his driver over for his things," Bill explained. "He's got a cab driver who follows him around all over the place. So I said to get my things, too, and pretty soon everybody said to get their things."

"Where are you?"

"Fifth floor—same as you—down at the end. Place is as empty as a barn. Nobody here but us horses. Cary didn't want to come, but we sent for his things anyway."

"What kind of a thing is that?" Nikki asked, peering into Shep's glass.

"Oh, that there?" said Shep. "Why, that there is a prairie oyster."

Nikki looked at the yellow yolk of an egg floating in a dark mixture in a shallow wineglass.

"What does it do to you?"

"Well, it picks you up, for one thing."

"Is that what you're all drinking?" she said, looking at the other glasses.

"Well, no," said Shep. "Most of us."

"WELL," Nikki said a little uncertainly, "do you think I might have one?"

"*Prairie oyster pour Madame?*" said Charles the barman, who had been paying attention.

"Are you sure that's what you want?" Shep asked.

"Well . . . . something," said Nikki uncertainly.

"You won't be bored," Shep assured her.

Charles began to prepare the prairie oyster.

"What's that?" Nikki asked as he dashed a few drops of something into the glass.

"Worcestershire."

"And that?"

"Brandy."

"And *that?*"

"Paprika. The genoowine Hungarian."

"*Voici,*" said Charles, setting the glass before her.

Nikki picked it up hesitantly.

"Happy landing," Shep said as Nikki tilted back her head and poured the drink into her mouth. Almost instantly a startled look came into her eyes, she stiffened, her throat contracted, and the egg, bursting like a star shell, exploded in all directions. She fell into a violent paroxysm of coughing. The onlookers ducked, but it was too late.

"My, but you're careless!" Shep said. "Look at me!" His face, his hair, his blue coat, his shirt and tie were all stippled with yellow.

"Oh, Shep, I'm so sorry," Nikki said, when she could get her breath. She took the handkerchief from the breast pocket of his coat and began to police him up. "But that—that thing —was so sudden."

Charles the barman was extremely concerned.

"*Il ne descende, l'œuf!*" he explained to Madame the manager.

"*C'était une bombe! Il poppait! Un accident triste!*" He hastily began to wipe the bar and the bottles and mirror back of the bar with his cloth.

Shep was looking admiringly at himself in the mirror. "Not a bad effect," he said, "when sprayed on—by a lady."

"Certainly looks cute," Johnny Swann agreed.

"Now, look," Shep said to Nikki.

"I'm so sorry," Nikki said. "I'm so terribly sorry—"

"Now, look," Shep said. "This is the way to take a prairie oyster internally."

He put his head far back, lifted his glass, and let the egg slide silently down his throat.

"Just one gulp, Nikki. It's only a swallow."

"Please may I try another?"

"Do you think you want one?"

"No, only I s'pose I should try to be a success."

"You're a big success, baby," Shep assured her. "You don't have to take any more prairie oysters."

"*Non, non,*" Charles the barman said sympathetically. "No prairie oyster for madame. I make her nize Porto Flip." He set to work on another drink.

"This will make you laugh and play," Shep assured her.

"Well—" said Nikki, raising the glass Charles set before her, "happy land—"

"Don't point that at me," Shep said and ran behind a pillar.

"Wait till I get out of range," said Johnny.

"Take cover, men," Bill ordered.

CARY and Francis found shelter and Nikki put back her head. Charles looked on apprehensively. The drink slid down Nikki's throat without interruption. The others came out from back to their stations at the bar.

"How do you feel now?"

"All right. Only will somebody light a cigarette for me?"

Shep lighted a cigarette for her. "Good ol' Nik," he said. "She never has any matches."

They talked for a while, and then Shep got restless. He never drank very long in the same place.

"Listen," he said. "We're going down to Claridge's."

"What for?" Nikki said.

"We're going down to Claridge's to drink side-cars before lunch. Jean builds the best side-cars. And we've got to hurry."

Nikki wanted to know what was the hurry all about, so Shep explained. It was all on account of the little fellers who were follerin' him about. (It was one of Shep's notions that he was pursued by hordes of strange creatures; frilled lizards, hop-toads, weasels with fiery red eyes, pygmy elephants with no hind legs, troops of penguins in echelon formation, striped grunt that walked on their hands, blue sheep with curved horns who sang soundless music, and battalions of little visitors from Mars. These

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

NOW—a new technique that cleans teeth 3 SHADES WHITER

Instantly Removes Cause of Stain, Decay and Gum Diseases

Sensational Results

Not even the most faithful brushing will keep your teeth from decaying and discoloring, your gums from breaking down... so long as you neglect those millions of germs that swarm into the mouth with every breath and ultimately cause over 95% of all tooth and gum troubles.

You can brush and brush without result simply because an ordinary toothpaste, a polishing agent or a medicated product for the gums fails to dislodge these germs.

MONDAY
TUESDAY
WEDNESDAY

Utterly Different

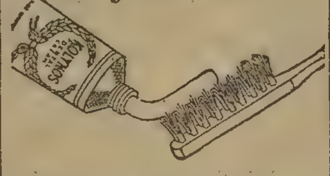
But this new Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique is another story. It kills the germs that cause decay, ugly yellow, stain and gum diseases, 190 million in the first 15 seconds. As a result, teeth are cleaned as they should be cleaned—*right down to the beautiful, naked white enamel without injury.*

Start using this new technique—a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush, morning and night.

The very moment this double-strength dental cream enters the mouth it becomes a refreshing, antiseptic FOAM that permits the Dry-Brush Technique which makes Kolynos 10 times more effective.

This exhilarating FOAM gets into every tiny pit, fissure and crevice, kills dangerous germs, neutralizes acids that cause decay, gently erases tartar and washes away the unsightly mucoid coating.

½ Inch on a Dry Brush



That's the Technique That Whitens Teeth So Quickly

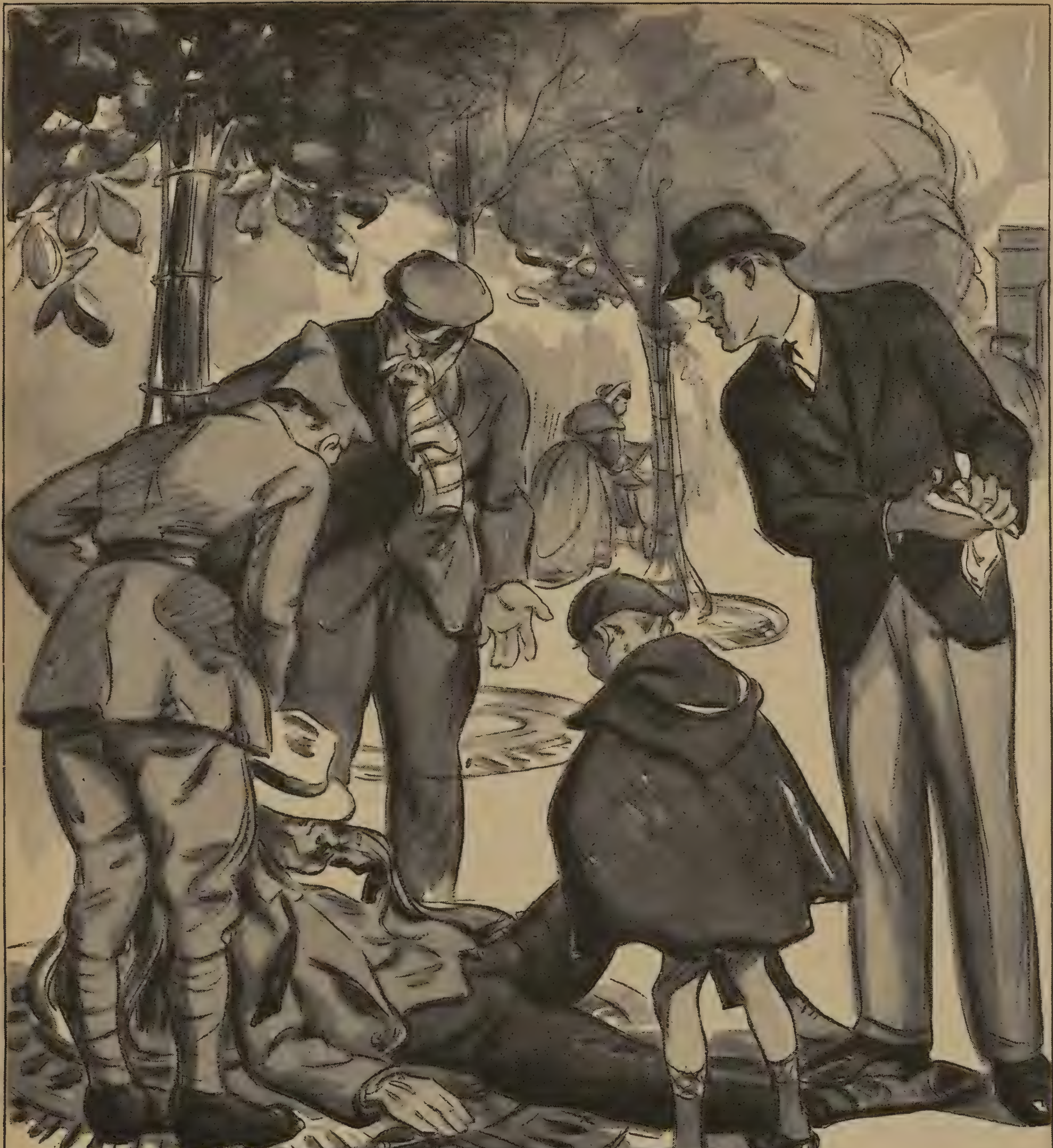
Improvement in 3 Days

In just 3 days you'll see a great improvement in your teeth and gums. Teeth will look cleaner and whiter—fully 3 shades whiter. Your gums will look healthier and feel firmer. And your mouth will tingle with a delightful, new taste sensation.... Now, if you want sound, sparkling white teeth right away, and firm, coral-pink gums... discard old-fashioned, incompetent methods and start using this new Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique. Quick results will amaze you. Buy a tube of Kolynos... Or mail coupon for generous trial tube—sent free!

KOLYNOS the antiseptic DENTAL CREAM

FREE

The Kolynos Co., Dept. 1122-L-201
New Haven, Conn.
Mail me FREE Two Weeks' Tube of Kolynos.
Name..............................
Street & No.........................
City..................State..........



Bill slapped him with his open hand. The man spun about, poised for a second, and sat down on the sidewalk.

THE EPISODE OF THE PRAIRIE OYSTER
Continued from page twenty-seven

last were serious little hairless chaps with wide, flopping ears and tall silk tiles, who were constantly engaged in military drills and exercises under the command of Josie, the Little Red Howler.)

When Shep got behind in his drinking he said that they came up and nipped at his heels and plucked at the cuffs of his trousers. You had to keep—well, anyway, two drinks ahead, else they all might suddenly burst into tongue and leap upon you.

Shep explained all this to Nikki, who saw the necessity for speed between drinks.

"Are you going to walk?" she asked.

"Oh, sure. It's only a couple of blocks or so."

Nikki looked down at her black patent-leather pumps. "Well, then," she said with sudden decision, "I've got to go change my shoes."

"Change your shoes? Why?"

"Because I can walk faster in red shoes."

Shep meditated over the statement for some minutes. "Now I know I like that girl," he announced finally.

When Nikki came back down they were ready to go. They all left the Carlton together and turned to the right along the Champs Elysées.

Nikki was flirt-footing along the sidewalk in her red shoes with Bill; the others walked ahead. They came to the corner crossing at the Avenue d'Alma, and stood waiting. Bill stepped off the curb in a momentary lull of traffic, expecting Nikki to keep step with him. But Nikki, because of her nearsightedness, was timid about crossing streets and hesitated on the curb. The traffic closed in behind Bill and he found himself on the opposite side of the street.

He looked back and saw Nikki standing helplessly alone. A couple of men came up and stood behind her.

Bill was half-way across the street on his way back to fetch Nikki when he heard her utter a faint, startled cry. She had turned and was looking bewilderedly at a man retreating hastily down the street. Bill rushed to her side.

"What's the matter?"

"He—he pinched me," Nikki gasped.

"Who?"

"That man." Nikki pointed at the figure of a man fast disappearing out of her short range of vision.

Bill turned and dashed after him.

"Hey, you!" he shouted.

The man halted immediately and turned.

"What the hell's the idea?" Bill demanded, ablaze with righteous anger. Without waiting for an answer Bill slapped him. He didn't hit him; he slapped him with his open hand. You could hear the sound across the street. The man spun about, poised for a second like a dying top, and sat down on the sidewalk, his back resting against one of the circular iron tree fences. His hat was cocked over his left eye and his collar was sprung loose from his neckband and stood open at the throat. His attaché case lay spilled beside him on the pavement. His face assumed a pleasantly astounded expression.

Some passers-by closed in between Bill and his fallen victim and stood staring down at him with stupid wordless concentrations of the curious. Bill found himself on the outside fringe of an ever-thickening semicircle, so he turned and went back to Nikki.

"Where did he pinch you?" Bill demanded.

"Right here," said Nikki, putting her hand on the place.

"The son of a gun," Bill said. He was all for going back and administering further chastisement, but Nikki took him by the arm and said could they please go.

THEY found the others in the Claridge bar. Shep noticed Bill's flushed face and angry expression.

"What happened to you two?" he demanded.

"Somebody pinched Nikki."

"When you were walking with her?"

"No. We started to cross the street and she turned back. I was on the other side."

"You shouldn't leave her alone."

"It was just a mistake," Bill said. "I thought she was with me."

Shep turned to Nikki. "So you got pinched, did you, young lady?" he said and roared with laughter.

Nikki nodded gravely.

"Ain't you never been pinched before, baby?"

Nikki shook her head.

"What? You never been pinched? That tells me how long you been in Paris. It's a national pastime. The place is full of Frenchmen who go about pinching young ladies."

"What for?"

"For a thrill. What did you expect?"

Nikki refused to believe it.

"Well," said Shep, "I don't see how you escape being pinched every time you go out."

"Hey!" said Bill sharply.

"I'd pinch you myself," Shep said, "if I knew you well enough."

"How about not getting so personal?" Bill said.

"So you caught the dirty rascal and swatted him, did you, Bill?"

"I didn't really give him what was coming to him," Bill said.

"Did you knock the man down?" Nikki inquired.

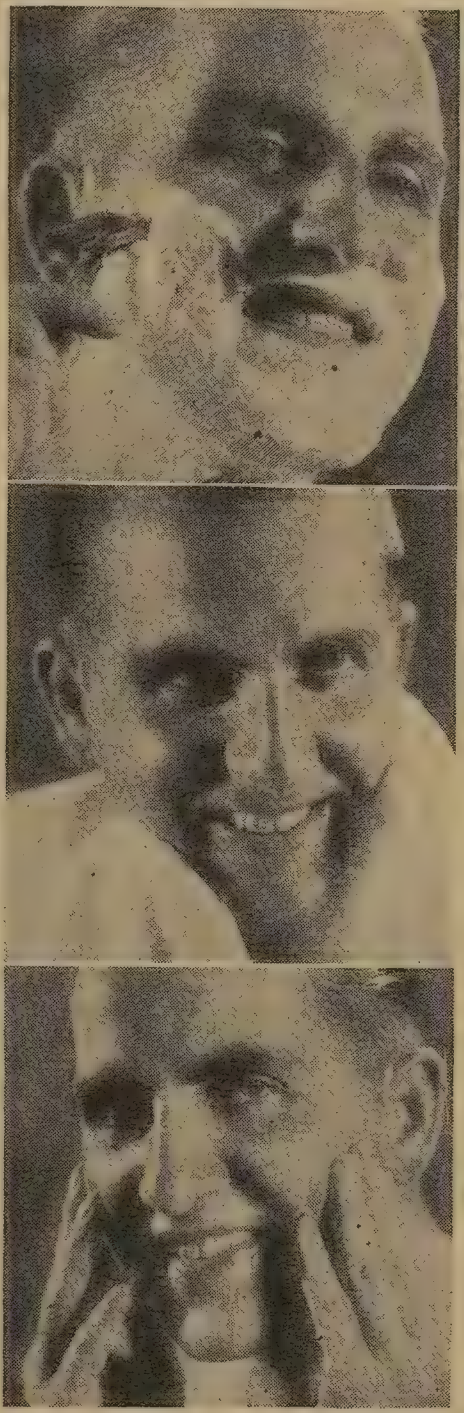
"I only slapped him once."

Nikki sat thinking earnestly for a moment.

"Bill," she said presently, "I don't think that was the right man."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

You keep your money
until you've made this test



First try this revolutionary shaving cream at our expense. If it does not win you by its merits—it's our loss—not yours.

GENTLEMEN: The remarkable things men say about this shaving cream would sound almost unbelievable in print. So we say, "Take a free supply and try it. Then make up your mind. We know no fairer way to state our case."

Thus in a few short years Palmolive Shaving Cream has become the largest selling on the market.

We asked 1000 men

A few years ago men asked why we, makers of outstanding soap products in other fields, had never made a shaving cream. They told us—1,000 of them—where other preparations failed.

So we developed a shaving cream based on the olive oil principle—one that embodied five important features in Palmolive Shaving Cream.

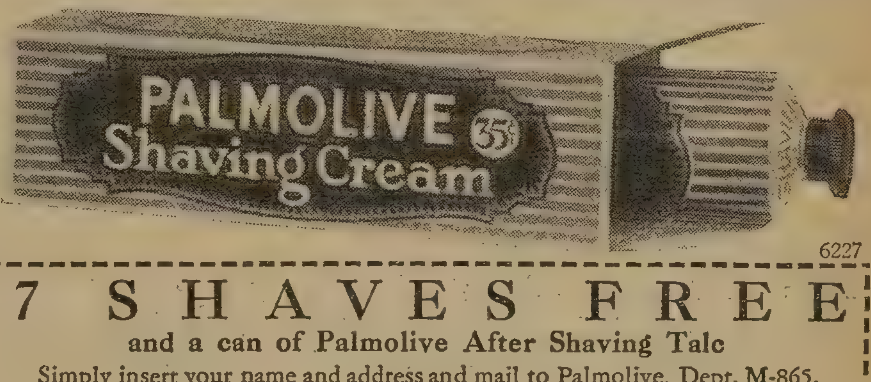
Now a test, please

Now we ask the courtesy of a test. For we have tried to please you. And we offer to convince you at our own expense. All you risk is a stamp—and a few days' shaves will do the rest. Will you mail the coupon now?

These 5 unique features

1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2 Softens the beard in one minute.
3 Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4 Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5 Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday—from 9:30 to 10:30 p.m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p.m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p.m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p.m., Pacific time—over station WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Co.



6227

7 SHAVES FREE
and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc
Simply insert your name and address and mail to Palmolive, Dept. M-865, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City.

Please print your name and address.

YELLOW FINGERS that DISGRACE

TOBACCO YELLO HOLDER

PROVE THIS FOR YOURSELF!

Smoke the next three packages of cigarettes with a TOBACCO YELLO* Holder. Then open the Holder and let your own eyes see the "dark brown" evidence—the sticky yellow stain on the attachment instead of on your lips, fingers and teeth. Your TOBACCO YELLO Holder is guaranteed to show you! Or your money will be refunded. *No other holder is like it!*

A great University, after complete scientific tests, states: the Tobacco Yello Holder stops 66.5% of the yellow stain (TAR). By stopping TAR, the pleasure of smoking is doubled, you feel better, stain is eliminated. 9,000 doctors are using this holder.

Sold by Cigar, Drug and Department Stores in the United States and Canada—In Briar and Colors for men and women. $1 To $10

KAUFMANN BROS. & BONDY, INC.
Est. 1851 120 Fifth Avenue · New York, N.Y.
*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

INSTEAD OF ON YOUR FINGERS, YELLOW STAIN STOPS ON ATTACHMENT INSIDE HOLDER

THE EPISODE OF THE PRAIRIE OYSTER
Continued from page twenty-nine

"What do you mean?"

"The one you hit. I don't think he was the right one."

Shep began to laugh again.

"But that's the one you pointed at," Bill protested.

"I was pointing at the one ahead of him," Nikki said.

Shep became convulsed and nearly fell off his stool.

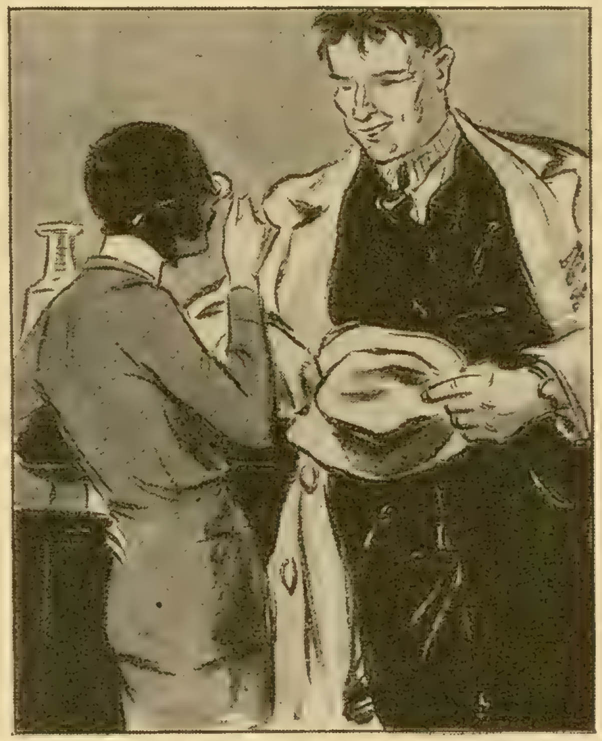
"Great Lord," he said, "but that's funny. Nikki gets pinched and Bill gallops up and swats the wrong man. By gosh, if that isn't just like Bill. Good ol' Bill the Bombardier. Good ol' Bill."

Bill, mollified, began to blush furiously.

"Gosh!" he said. "I didn't know."

"It was my fault," Nikki said, "and I'm dreadfully sorry."

Shep took command of the bar and ordered side-cars and asked Jean where were all the potato chips and olives and eggs and things? Jean promptly produced them from behind the bar.


Nikki leveled her lorgnon. "How do you do?" she said.

Bill warned Nikki about the side-cars. "Don't try to keep up with Shep," he told her privately. "You can't drink more than five side-cars. One, two, three, four, five, and out, see?"

"What's in 'em?" Nikki asked.

"Oh, I don't know—Cointreau, lemon juice, brandy, and heavens knows what."

"Where is my boy friend?" Shep said, turning around on his stool. "Oh, there he is, the little dahlink."

HE pointed out to Nikki a man sitting at a wall table at the far end of Claridge's bar. His skin was sun-and-wind burnt to the color of an Arab. He had an intense, interesting face, with a three-pointed scar on his left cheek bone. He looked like what you would imagine an ex-officer of the Foreign Legion would look like in gray tweeds.

"He's got a swell history," Shep said. "I don't know what it is. He's here every day, isn't he, Jean? That's right. And he drinks himself blind every night. Brandy. But he always leaves here under his own power. He's trying to talk himself in or out of something. Look at him."

The man was addressing an imaginary figure across the table from him and making slight, imperative gestures with his hand.

"My theory is that he left his little baby lambrequin and he knows he was right, but anyway he wants to go back to her. He's right, but he knows he's wrong."

"Shep is a great guy for theories," Bill said. "Titles and histories and theories."

"Now look at him," Shep said. "He's spoken his piece. See, now he's finished. He has a drink. That's the period. Now he's listening. He's surprised. Why, he's angry. Now he argues. He argues harder. Now he *is* sore. Take it or leave it. All right. He's through. Well, just one more last chance. Before he goes out into the night. No? Well, he gave her a chance, anyhow. This is good-by."

"Why, Shep," said Nikki, clapping her hands, "that's really quite good."

"LOOK!" said Shep. "There he begins all over again; the discovery, the speech, the argument, the challenge, the exit. He goes over it a thousand times a day in his mind."

"Shep sure has some powerful theories," Bill said airily.

"And I got a powerful theory about you, too," Shep said.

"What kind of a theory've you got about me?"

"I got a theory you better get your hair cut."

"Who, me?" said Bill.

"Who, you," said Shep.

"Do I need a haircut?"

"Get your hair cut or buy a violin—one. I swear I saw a bat fly out of all that broccoli last night."

But Bill was obstinate. He said you'd never trap him in one of those French barber chairs. They locked you in a nightgown and *anything* could happen to you, he said; and besides it was too far away from the bar.

"But look, Bill! It's just around the hall to your right."

Bill said nothing doing.

"Well, all right. Only we won't be seen out with you any more."

"Ashamed of me, hey?"

"You're a disgrace."

Bill finally broke down and went off in the direction of the barber shop.

A long young man in an unpressed topcoat and a gray turndown hat came into the bar.

"Hi, Wiffy!" Shep called.

Shep was glad to see Wiffy. So were the others. They all liked Wiffy. He was a gentle soul with a sweet disposition.

"Come have a drink," Shep said. "What are you doing uptown?"

Wiffy said he would be very happy to have a drink. Shep presented him to Nikki and gave him Bill's place beside her at the bar. Shep said to look out for Wiffy on account of he was a ball-of-fire.

Nikki turned and leveled her lorgnon at Wiffy.

"How do you do?" she said. "I'm not sure I heard your name."

"Wiffy Crouch," Shep said.

"Beg pardon?"

"Wiffy Crouch, Wiffy Crouch, Wiffy Crouch."

"Sounds like *Wiffy Crouch,*" Nikki said.

"That's how it is," Shep assured her.

Nikki looked uncertainly from one to the other. "I knew a girl once named Hattie Dozier," she declared finally.

"Did you?" Shep said. "I knew a boy in the fourth grade once named Joe Speewack."

"This girl got married right away."

"Sensible idea," Shep said.

"Listen," said Nikki. "Did you ever know anybody named Fred you liked?"

"Nope."

"Wilbur?"

"Nope."

"Me neither."

"How about Herman?"

"I had a turtle once named Herman," Nikki said.

"YOU know the name I like the best?" Shep said. "Pete. Pete is the honestest name they is. Captain Pete Hudgins is my favorite name."

"Did you know someone of that name?"

"No, but it just occurred to me."

"Well, Minnie Haskins is my favorite."

"How are you on people like T. Arthur Aspinwall?"

"Not so good," said Nikki. "Not so good. But just pay no attention and sometimes they go away."

Wiffy sat and listened to the two with an expression of mild concern.

Wiffy's full name was Willard Frink Crouch. He had taken a terrible beating under that name. First he tried Willard F. Crouch in the hopes that somebody would call him Bill. Nobody did. Then he tested out signing himself W. Frink Crouch and that didn't work either. He finally resigned himself to W. F. Crouch and some serene soul called him Wiffy and that did it. Wiffy Crouch. No one knew better than Wiffy what a disaster that was to your personal dignity. No one named Wiffy would ever turn the tide of empire.

Wiffy had gone to Princeton. Afterwards he worked on the New York Tribune and was sent abroad to fill a vacancy in the Paris office. He got sixty dollars a week and a living allowance. He liked to drink and went about with all sorts of strange people. He had written a highly unpublished novel. Wiffy described it

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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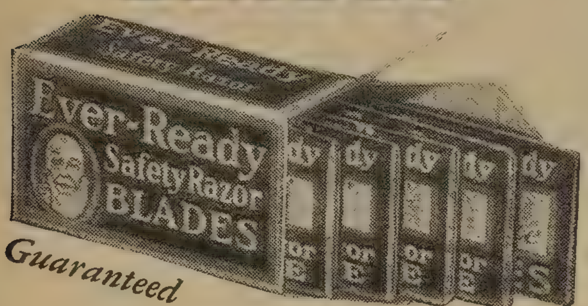
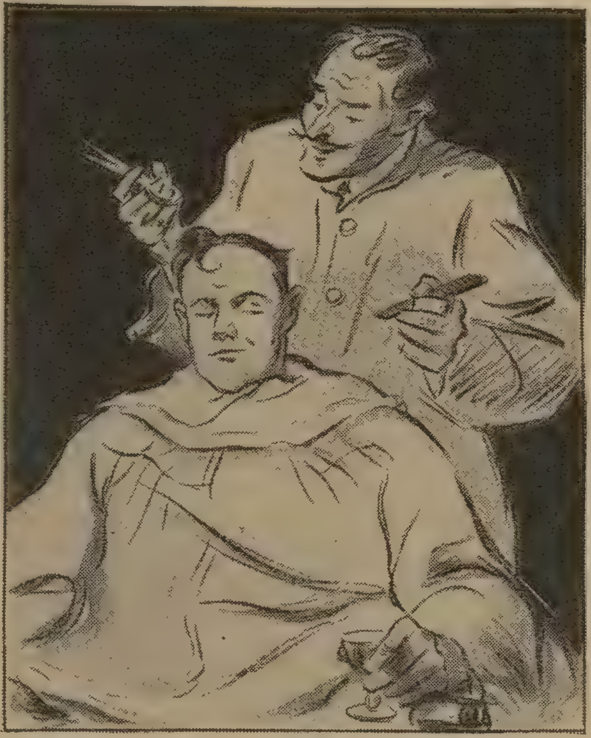


THE EPISODE OF THE PRAIRIE OYSTER
Continued from page thirty-one

afterwards as an Early Work. He predicted that it would be included among his Juvenilia. He sometimes forgot to button all his buttons. He knew he wasn't going to last long in the Paris Bureau because his stomach was troubling him. All those Martinis. He said he dassn't go back to New York, because he had only just been sent over. He said he thought the best thing he could do would be to go to Italy and write a book. He said he didn't think it would be a success, because he was too pornographic.



"The barber wanted to know if I was a Suedois."

"Who is your swell friend?" he asked Shep.

"Oh, her," Shep said. "I don't know. Just an old hussy we found scattered around."

Wiffy said he wisht to God he'd seen her first.

"How're tricks?" Shep inquired of Wiffy. And when was he going to write that pornographic novel?

Wiffy said as soon as his stomach gave out, which ought to be pretty soon now.

"When are you going to go to work?" Wiffy asked in turn.

"Work?" said Shep. "Work? Work? What kind of work?"

"Oh, any kind of work."

"Where?"

"Oh, anywhere. Why don't you go home and go to work?"

"What would I do?" Shep inquired. "Sell washing machines? Rake up lawns? Tend furnaces? Read meters? Mend old furniture? Raise artichokes? Drive a milk wagon?"

"How about aviation?" Wiffy wanted to know. Why didn't Shep go back to flying? Be a commercial pilot or fly the mails or something?

SHEP thought of himself, with his shattered nervous organization, sitting at the controls of an airplane.

"Hell," he said wryly, "I couldn't even pass the litmus test."

"Well, there ought to be *something*," Wiffy said vaguely.

"Maybe I could put an ad in the paper," Shep speculated. "I know what I could do if I was in London. I could play a barrel organ, or I could draw pictures on the sidewalk. I could play 'Where Do Flies Go in the Wintertime' on a barrel organ and be a big success in London. It's a favorite tune of the English."

"What kind of pictures would you draw?" Wiffy asked.

"Still life," said Shep. "Fruit and fish. Fish mostly. The English are very sentimental about fish. I would draw a bloater with sad, stupid eyes and be a big success. Bloaters have such sad eyes. Have you ever noticed?"

Wiffy said he'd never noticed, but he told Shep he'd ought to make up his mind about something.

"I'm trying to make up my mind," Shep said. "I don't know whether to go to work or take up drinking. Drinking and polite conversation."

"I know the answer to that one," Wiffy said. "Don't you ever get outside of a bar?"

"No," said Shep. "I have to tend to my drinking. I don't get much opportunity."

"ALL kinds of things going on outside," Wiffy said. "Trees growing and the sun shining and people walkin' around—all kinds of things happening."

Shep's eyes grew big with wonder. "Right now, you mean? While we're a-settin' here?"

"Sure," said Wiffy, "right now. Babies being born."

"Nurse girls being ruined, too, I bet," Shep said. "It all sounds pretty pre-war to me."

"Well," said Wiffy, "you ought to get out once in a while and go places and see things. Improve yourself, old boy. Improve yourself."

"Not a bad idea," Shep admitted and ordered a couple of side-cars for their mutual improvement.

"Where do you get all these lofty notions?" Shep inquired further. "What are you doing that makes you so noble?"

Wiffy said he was writing a Sunday feature. He said he was supposed to hand in two a month for the second news section of the New York Sunday Tribune, but he found it hard going. He guessed he didn't have any nose for second-news-section subjects.

"What's the one you're doing now?"

"It's all about the treasure on the bottom of the sea," Wiffy said, and burst into a gale of laughter. It sounded so silly when you said it out loud.

You got that way from working on a newspaper, Wiffy said; Treasure on the Bottom of the Sea.

Shep asked him why he bothered about the treasure on the bottom of the sea, anyhow. Wiffy said they expected a couple of pieces from him every month besides the cables, and, anyway, he got seven dollars and a half a column for it. The way things were, he said, he could use the money. Wiffy was generally broke.

"What about all this treasure anyway?" Shep wanted to know. "We're all practically dying to hear about it."

"Don't you know there's over four billion dollars' worth of shipping lying at the bottom of the sea?"

"Hadn't heard a thing about it," Shep assured him. "Not a thing. Nobody breathed a word of it to us. And say," he demanded, "what's the idea of the newspapers playing up this homosexual affair between Ignatz and Krazy Kat?"

"All sunk by unrestricted German submarine warfare," Wiffy continued.

"Can you imagine?" Shep said.

"Take the Laurentic," Wiffy said academically. "She went down with twenty-five million when she was torpedoed off Malin Head in nineteen seventeen."

Shep made a great show of alarm and Nikki said it sounded scandalous.

"Take the Lusitania," Wiffy said.

"Oh, tell us about that."

"She had six million in her strong room when she foundered. Take the German war fleet; there's millions in costly metals lying at the bottom of Scapa Flow."

"Who ever heard of such a thing? Somebody ought to write about that."

"That's what I'm doing," Wiffy insisted. "Didn't I tell you?" He looked from one face to another.

"Oh, that's right," Shep admitted. "I forgot. Well, what else?"

"Well, there's the Egypt—"

"The Egypt," Shep repeated.

"And the Belleville—"

"Regular mine of information," Shep commented. "What about the ol' Belleville?"

"Well, she's the biggest prize of all. She went down with the largest shipment of diamonds ever sent out of South Africa."

"LISTEN to that, Cary," Shep said. "Isn't that fantastic?"

"Torpedoed?" Cary inquired, turning around.

"Yep."

"Where?"

"Somewhere off the coast of Portugal. Nobody knows exactly."

"How much were the diamonds worth?"

"About six million sterling. The insurance companies took an awful loss."

"The Belleville," Cary repeated. "How big was she?"

"Twenty thousand tons."

"What line?"

"Cape or something. Belgian registration."

"No survivors?"

"Lost with all on board. At least, that's the way she's listed at Lloyd's."

"Lemme give you a good title for your piece," Shep said.

Wiffy looked at him suspiciously.

"Call it 'The Flute Player's Revenge.'" Shep laughed so hard at his own title that he nearly fell off his perch. Nobody else thought it was particularly funny, or funny at all, but Shep was enormously pleased about it.

Pretty soon Wiffy said he had to go back to the shop. He was still puzzled about Nikki's status.

"So pleased to have met you," he said.

"Thank you," Nikki said.

"May I—may I call you up sometime?"

Nikki thanked him again.

"Where can I find you?"

Nikki regarded him uncertainly for a moment. "In the Almanach de Gotha," she replied finally.

Wiffy blushed a deep red, but quickly recovered himself and, by way of showing his respect for one of the nobility of Europe, kissed her hand when he left. Unexpectedly Cary Lockwood went along with Wiffy.

Shep thought it was perfectly swell the way Nikki had refused to give out her telephone number.

Nikki gazed silently after the two as they departed. "Tell me about Cary Lockwood," she said to Shep.

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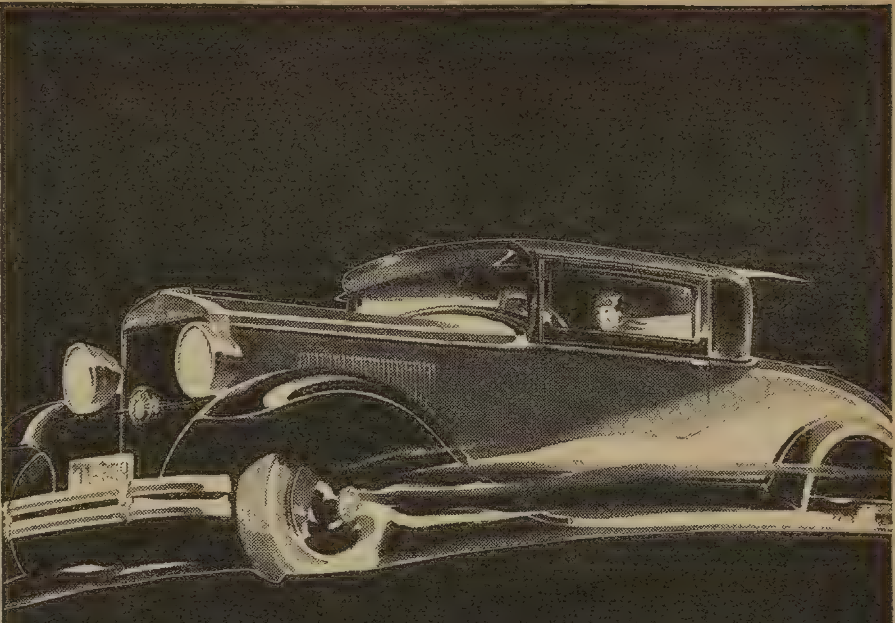

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IT'S 15¢—*and milder*

THE EPISODE OF THE PRAIRIE OYSTER
Continued from page thirty-three

"You like Cary?"

"Yes," said Nikki simply, "I like Cary."

"Well," Shep said, "you'll think I'm trying to be funny. The first time I ever saw him was in the baths at Cardinal."

"Cardinal?"

"Cardinal College at Oxford."

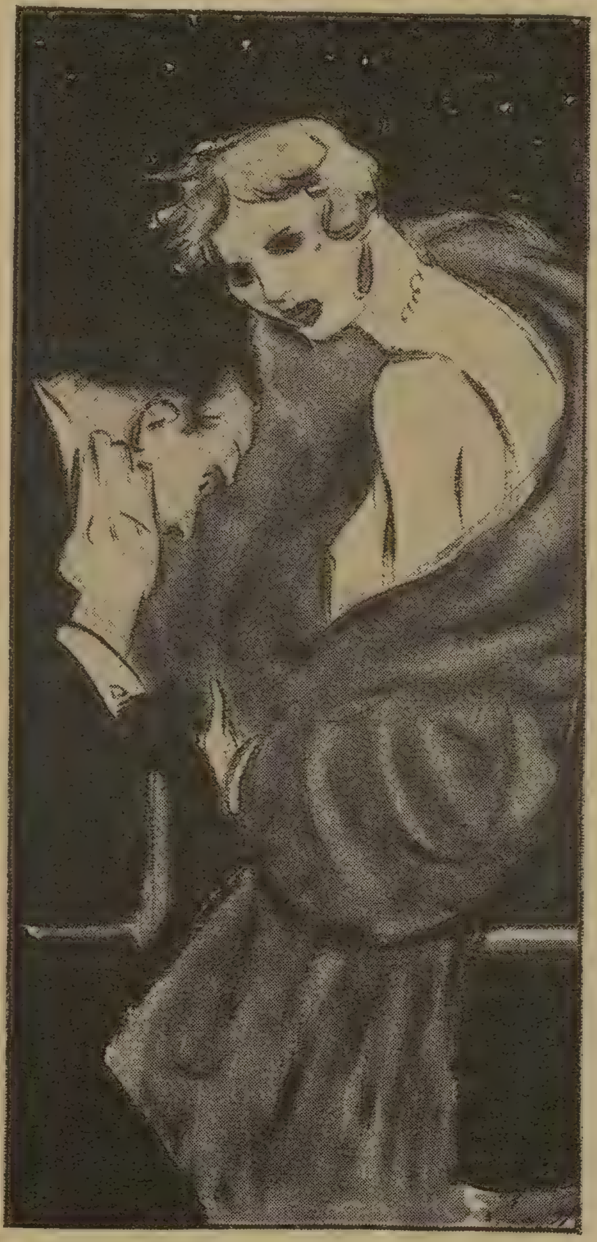
"Oh, that's right. You both went to Oxford."

"Rather. Him and me both. That's where I met him. He had a locker next mine, but one, in the baths, and the first time I saw him stripped he had a great, angry bruise on his shoulder. Right up here by his throat, blue and yellow and purple and all the ruddy colors of the rainbow. Like a Hawaiian sunset or a peacock's tail or a aurora borealis or something." Shep was strong on simile. "It ran halfway down his side and clear across his chest. I told him he bruised easily.

"'Well,' he said, 'under the circumstances!'

"'What happened to you?' I said. I thought he'd been kicked by a horse or fallen down an elevator shaft or been run over by a char-à-banc or something.

"'A lady bit me,' he said.



"A lady bit him coming over on the boat."

"Aren't you surprised?" Shep demanded of Nikki.

"No."

"Well *I* was. I thought he was pulling my leg. But a lady did bite him. She bit him coming over on the boat. He told me about it afterwards."

"Must have been interesting," Nikki murmured.

"SHE was an actress, a blonde actress—you'd know her name—and she was going to London to open a new play. Cary danced with her on board ship and afterwards they went up on the boat deck. They talked a while, Cary said, and it was about three o'clock in the morning and all of a sudden she just bent down for no reason at all and bit him. She bit him so hard his knees buckled and he fell down on the deck.

"Then the next thing he knew she had his head in her lap and she said, 'Oh, baby, baby! Did I hurt you? . . . Did I hurt you, baby?'

"Now," said Shep enthusiastically, "isn't that a terrible thing to happen to a young man from Seattle?"

"From Seattle!" Nikki exclaimed. "Certainly not. It was probably all for the best."

"I never thought of that," Shep said. "But tell me: why did the girl bite Cary?"

Nikki looked at Shep and burst out laughing.

"What's the matter?" Shep said.

"You're funny."

"How so?"

"Well, I asked you why the man pinched me. And now you ask me why the girl bit Cary."

"That's right," Shep admitted. "Looks like people just go around pinching and biting each other. But tell me, why did the lady bite Cary?"

"Because."

"Because why?"

"Well, it probably seemed like a good idea at the time."

SHEP studied her for a moment. "How sweet the moonlight sleeps on yonder bank!" he said finally. "And how about another drink?"

"A pleasure," said Nikki.

Bill came out of the barber shop in an uproarious state, grinning all over the place.

"What the hell," Shep said, looking at him.

"I'm a bullfighter," Bill explained. Bill's hair was parted just a little off center. It was slicked down flat on the left side, with a slight frisky upturn at the ends, like an old-time bartender's. He had a wave on the right side and a spit curl, curving like a scimitar, tight against his forehead. And somehow the barber had contrived to fashion a miniature *coleta* in the thick, curly thatch of hair at the back of Bill's head.

"I'm a bullfighter," Bill repeated, "and if you don't stop looking so superior I'll stick you with an armadillo."

"Peccadillo is the word," Shep said.

"Pussy willow," Nikki suggested.

"You can't go around with us like that," said Shep.

"The hell I can't. Try and lose me.

Now, listen," he said, "and I'll tell you how it happened. The barber wanted to know if I was a *Suèdois*. And I told him no, that I was an Irishman with the heart of a Turk."

"Well, that's pretty good for you," Shep said. "I never knew you had any imagination."

"So he said I must have a lot of little ones. And I said yes, fourteen, and they were all in school in Switzerland."

"You see what happens when Bill strays away from us like that," Shep told Nikki.

"And so he wanted to know the names of my *p'tits*, and I said their names were all Hortense. He couldn't understand about that."

"You didn't tell him you were a Saint Bernard, did you?" Shep was unkind enough to ask. "Was you ever in the fourth grade?"—he turned to Nikki.

Nikki said, "Oh, sure. Everybody's been in the fourth grade somewhere."

"Well," said Shep, "didn't they have a fine big picture of a Saint Bernard in a blizzard? On the Alps?"

"Yes," Nikki said. "With a barrel or something tied around its neck—looking for lost travelers or something."

"And looking unhappy as anything," Shep said. "I bet if you tied one of those casks around Bill's neck and sent him up in the mountains he'd save thousands of people."

"He has the eye for it all right," Nikki agreed.

"And the hair," Shep said.

BILL paid no attention to them and went right on with his story.

"And then I broke down and told him I was really a bullfighter and that I was traveling anonymous. So he fixed me up. And they'll send drinks in from the bar and the name of the manicurist is Suzanne and she has blue ear tabs."

"Well," Shep said, "that's all very fine indeed, but you better get your hair combed decent else you can't be with us."

"I don't want to go back," Bill protested. "I was a big success."

"Well, go jump in the piscine. It's just around the corner to your left. You can be a big success there, too."

"That's a powerful thought," Bill admitted. "Give me a drink and lemme dwell on that thought for a while."

Bill had another side-car and went off in the direction of the baths.

When he came back he was very thirsty and started drinking beer and developed hiccups.

"Man," said Shep admiringly, "those certainly are powerful hiccups."

"Aren't they fierce?" Bill said.

"I wisht I could find somebody to match you with," Shep said. "I bet you could hiccup anybody bow-legged. You ought to take some brandy and sugar," he added, "because we're going out."

"Why?"

"Well, you see," Shep explained, "you've been in Paris all this time and all you know is the bars. You ought to go places and see things. Improve yourself, old boy. Improve yourself!"

"All right," said Bill promptly. "Let's go and take a look at Napoleon's tomb."

They argued back and forth as to where they should go. Eventually they put it up to Nikki.

"Well," Nikki ventured, "how about Versailles?"

They all considered the idea for a while.

"Anyone been to Versailles?" Shep asked suspiciously.

They all shook their heads. "Well," said Shep, "how far out is it do you think?"

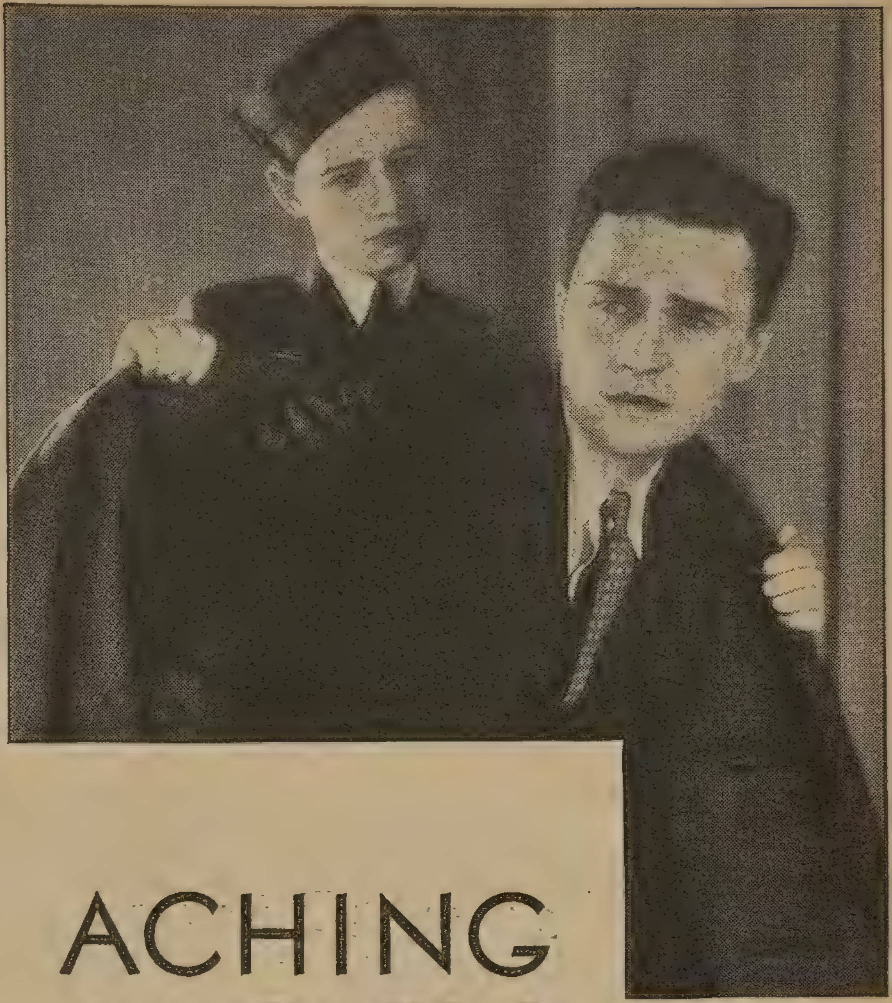
Nobody had any idea. Jean the barman told them it was only a case of forty minutes or so.

"We can stop at places along the way for drinks," Shep mused. "How about lunch?" he asked Jean. Was there any place out there for lunch?

Oh, sure, Jean told them. Lots of nice places.

"Well," said Shep, "everybody better drink their drink, because we're going to Versailles."

Next week—the expedition to Versailles, and the Episode of the King's Mistresses.



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KATE CAMERON

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1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

Before the ship goes dow

★ ★ ★ ATLANTIC

CAST

John Rool	Franklin Dyall
Mrs. Rool	Ellaline Terriss
Poynter	Daniel Calthrop
Tate Hughes	D. A. Clarke-Smith
Mrs. Tate Hughes	Helen Haye
Betty Tate Hughes	Joan Barry
Lawrence	John Stuart
Monica	Madeleine Carroll
The Padre	Francis Lister
Major Boldy	Arthur Hardy
Dandy	Monty Banks
Captain	Sydney Lynn
Lanchester	John Longden

Produced by Elstree.
Directed by E. A. Dupont.

THE English producing company known as Elstree is making a bid for an American audience. Elstree is responsible for Young Woodley, a creditable production, and now, in Atlantic, it has given us a grand melodrama of the sea.

The sinking of the Titanic in mid-ocean on its maiden voyage is the basis of the melodrama. A small group of passengers is selected to demonstrate the different human reactions in the face of disaster. This particular group naturally revolves around a great English writer, who, because of a partial paralysis, lives in a wheel chair. He is the philosopher who remains calm and collected throughout the three agonizing hours of suspense from the time the ship hits the iceberg until it founders.

The acting is fine throughout, with Franklin Dyall giving a superb performance as the writer. Madeleine Carroll portrays a bride who is forced to leave her husband on board while she is given a place in one of the boats.

The spectacular parts of the production, such as the collision, are done with less regard for realistic effect than Hollywood gives to such scenes.

In Sinners' Holiday are Purnell Pratt, Grant Withers, and Evalyn Knapp, a new star on the screen.

★ ★ ★ SINNERS' HOLIDAY

CAST

Angel	Grant Withers
Jennie	Evalyn Knapp
Harry	James Cagney
Myrtle	Joan Blondell
Ma Delano	Lucille La Verne
Mitch McKane	Warren Hymer
Sikes	Purnell B. Pratt
Joe	Ray Gallagher

Produced by Warner Brothers.
Directed by John Adolfi.

Harvey Thew made over Marie Baumer's stage play, known as Penny Arcade, into a screen play for Vitaphone. It is good screen material. The background is colorful and interesting, since all the action takes place in an amusement park, with most of it centering around the Penny Arcade owned and run by Ma Delano. The character of Ma is skillfully portrayed by Lucille La Verne.

She is a hard, penny-grabbing old woman, whose one soft spot is her love for her youngest son. Harry absorbs her to the exclusion of Joe and Jennie, her other children. They are faithful, dependable youngsters, while Harry is shifty and weak.

Grant Withers as Jennie's suitor gives a fine performance. He is the ballyhoo artist to the life. The acting by all the cast is exceptionally good, and I was favorably impressed by Evalyn Knapp, who is a newcomer to the screen.

★ ★ UP THE RIVER

CAST

St. Louis	Spencer Tracy
Judy	Claire Luce
Dannemora Dan	Warren Hymer
Steve	Humphrey Bogart
Pop	William Collier, Sr.
The Warden	Robert O'Connor
Jean	Joan Lawes
Mrs. Massey	Louise Mackintosh

Produced by Fox.
Directed by John Ford.

A satire, no matter how clever, rarely appeals to the majority of playgoers. Although Maurine Watkins

Madeleine Carroll (center) in Atlantic's big scene.

Claire Luce and Joan Lawes, daughter of Warden Lawes of Sing Sing, in Up the River.

has done a clever piece of work in Up the River, I doubt that it will have a great popular appeal, because it is done in the satiric vein in which she wrote the play Chicago.

This is for a limited audience. The one I sat with remained absolutely cold through the first half of it and in the latter half only the most obvious bits of comedy drew laughs—and the film is packed with clever lines and business. The editing might have been better. The different sequences follow each other too abruptly and the play is much too long.

The acting is good. Spencer Tracy stands out, in his rôle of St. Louis, the man who walks in and out of prisons without leave. Humphrey Bogart and Claire Luce carry the love interest. Warren Hymer, who is almost always a bad man, turns up as a clever comedian here.

Little Joan Lawes, the daughter of Warden Lawes of Sing Sing Penitentiary, has a grand time just being herself. She makes her screen début in Up the River.

★ ★ HALF SHOT AT SUNRISE

CAST

Tommy	Bert Wheeler
Gilbert	Robert Woolsey
M. P. Sergeant	John Rutherford
Colonel Marshall	George MacFarlane
Olga	Leni Stengel
Annette	Dorothy Lee
Mrs. Marshall	Edna May Oliver

Produced by Radio.
Directed by Paul Sloane.

Wheeler and Woolsey as a couple of A. W. O. L. doughboys are very funny. They show you how the war was carried on in Paris in 1918, and they are ably helped in this particular phase of the war by Dorothy Lee, Edna May Oliver, Leni Stengel, George MacFarlane, and John Rutherford. Most of the M. P.s in Paris are on their trail, but they manage to steal their colonel's daughter, his car, and his girl friend right from under his nose. This is recommended as a good hearty laugh provoker.

Three funny ones in Half Shot at Sunrise are Bert Wheeler, Dorothy Lee, and (at the top) Robert Woolsey.

★ HEADS UP

CAST

Jack Mason	Charles Rogers
Betty Trumbull	Helen Kane
Skippy Dugan	Victor Moore
Mary Trumbull	Margaret Breen
Mrs. Trumbull	Helen Carrington
Rex Cutting	Gene Gowing
Georgie Martin	Billy Taylor
Captain Denny	Harry Shannon

Produced by Paramount.
Directed by Victor Schertzinger.

Heads Up was one of last year's musical comedies. It has been made over into a mediocre movie with Charles Rogers and Margaret Breen playing a pair of romantic lovers and Helen Kane doing her usual baby-talk stunts. The latter is a hard-working little comédienne, but she sticks too close to the one line, which is now wearing pretty thin.

Victor Moore furnishes the only real laughs of the picture. A Coast Guard station on the New England coast and a luxurious yacht form the background for the story.

The photography is exceptionally good and the songs of Helen Kane and Buddy Rogers are well recorded.

Do you know that—

Joan Crawford has signed her name to a long contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—Whoopee, Outward Bound.

★★★—Young Woodley, Once a Gentleman, The Office Wife, Africa Speaks, Her Wedding Night, What a Widow, Sweet Kitty Bellairs, The Squealer.

GARRETT PRICE

The woman who talks about her diet soon finds her table companion yawning.

Table Manners

A Guide to Successful Behavior Among the Knives and Forks

(Reading time: 19 min. 52 sec.)

By

HELEN HATHAWAY

who is an authority on etiquette and the author of American Manners, a book. She is a graduate of Vassar and has lectured on etiquette at various schools. She lives alternately in New York City and New Hampshire.

Pictures by GARRETT PRICE

BELIEVE it or not, the World and his Wife are not quite sure of their table manners. The knife and fork are humble tools but they can be confusing, and many a valiant youth has met his Waterloo in a fresh lobster.

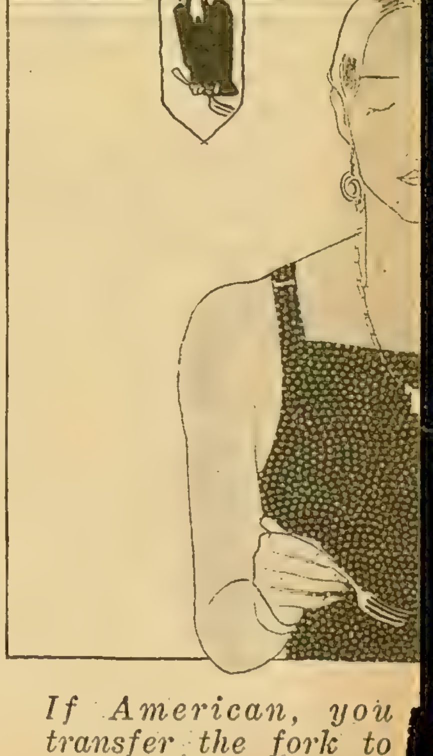
I speak from the authority of an etiquette lecturer and writer of many years' experience. Of the thousands of queries I receive in my "fan mail," seven out of every ten concern the delicate matter of eating. People want to know how to choose the right fork among a bewildering array of silver rather than the correct style of engraving for a visiting card, or how to eat a lobster rather than how to introduce a count. Nor do I blame them, for most of us can get along very nicely without calling cards or counts, but we all have to know the difference between a meat and a salad fork, or how to attack a lobster when that aristocratic crustacean is put before us.

This is no flippant matter, for table manners are important. Unconsciously strangers regard them as an index of our breeding, more telltale than our clothes or our speech, the bumps on our head or the lines of our palm. The original meaning of the word Etiquette is *ticket* or *label*—a fact of special significance in the etiquette of eating. By our manners at table we are ticketed, labeled, catalogued, pigeonholed in our proper place in the social scale. If a young man or woman eats nicely, his hostess will not bother about his family tree. If he has no table manners, he is branded as an outsider.

To cultivate the ease and poise which the seasoned diner out possesses, we must learn the mechanics of eating as a groundwork for that enviable *savoir-faire*. And the mere mechanics is easy. It doesn't require a college education or even a high grade of intelligence—merely mastery of a few rules, the ABCs of which everyone knows. We repeat them here because they are part of the table manners tale.

First, as to your tools, the knife fork, and spoon—how do you man age them? In view of the fac we use these implements thre times a day, it is amazing hov inexpert we are with them. Man of us who are dexterous with pencil, typewriter keys, even gol clubs, are suddenly clumsy an bungling with knife and fork i hand. It is awkward to grab fork as if it were a spear, a spoon as if it were a baby food-pusher, or to clutch a knife with the death grip. And it is not only awkward but unnecessary. No one is going to snatch your table silver from you; you need only hold it lightly between your first two fingers and your thumb.

Custom has approved two methods of handling the knife and fork—the American and the European. In either way the juicy beefsteak with which you are confronted is cut with the knife held in the right hand, fork in the left. The difference in method begins at this point. If you are one hundred per cent American, you now lay down the knife on your plate and transfer the fork—presto change-o!—to the right hand to bring it to the mouth. This juggling of the fork from one hand to the other



If American, you transfer the fork to the right hand.

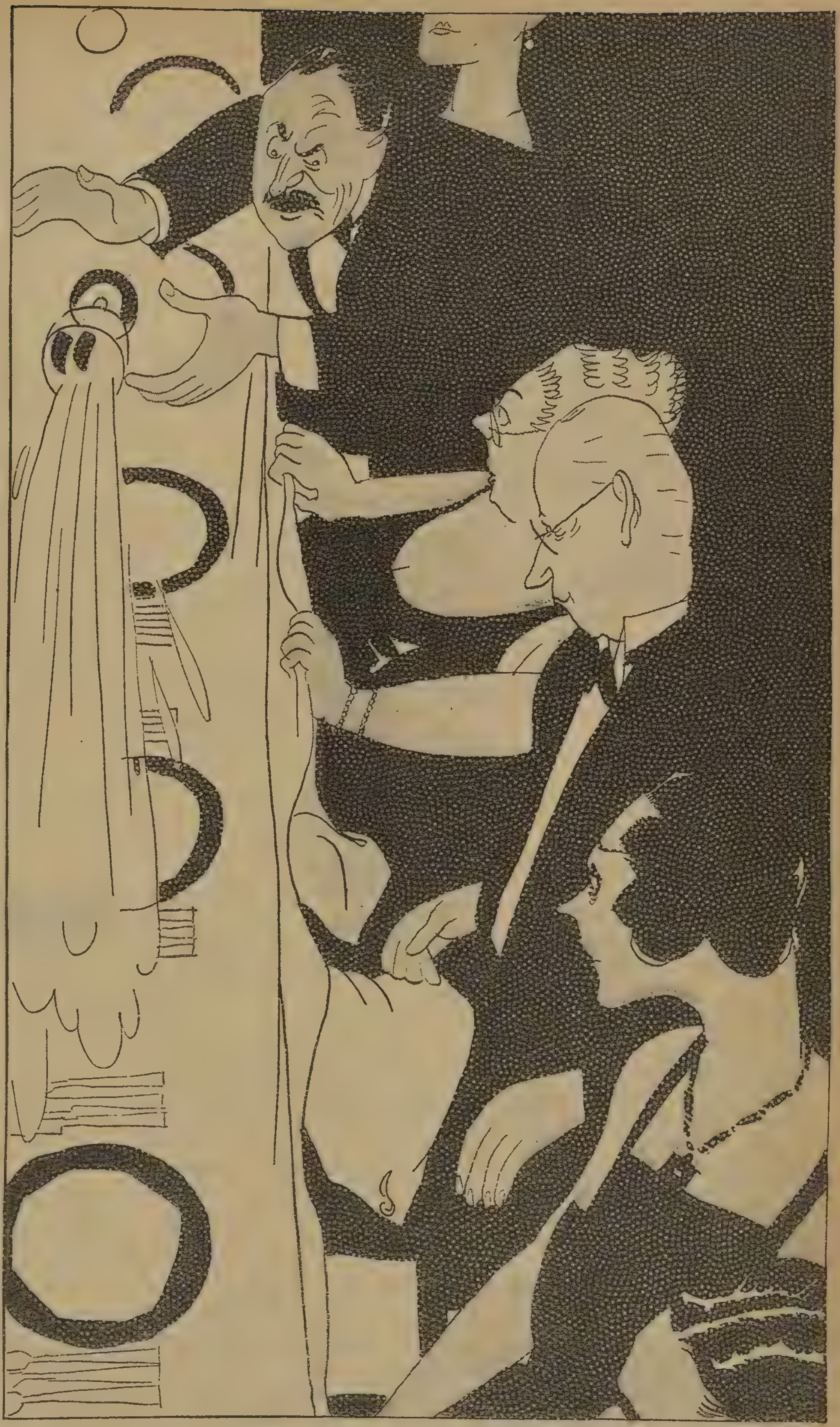
as been called "zigzag eating." In Europe they do t more simply. After cutting the food just as we do, nife in right hand, fork in left, they carry the morsel o the mouth with the fork still held in the left hand. n this way there is no lost motion, which makes it both asier and more graceful. Therefore, many who know ow to eat both ways choose the European method. Society with a capital S has taken it up because it is a ubtle way of showing you are familiar with the cus- oms of London, Paris, Vienna, and other capitals of Europe. However, there are many in the Social Regis- er who still cling to the good old American way of one- anded, right-handed eating.

When the knife and fork are not doing duty, hey should be laid on the plate side by side, parallel o each other. Only the hired man can get away with ropping them on either side, handles resting on the ablecloth. Above all, don't clutch them firmly in hand nd gesticulate with them while you talk. It looks too angerous. Between courses leave your silver alone; on't play with it or draw geometric patterns on the ablecloth. It savors of greediness to load the fork to he hilt with food and then pack it down with the knife. nly one kind of food at a time should be put upon it, ot a variegated assortment that resembles a vegetable ash. Don't spear food with the fork. Ask to have he bread passed. Anything eaten with the fingers, ike bread or olives or celery, may be taken from the late with the fingers.

AS for the knife, its star rôle is to cut. It is also used to butter bread, but it looks better to use the fork o spread butter on potatoes or other vegetables. When ating from the spoon, either soup or sauce, it is more raceful to approach it sideways rather than head on. o pry it into the mouth tip first gives the unpleasant mpression of forcing down a dose of medicine. With a up of tea or coffee the spoon is used for stirring purposes only or to test the temperature. Drink your everage from the side of the cup, don't sip it from he spoon; nor is it kind to the china to stir until you crape the enamel off the bottom. In the olden days, hen our great-grandmothers sweetened their coffee ith molasses, a vigorous stirring was necessary, ut with granulated sugar it is wasted effort to go at it s if you were beating a cake. Don't lick your spoon r pile it high and then nibble it, like a child trying to ake the ice cream last longer.

All such mannerisms as these have a tendency to ring food and utensils into unnecessary prominence. f you observe the technique of someone whose table anners you admire, you will find he handles his tools o dexterously that the consumption of food seems almost invisible. He has at table an unconscious ease, he foundation of which are dexterity and skill. There is no evidence of effort on his part; in fact, you are scarcely aware he is eating, though by his empty plate and his look of inward satisfaction you know he has dined well.

But in Europe the fork is still held in the left hand.



If you upset a glass of water, flooding the surrounding area, don't dwell on the disaster.

Correct etiquette at table is like a well dressed man or woman. You are not conscious of the details of the costume; you only know that the *tout ensemble* pleases.

Which fork to use is often more puzzling than how to use it. It gives a young diner out a panicky feeling to gaze at a baffling array of silver and know that one fork is for meat and one for salad. Which, oh, which shall it be? It is like drawing a lottery in which your social reputation and future are at stake. The hostess who sets her table correctly can spare her guests this mental anguish. Social usage has made the layout of silver at each cover as standardized as the gear shifts of a car. At the properly set table knives and spoons lie at the right of the plate, forks at the left, in the order in which they are to be used, *working from the outside in toward the plate.* As each course is set before him, the nervous, uncertain guest need only seize the outside implement without fear of going wrong. If still in doubt, as a double check he may steal a furtive glance at his hostess and follow her lead.

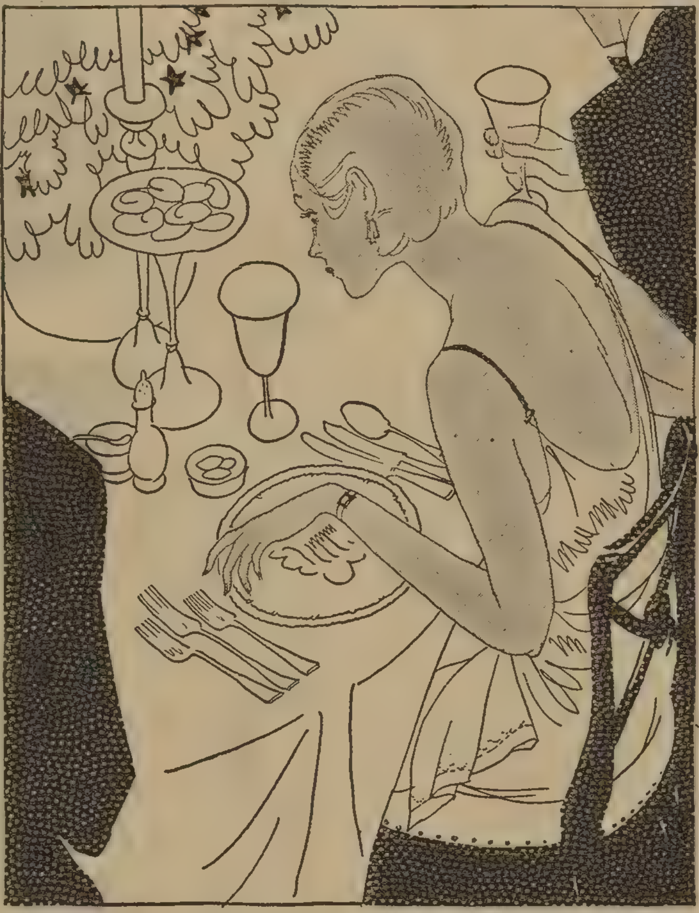
What one of us hasn't at some time discovered to our horror that we were eating fish with the ice-cream fork? Although we feel like crawling under the table in embarrassment, it is much better not even to apologize. Ignore the error and everyone else will. So many inexperienced diners will let the wrong fork shatter their peace of mind and ruin a good dinner. But that is utter foolishness. The best way to treat an accident is to ignore it. If you drop a bit of jelly on a spotless white cloth, don't call attention to the telltale stain though it shine out like a red light on a roadside. If you upset a glass of water, flooding the surrounding area, a word of apology to your

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

TABLE MANNERS
Continued from page thirty-nine

hostess and the other flood victims is in order. But don't dwell on the disaster; say you're sorry and forget it.

Once, in the midst of an after-dinner story, a guest spilled a cup of coffee down his white shirt front. Without a word of apology he calmly finished his tale and played bridge the entire evening without a single reference to the casualty at the front. His amazing poise was the best apology he could have offered for his bungling gesture.



The uncertain guest need only seize the outside implement without fear of going wrong.

In avoidable accidents—which will occur at the best tables—the hostess can do much to relieve the embarrassment of the defaulting guest. The story is told of the wife of one of our Presidents who, while she was First Lady, achieved nation-wide fame for her tact. Her guest of honor at dinner one night was a distinguished naturalist whose name, if we told it, everyone would know. While coffee was being served she turned to him saying:

"These cups were a gift from the Empress of Japan. I am using them for the first time in your honor."

Overcome by this compliment, the guest set down his cup so abruptly that it smashed on the saucer. Quick as a flash, his hostess struck her own with the side of her spoon so that it, too, fell into bits.

"See, they break just like an eggshell!" she said with a dazzling smile. Then, turning to her husband, she said, "Mr. President, are you going to send us both from the table?"

Another stumblingblock with which the self-conscious diner out is confronted is how to eat certain foods such as asparagus, corn on the cob, artichokes, and club sandwiches. Shall it be with fingers or forks? In a public restaurant where there is no hostess to whom to look for guidance, we stand or fall from grace by our own decision, but the decision need not be difficult. Eat it with either fingers or forks, whichever can be used more adroitly.

Young people often ask me how to eat a club sandwich. If it is built on skyscraper lines, oozing delectably with mayonnaise, chicken, tomato, and bacon, to attack it with fingers spells disaster. Therefore, a fork is first aid against making a mess. But if it is a thin, compact little fellow, less formidable of content, no one will object if you pick it up in your fingers provided you manage it nicely. The same rule of common sense applies to all foods on the doubtful list. If you can eat fresh asparagus daintily with your fingers, by all means do so; but if it's dripping with butter or Hollandaise sauce, play safe and use the fork. Or, if you prefer, use both, the fork for the tips, the fingers for the stalks.

I AM often asked this question: How do you eat celery and olives? Common sense answers it for us—with the fingers, of course. One must needs be an expert swordsman to spear either one with a fork. And speaking of celery, it looks less awkward to break a large stalk of celery in two before attacking it.

Corn on the cob should be held in one hand; if the ear is too long, break it. The thing to avoid is going after it as if you were in a manger. Eating is really an animal-like process, but one of the best tests of our table manners is our ability to manage food in such a way that these animal instincts—which we all have—are well concealed. However you are tempted, don't take chicken bones or chops in your fingers. Such informalities belong to picnics or midnight lunches out of the ice box.

When eating soup, we dip the spoon away from us, not toward us, and it is unwise to fill the spoon so full it endangers the cloth or, still worse, our own cravat. After we pass the age of three, crackers and bread are not broken into the soup. When we finish, we leave the spoon in the soup dish, even though there is a plate underneath it.

The bouillon spoon, however, like the tea spoon, belongs on the saucer when not in use. Never leave it in the cup. Bouillon is sipped from the spoon until it is cool enough to drink from the cup.

A serving spoon may be confusing, but don't let it stump you. After you have served yourself to the salad or the gravy, put it back in the bowl from which it came; don't leave it messily on the plate underneath.

TIME was when it was considered a mark of well bred restraint to leave a little food on your plate, but styles in table manners change like styles in clothes and the war took this custom out of fashion. Your hostess will be flattered to have you eat all your portion, though, in your desire to compliment her, don't lick the platter clean. Jack Spratt and his wife have come down in song and story for their economy, not for their good table manners.

If you want a second helping, by all means take it and don't apologize. If food is passed that you don't like, say, "No, thank you," and let it go at that. To explain, "It disagrees with me," "It's too fattening," or, "I'm on a diet," is tactless table talk. The woman who talks about her diet soon finds her table companion yawning. What does he care how many pounds she's lost or how she lost them? Avoid any comment on the food you're eating except to praise it and don't step too heavily on the praise. The American habit of discussing food to the exclusion of all other table talk has laid us open to considerable ridicule abroad. Not even the French, to whom cooking and eating are a fine art, talk about food as much as we do. It is a mistake to take eating too seriously. A becoming indifference to the food set before us is a mark of culture which young Americans still have to acquire. The subtle difference between eating and dining is that in dining food is subordinate to conversation.

Lots of us have mannerisms that are very unpleasant to watch but of which we are blissfully unconscious. We sit and idly crumb the table and in an absent-minded way even put the crumbs into the mouth. And what jolts we would have if our "best friend" dared to tell us! If everyone could eat facing a mirror the offensive open-mouthed chewers would soon be eliminated from our tables. No one likes to drink from a glass if someone else's fingers have touched the rim, yet it seldom occurs to us to

If you sit straight as a ramrod, companions will ache to look at you.

grasp it well toward the bottom when passing it to our neighbor. In passing a cup or a pitcher it is a small mark of courtesy to turn the handle toward the recipient. While discussing the "boy friend" or the market it is not good form to become so oblivious to the mechanics of eating that you reach across someone else for the bread.

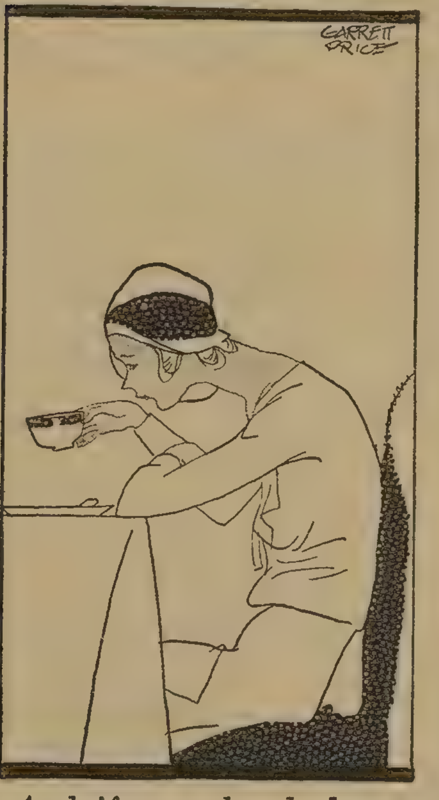
Don't shy off in fear of table equipment with which you are unfamiliar. He is indeed a faint-hearted young person who is baffled by a finger bowl. Learn to use it, for you are sure to meet it. But if there is no finger bowl don't use your water glass as a substitute and pour its contents over your fingers at the close of the meal. This is carrying niceties to the point where they are no longer nice.

To save time and extra steps hostesses will frequently serve finger bowl, doily, dessert silver and plate all in one fell swoop. A guest who is not accustomed to this labor-saving method may sit and wonder what in heaven's name he is supposed to do with this array of glass, linen, silver, and china which the maid has so kindly wished on him. The combination is simple when once you learn it. Take the silver and lay it on the table beside your plate, remove the finger bowl and doily and put them at one side, thereby leaving your plate empty for dessert.

Sometimes I am asked, "When a fork and spoon are both served with dessert, which shall I use?" Either or both, is the answer. For instance, if a nice juicy glacé is put before you, eat the meringue with a fork and then, if you like, take the spoon and go after the sauce. If your dinner partner is English he will use both his fork and spoon, for the English like to approach their puddings fork in one hand and spoon in the other.

NOT until you are ready to leave the table is your napkin replaced beside your plate, folded if you expect to have a second meal in the same household, and unfolded if you are a guest in a hotel. It goes without saying you put your napkin in your lap the minute you sit down, and you use it constantly throughout the meal, not forgetting to wipe your mouth before and after drinking, so that you don't leave little smears on your water glass. A table napkin is a first aid to daintiness and the person with whom we like to dine keeps it pretty constantly in use.

If you want to give an impression of poise and *savoir-faire* at the table, look to the way you sit in your chair. If you sit there straight as a ramrod, your companions will ache to look at you; if you slouch down like a rag doll, they will want to shake you to see if you are spineless. But if you sit erect with ease and grace, you'll look at home at the king's table. To loll forward with your chin in your plate, one arm resting heavily on the table, handicaps you at the start. It is impossible to eat nicely in this posture. As for elbow eating, it is not permissible by any standard. Elbows are ugly, so at table we keep them close to the body just as we do in good golf or on horseback. Often between courses or after a meal we see a well bred woman assume the easy pose of elbows on table—but she doesn't jut them out like wings or make them support her entire weight. If she's that tired she goes to bed.



And if you slouch down like a rag doll, they will want to shake you.

Idle hands on the table are sure to get into mischief; there is too much to play with there—the silver, the salt, the crumbs. As one mother

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Why do so many still stay fat, when millions know the way to get slender? Excess fat, in the past few years, has been disappearing fast. Look about you, and you must realize that science has found a new way to fight fat. Note how slenderness prevails. Those happy slender people have not starved, not over-exercised, not taken harmful drugs.

Yet many stay fat, with all the blight it brings to beauty, health and vitality. Some because they think that reduction means hard work and self-denial. Some because they fear a method now employed by doctors the world over. They don't know.

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MARMOLA

PRESCRIPTION TABLETS

The Right Way to Reduce

TABLE MANNERS
Continued from page forty-one

advised her five-year-old boy, " Hold on to your belt, sonny." At least, this kept his hands in his lap.

There is no place where poise and *savoir-faire* are so tested as in a fashionable restaurant. What young person hasn't suffered momentary stage fright on entering a fashionable restaurant with its general air of luxury, its perfect appointments, its soft music and lights, and its beautifully dressed diners? Even if you are overpowered for the moment by all this elegance, hold your head high and feign an air of ease.

Your official host in a place of this kind is the head waiter, the majordomo of the establishment. In the important restaurant he is indeed a personage. When he comes forward to meet you with " Good evening, sir; table for two? " don't fail to acknowledge his greeting with equal courtesy. Attention from him is subtle flattery for which his patrons are willing to pay with handsome tips. If you have a preference for a particular table, state it: " Against the wall, please," or, " Near a window." The waiter's wish is to please, but if he can't give you the desired location, don't make a fuss about it. If you ignore him and sweep by him with a haughty gesture to a table of your own choosing, he will not forget this insult to his dignity next time you come.

Like the theater usher, the head waiter leads the way; after him comes the lady, and behind her the man. The attentive waiter pulls out the chair for the lady, alert to give her the preferable one, facing the diners or dancers. The man seats himself opposite her. If there is no head waiter, the man goes ahead to find the table and draws out the chair for his companion. With the assistance of her escort or the waiter, the woman removes her wrap after she is seated. Her gloves and purse remain in her lap. However large the table may be, there is no room there for anything except the food and dishes. Parcels, books, or furs are checked outside or placed on an empty chair.

SOME people are as afraid of a menu card as of a summons by the police. But why be fearful? Order anything you like. Nowadays there are no longer any " fashionable foods." With society counting calories and vitamins, liver is just as smart as lobster and vegetable plate as canvasback duck. Whereas formerly midnight supper had to be rarebit or lobster à la Newburgh, now the preference is for scrambled eggs or even shredded wheat and baked apple. Many a millionaire lunches at the Ritz on bran muffins, stewed prunes, and buttermilk without even the lift of a quizzical eyebrow from the waiter who takes his order.

The tactful young woman guest keeps a weather eye to the figures on the right of the menu card but directs her choice so subtly that her host is not aware of this. A man likes a woman who spares his purse but he doesn't like to have it rubbed in that she is doing this. Don't offend him by choosing too scantily.

It is the man who does the ordering and gives all directions to the waiter. He is your host and let the requests to the waiter come from him. If the wrong dish is brought you or you need another spoon, ask your host to call the waiter's attention to the oversight. If the silver looks a little smudgy, don't polish it with your napkin; the waiter will bring you a clean piece.

If you drop your fork or napkin on the floor, don't stoop to pick it up; let the waiter bring you a fresh one.

I AM often asked, " Do you thank a waiter when he serves you? "

I like that question because it implies that the inquirer considers the waiter a human being, and therefore entitled to a bit of courtesy. While we don't thank a waiter every time he serves a dish to us—that would mean interrupting dinner conversation with too many thank-you's—yet we do acknowledge special attentions. For instance, if we drop our gloves and the waiter picks them up and presents them to us, we thank him. Then, too, when we decline a dish he passes, we say, " No, thank you," not an abrupt " No."

It is an unwritten law that privacy is respected in a public restaurant. If you see friends or acquaintances at a nearby table, recognize them with a smile but don't go over and chat with them unless they indicate their wish to have you do so. Even then, don't stay too long lest you wear out your welcome.

To carry on conversation between tables marks you conspicuous; this should not be done even in the most informal family hotel. If anyone stops to speak with you for a moment, the man rises and remains standing until the visitor leaves, whether that visitor is man or woman.

A young girl rises only when the newcomer is an older woman whose age demands that deference.

It is good manners as well as good business for a man to look over his check before paying it. If he finds a mistake he quietly calls the waiter's attention to it. In leaving a restaurant, as on entering it, the woman precedes, and here again it is courteous to nod good night to the head waiter if he chances to be at the door. His opinion of you is not based entirely on the size of your tip.

The story is told of a head waiter in a large New York hotel who once trapped a thief posing as a count when he saw him tuck his napkin in his vest and pick up a chicken bone in his fingers.

It was his table manners that gave him away.

THE END

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Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

So He Wagged His Legs

Johnny came in the house hungry after playing hard. The odor of stew reached his nostrils and made him smile. His mother asked him if he was hungry. Swinging his legs as he sat, he exclaimed:

" Yes, and if I was a little dog my tail would sure be wagging! "—J. W. Loman, 3850 Blaine St., St. Louis, Mo.

* * *

All in the Day's Work

Billy was naughty and his mother told him as soon as he had finished his dinner he would be punished. During the meal his little pal came for him to play.

" All right," said Billy; " I just have to finish my pie, get my lickin', then I can go."—Mrs. Ethel Wells, 210 W. Vernon Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

She Held Him

A Short Short Story

By

JANE REDFIELD HOOVER

writer, home-maker, and traveler. She was born in Minnesota and lives in Boise, Idaho. Her travels have made her as familiar with Paris and New York as with the Idaho spaces and mountain "ghost towns."

She had her perfect little apartment, but he only visited there.

(Reading time: 5 min. 20 sec.)

HOW many times she had heard him say it! "When a man and woman know everything about each other, that's no better than marriage."

What he didn't know about her! Her new bridge work. That her hair was retouched. That for more than a year she had been unable to read any but the coarsest print without glasses, and strongest ones at that. That she was nearing a tired forty-three instead of the "perfect thirty-six" he called her. Time and the pace were telling at last, although she always had taken care of her beauty. A woman's chief business, that.

This morning he didn't know her feet ached and burned. They did not take to sports shoes as his did. Didn't know she was already bone-tired all over, on this darned hot hike in these infernal Craters of the Moon; nor that she disliked hiking, Idaho or anywhere else; nor that her eyes were tormented with the alkali dust, blurred from the desert's cruel glare.

She had kept him guessing, all right. And so, still held him—as far as she knew. At any rate, he kept coming back to her. Ten years. Not so bad. For Hal Brentwick, despite his years, could marry some Junior Leaguer any day, with his money, position, and good looks. What if he should marry? Oh, why worry? Worry makes wrinkles.

You've kept him guessing for ten years, Stella Arens. Can't you do it a while longer? But how long? Those reading glasses of yours, for instance. How can you avoid reading in his presence much longer?

The wife who had made the mistake of letting him know all about herself had died the eighth year. She never knew about Stella. Another of Hal Brentwick's mottoes was: "What they don't know doesn't hurt them."

But Stella—what she knew about him! That he was fifty-one and did not like to have ages mentioned. That certain middle-age warnings were the cause of his being off tennis and polo. That recently he had repeatedly consulted a doctor. (That last she had learned not from Hal but from one of his friends.)

But, Lord, he was still plenty athletic to wear her out! Why couldn't he just be his age? With a man it's different. But here he was, still kidding and sporting and speeding through life—and expecting her to keep up with him. To be ever ready for whatever he wanted to do, wherever he wanted to go. It was always: "Ready, Stell?" and "Coming, Hal." She got little rest except when he was out of New York without her. She had seldom rested since Hal had won her. There had been many men in her life before that, but none other since.

SO—she held him. And knew that to hold him was her life, fool woman that she was! Why couldn't she snap out of it and go while the going was good? Something about him made her his—for keeps. In spite of his utter selfishness and not infrequent brutality. And Hal certainly was generous. Never unselfish, but always generous. And whenever it pleased him, with everything jake, how sweet and funny he could be! Oh, he was—Hal! Her man. The best-looking creature God ever made to make a fool of women. Hers!

She had known better than to expect or demand marriage. But how she would adore a home with him! She had her perfect little apartment, but he only visited there. And she was fed up with hotels and trains and boats, and especially camps. Only last night, when they two were lingering alone by the guide's camp fire, she said to Hal, "Honey boy, it would be kind of nice to settle down together somewhere in the country in a year-two, don't you think? With a garden and dogs and horses and cats and a big fireplace and everything?"

She wanted a child too, but not without marriage.

His answer burned her memory: "Say, what's eating you, Stell? *Me* settle down? 'Home, sweet home, that's why I came away.' If you're looking for someone to grow old with, count me out."

LIFE is funny. Here was Hal Brentwick, with wonderful houses in Westchester, Miami, Nice, never wanting to make home in any of them! And here with him, Stella Arens, born in a Salvation Army maternity home; reared in an orphanage; educated with medicine and Tom shows and what have you, fairly aching with longing for any little old cozy place where Hal would stay put with her!

On she strode through the heavy sands, keeping his pace, striving not to limp—nor to stumble; for her eyes troubled her more every minute. She tried to keep from blinking and screwing them up. That made wrinkles. God, how her feet hurt! She was sure fed up on western scenery. Oh, for Broadway and their quiet little table in Jake's speakeasy. A desert is altogether too quiet. The awful endless solitude, the broad oceans of sand, those hellish bottomless craters, terrified her.

The sweat was running down Hal's face. He looked much too red. And now, to her amazement, he stopped and sat down heavily on a flat rock beside the trail. "Better rest a bit," he panted. She sat down beside him.

Two buzzards swooping overhead, and the tiny gray rock lizards, were the only life about them. She watched him anxiously as he sat mopping his face and tugging at his collar. He was more than red now—almost purple.

Gasping for breath, he clutched his left side in agony, and collapsed.

"For God's sake, quick! Give me some!" And pulled from his pocket a small bottle wrapped in a folder. "Quick! Can't stand this! There's a knife in my heart!"

With trembling hand she tore away the fine-printed wrapper. A tiny dropper and small spoon came with it. Such a little bottle! The stuff must be deadly strong.

"How many drops?" she asked him.

"Never took any—read directions—quick!" He was now almost beyond speech.

"Here, I'll get your glasses"; and she started to search his pockets.

"At camp," he whispered. "Read yourself—quick!"

"I can't read it, honey," she whimpered. He spoke no more, but seized the bottle and drank half the medicine. . . .

She sat holding him in her arms until he got cold—the little bottle, still half full, in her hand. At last she lowered him gently on to the warm sand. "Coming, Hal," she whispered. . . .

The search party led by the government guide found them at dusk. "One of those suicide pacts," said the guide.

THE END

Vox

"Corsair" Pro and Con

PITTSBURGH, PA.—Well, at last! You have a good stirring serial again! The first since the Saunders Texas one. I mean Walton Green's "Corsair."

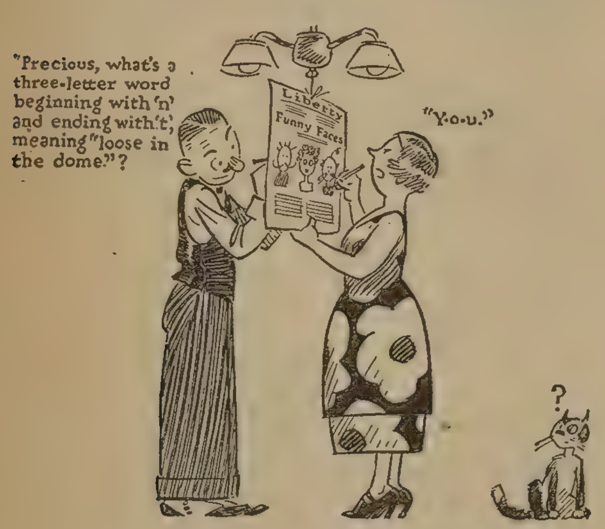
That baby Green (is he any relation to Love Letters Green?) sure throws a wicked pencil. What catches my fancy most of all is that Green, with his first-hand knowledge of rum-running affairs, may be writing something that's pretty nearly all true.—*Smoky.*

ERIE, PA.—"Corsair" by Walton Green is really a marvelous narrative! Picture a college boy a full-fledged bootlegger and hijacker before his sheepskin is cold!

As a past master of whisky manipulation Walton Green is a wonderful author, sitting in front of his fire with his pencil or typewriter and allowing his imagination to run rife after listening to a lot of wild stories hatched in the minds of a lot of would-be bootleggers. You wouldn't dare publish this, but if you wish you can send this to Walton Green and say that the created character of Johnny Hawks is something that he (Walton Green) subconsciously admits he would like to be, but hasn't the "*guts*" to emulate.—*Slim Hermann's Brother.*

We're Chagrined, Ma'am; Simply Chagrined to Death

AKRON, OHIO—I'm willing to buy one copy of Liberty, often buy two, and now I've either got to give up making Funny Faces or one of the cross word puzzles.


"Precious, what's a three-letter word beginning with 'n' and ending with 't,' meaning "loose in the dome"?"
"Y-o-u."
Liberty
Funny Faces
?

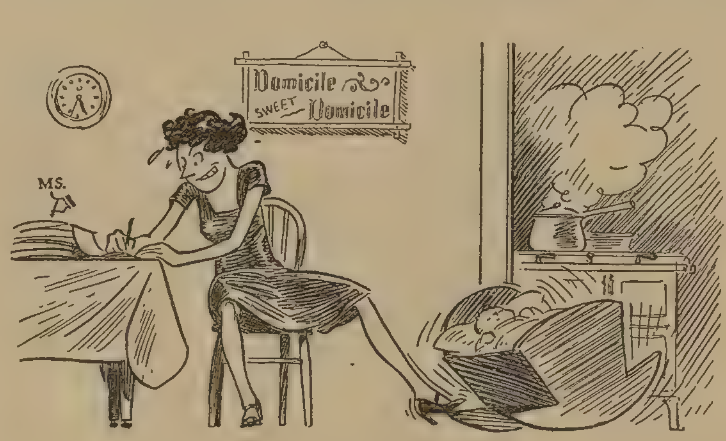
Why, in the name of frozen and uncracked reason, must you put one puzzle on the back of the F. F.?

Last week my husband got the Liberty first and when I finally *did* get hold of it, he had half of it worked. There were the Funny Faces looking for all the world like the chickens had tramped all over them!

I've been making F. F.s so long now that every time I meet a face that doesn't look funny enough I accost the owner, saying: "Don't you think it will look funnier this way?" tweaking the nose a little to the "haw" side and the chin to the "gee" side, or tweezing a mustache hair out here and there.—*Funny Face Cross-Word.*

Novel Idea About Where a Modern Mother Belongs

KANSAS CITY, MO.—How about showing us a short short story being accepted from a modern mother at home where she belongs? Don't you suppose there's still a little genius in a "home body"? All story writers aren't in Greenwich Village or married and living in La la la New York.—*Boopadoop Mother.*



Tough Egg, Eh?

DETROIT, MICH.—Re Margaret Widdemer's story "Jade": I never met a Christian agent yet, minister or priest, of any sect, who was interesting in any way, let alone put in a story.

Drag out that senseless, idiotical nonsense quick, and also its little brother. I mean the King Carol of Roumania absurdity.

You'd think we were back in the times of the "Wars of the Roses."

You used to have a fairly good little magazine, but lately it looks like its all shot to— Well, give us some more like Nach Paris, and Heist Guy.—*Al. Green.*

Oh, Glad To

SANTA ROSA, CALIF.—Santa Rosa would deeply appreciate your acknowledging the actual origination in this city, eight years ago, of that Gigantic Dwarf, miniature golf, so ably covered in a recent issue of Liberty by Mr. Angus McNeill.

We trust that you will see your way clear to give the city of Santa Rosa and the county of Sonoma ("For 50 years the home of Luther Burbank") the benefit of your usual courtesy.—*Geo. R. Desch.*

Thoughts on Mr. Carroll

TORONTO, ONT.—Where the devil did Richard Carroll get that brain-wave for his article, "Roman Holiday"? I sure would hate to bum a hop with him (if he has ever been up in a crate).

He mentioned the "daring and cheerful" flying of Doret, the Frenchman. This man not only disobeyed the field orders, but risked the lives of many in the crowds attending the races with his hairbrained foolishness.

Here's hoping that the next time you send a writer to the races, you will send one who has flown considerably and fully realizes how foolish and dangerous are such maniacal maneuvers.—*O. P. Hogarth.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA. — Your article by Mr. Carroll was the best in Liberty I have ever read (which is not saying much). Let's have some more of his stories and articles.—*Possible Pilot.*

Just Fair, Harry — You Probably Can Be Funnier

AUDUBON, N. J.—In behalf of my family may we express our deep thanks to the Vox Pop column of Liberty which you have the extreme pleasure of editing weekly to suit the tastes of the millions of readers.

What joy it affords us each week to read the sparkling wit displayed in the headline comments, which must require tremendous mental effort on your part.

Might we suggest another contest—publishing the pictures of the winners of the different contests and then asking readers of Liberty to make a composite picture of these photos, the one most expressive of the competitive spirit that animates your noble publication to be awarded a picture of the Editor of Vox Pop framed with strings of "boloney."—*Harry Horne.*

We're Funny That Way

CASPER, WYO.—It is rather amazing that Liberty Magazine should now run stories about King Carol II of Roumania after publishing the editorial, "The Twilight of Kings," which so adequately expressed how bored the American public has become with the eternal emotional experiences of Roumanian royalty. After such hopeful words as "The Twilight of Kings," why don't you practice what you preach?—*Neal Gallatin.*

Some Don't. See Next Page

TOLEDO, OHIO—I have a good remark to make about your magazine.

I like the quotation of Stephen Decatur on the editorial page.—*Just a Reader.*

Yeh

OWOSSO, MICH. — What flagellants these mortals be—if we may believe what they say.

They religiously buy Liberty each week to punish themselves, and then write to Vox Pop to tell the world how much it hurts.—*Puck.*

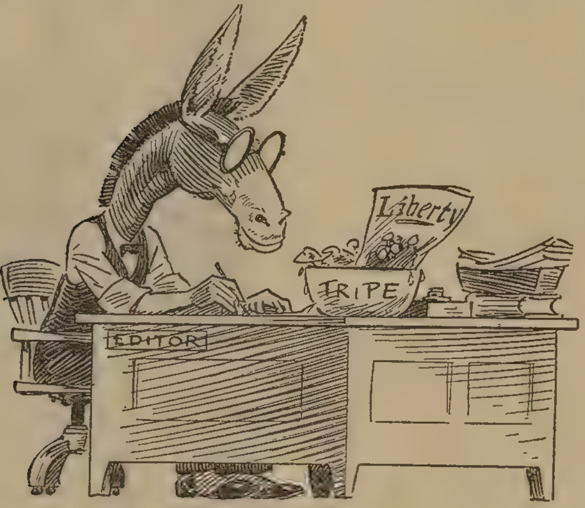
Pop

We Give You Three Guesses

FLORENCE, COLO.—Some time ago I wrote to you and told you what a fine little magazine you were publishing. You evidently knew better, for you didn't publish the letter.

Since then I've changed my mind, and I want to tell you now that Liberty is nothing but a mess of tripe.—*Alice G.*

P. S.—I suppose that now, muleheaded as you are—you'll print this.



Heh heh

SPENCER, NEB.—Say! I wish you would take a few of those thumb tacks that kid on the cover was pulling out of the seat of his pants and fasten the cover on my Liberty a little better. Still, my wife says, " What do you expect for a nickel—hinges??? "—*W. F. L.*

Those Prizes

DES MOINES, IOWA—I see where you just paid $100 to Mrs. B. Loudun of Brentwood for her conduct problem contest letter published in the October 25 issue. You keep your promises alright, Liberty. I know because I got one of your $100 checks myself. But why limit all these letters to $100? You paid too much for mine, but you didn't pay nearly enough for Mrs. Loudun's. Why, that little woman's letter has more genuine emotion crowded into its few lines than any of your continued stories ever possessed.

Any story, even if it be only a letter, that will make people laugh out loud or cry out loud is worth more than $100. I am a police officer myself, but I don't mind telling you that I shed plenty of tears over that little woman's letter, and I wasn't drunk either.—*Wm. M. Hammond.*

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Another sourgrapester, who gives his moniker as Ben Sykes Woodhead, Houston, Texas, bellyaches in Liberty for October 25 that he hopes, sometimes, somewhere, " to meet someone who has known someone who has actually received a cash prize in one of your contests."

Well, Mr. Woodhead—and all others—I have received, not one, but four cash prizes from Liberty, and the check, in each case, has reached me on the day the issue of Liberty carrying the prize-winning announcement appeared.

And—believe it or not—Liberty did not even stop payment on the checks! Stoo bad, Mr. Woodhead, that you can't ring the bell in any Liberty's contests, but I suspect the trouble is with the quality of your entries, rather than with the honesty of Liberty.—*Will Thomas Withrow.*

A Far-Flung Empire Is All Very Well, But—

TORONTO, ONT.—In Floyd Gibbons' article, " A Ride with Pancho Villa," he speaks of an Englishman who claimed to have been a Canadian, although he spoke in an English accent. We wish to point out to Mr. Gibbons that Canadians do not speak in an English dialect. Mr. Gibbons casts a reflection on Canadians. We resent that.—*Canadian.*

MONTREAL, QUE. — Floyd Gibbons writes in his article, " A Ride with Pancho Villa," that an Englishman kicked him in the ribs to awaken him and informed him that his name was Soloman and that he was a Canadian. I'd have kicked Floyd in the slats had he been here as I perused this statement.

Surely with Mr. Gibbons' experience in France, where he would come in contact with many Canadians, he must have noticed the absence of any English accent in their speech.—*Native Son of Canada 100%.*

"American Citizen" Seems to Have Started Something

ALTOONA, PA.—" American Citizen " (October 25 issue) has plenty of nerve to sign that title. Maybe he'd like to see a picture of one of thousands of men, with a gun on his shoulder, hunting for " Hoover Prosperity." Maybe he can tell us who discovered America and also why he is running loose—or is it true that all the asylums are crowded?—*Clarence Farber.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Never has a letter insulted me and the rest of the Roman Catholics of America, as the one in your October 25 issue signed " American Citizen."

How can " Mr. American Citizen " pick out his " Homo Soreheadicus " so easily and unmistakingly? I have never noticed any strange physical or spiritual characteristic which might set Catholics apart from Protestants.

" American Citizen " and other narrow minds are to be blamed for such things as Communistic demonstrations, and so forth. They're driving the American Jews and Catholics to hate, instead of welcoming them and banding together and building even a greater, mightier nation. — *American Roman Catholic.*

A Professional Professor on a Professional Sailor

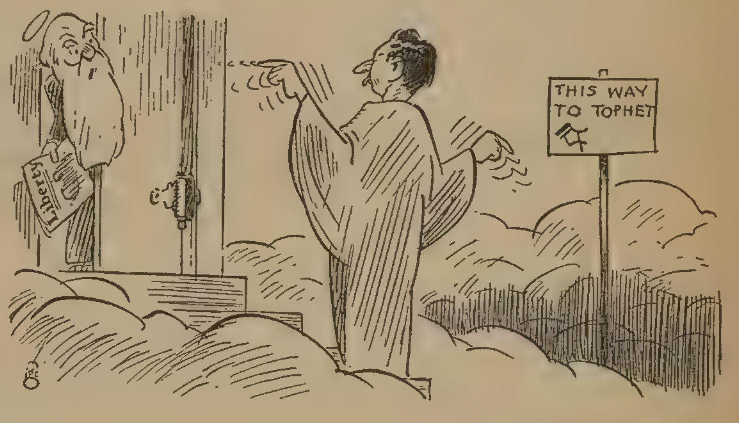
NEW HAVEN, CONN.—I wish to express to you my immense appreciation and sincere thanks not only for giving my list of one hundred best novels such a splendid circulation, but for your extremely gracious comment upon it.

I am only sorry, when you treat me with such consideration and kindness, that I cannot agree with that quotation from the gallant Stephen Decatur. However it may have been true of him as a professional sailor in his country's service, I have never been able to believe that, for the average citizen, such a remark is true patriotism, and I hope you will forgive me for saying so, as I have been obliged to make that statement many times in print, though with no reference whatever to your use of the quotation.

Let me say again how grateful I am for your kindness to me.—*Wm. Lyon Phelps.*

Maybe You Will

COLUMBUS, OHIO — Last night I dreamed that I died and went to heaven. Saint Peter stopped me at the pearly gate and told me that before I could get in I would have to go back and win in a Liberty contest. I told him I'd go to —— first.—*Helfer Trien.*



Attention of Mr. Hawthorne

DETROIT, MICH.—If you call the short short story of October 25 a good one, let me see your worst. What a reputation a magazine can aquire by printing a sacriligeous story like Christopher Hawthorne's " Old Stuff." — *Margaret Richards.*

FT. THOMAS, KY.—The S. S. of Christopher Hawthorne, October 25, is a classic. It carries a real dramatic and religious thrill.—*Diana Benton.*

The RAP

The Story of a Soft-hearted Cop

Pictures by
Harold von Schmidt

By EDWARD DOHERTY

(Reading time: 16 minutes 10 seconds.)

SHE was sitting on the bed when I seen her first. She had a nightie on, and her hair was messed. But the bed hadn't been slept in, and she looked like she just come out of a hard night.

Her face was narrow and sickly-looking, and her eyes was bloodshot and dumb. Her hands was fumbling with a comb, like she was trying to make up her mind what to do with it. And she had the skinniest shoulder blades I ever seen on a girl. You could've sliced cheese with them.

"Is he dead?" she asked, without turning around to look at me, her voice that flat you could dance on it. She was looking out at Long Island Sound.

"You ought to know," I said.

She kept looking out the window.

"Why did you kill him?"

That had as much effect on her as smelling salts on a dried fish.

I walked around the bed, pulled up a chair, and took a good look at her. She was just a kid, not more than eighteen. There wasn't any wedding ring, nor any mark of it, on her finger. She wasn't scared. She was just dumblike.

"You're a cop," she says, not meaning to kid me, just placing me in her mind. I tossed her a couple of pictures—Will Schnurr, alias Carl Devereaux, etc., front and profile. She give them a look, and let them drop.

"So he's dead," she said, and got up and put the comb on the bureau. I give the room a frisk, but there was nothing much except a few empty bottles.

"Get dressed, sister," I said. "I'll come back in half an hour or so. And don't try no monkeyshines, because I got a harness bull outside the door and another one downstairs."

I wasn't afraid to leave her alone. She couldn't do anything to herself but jump out the window; and that wouldn't have hurt her much. Still, I was worried about her. I couldn't get her face out of my mind. It wasn't pretty. You'd never paste it on a valentine. It wasn't smart. But it had something that got me. Maybe I saw them skinny shoulders rubbing the back of the electric chair.

At the station I found a couple wires waiting for me—dope on Schnurr's past performances—had some fingerprint work attended to, and then dropped into Ben Potts' real-estate office.

"I got the heebies," Ben said. "That poor goofy kid!"

"How about kicking back that two and a half grand her hubby give you last night for the rent?" I said. "The kid's up against it—and she's going to have a baby."

"She ought to have that jack," Potts agreed. "But it can't be done. Suppose Schnurr has a legal widow somewhere, or some other heirs? Where would I be then, giving back all that money? Of course I know Schnurr didn't sign the lease, and of course he can't occupy the house I rented him. But you know this girl wasn't his wife."

I give him a look, and he put a fat hand in his pants pocket.

"A hundred won't break me," he said, and peeled a bill off a roll that was as big around as a loaf of bread. "She's got some jewelry she can hock," he said, "but this'll take care of her for a while. If I wasn't so broke—"

"Thanks," I said, and went back to the hotel.

THE girl was dressed, even to her raincoat, but she made no move to get up off the bed.

I seen she wanted to talk. So I lit a cigar and sat down.

"I'm glad he's dead," she said. "My baby will never know him. He'll never know his father was a crook, and his mother—"

"Now, now, sister," I said. "You ain't so bad. How come you tie up with such a snake, anyway? You look like a nice kid to me." That usually gets a girl to telling you everything.

HAROLD VON SCHMIDT 1930

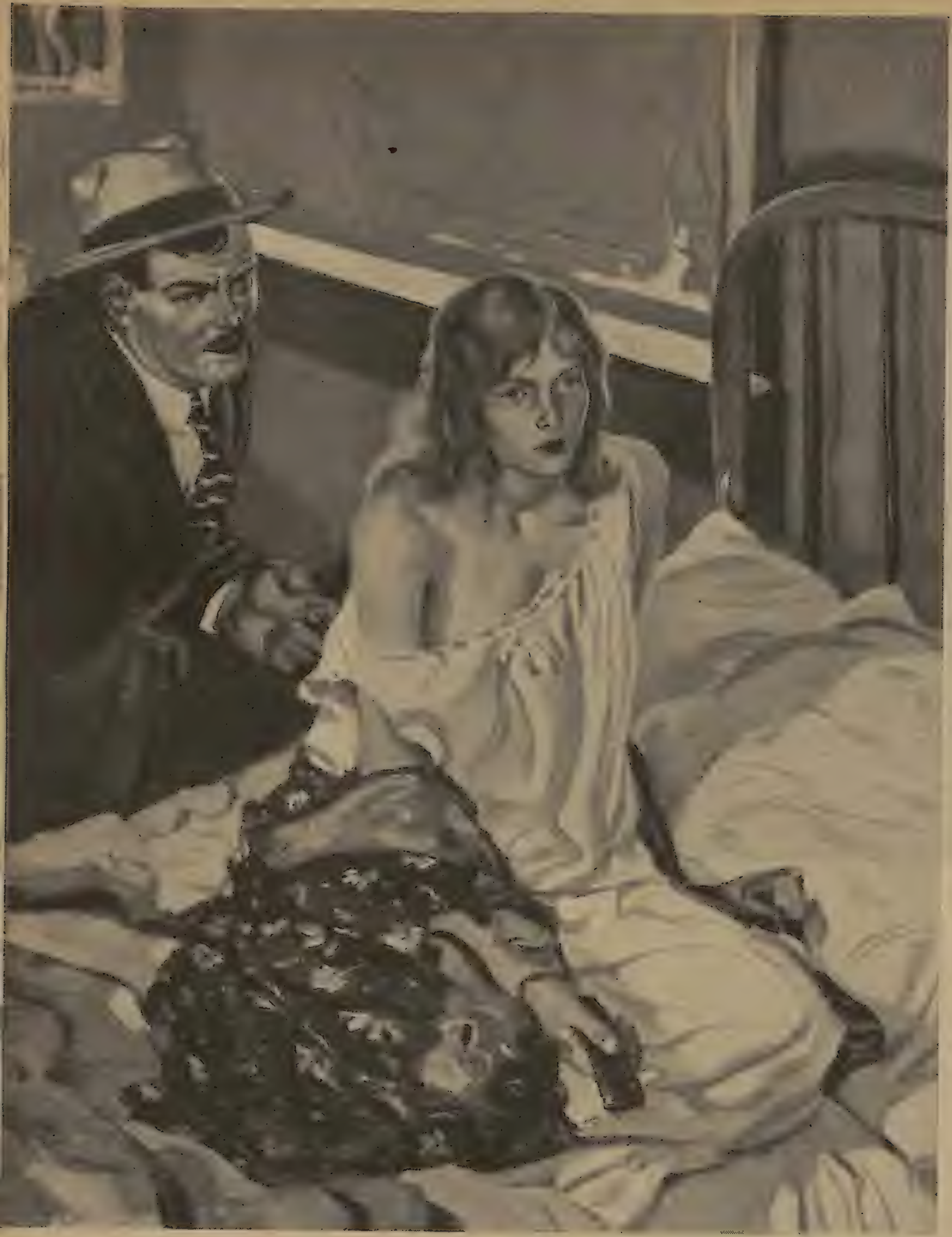
"Is he dead?" she asked.

"I've known him ever since I can remember," she said, still with that dumb dead pan.

"When I was only so high he used to come to see my father every so often, and he always give me money. He'd give me a big bill, sometimes even a fifty, and he'd say, 'Gerry, paddle your little stumps to the nearest store and get what you want. Bring uncle the change.' If you only knew what that meant to me—new shoes, a new dress, a doll, the biggest box of candy in the store! I used to think he was something like Santy Claus—even like God!"

She started laughing at that, and I thought she was never going to quit.

"My old man used to drink all night and sleep all day," she went on after a little, "and once, in a crying jag, he held me tight, just like a mother would, and told me he was a skunk, but not as big a skunk as Will Schnurr.



"You ought to know," I said. She kept looking out the window. "Why did you kill him?"

And he wasn't. He was a thief, I suppose, but he was good to me, sometimes."

"Schnurr take you when your daddy died?" I said.

She nodded her head, but didn't say nothing.

"You loved him?"

She begin laughing again. I hate dames that laugh like that. And them skinny shoulder blades of hers—I could see them shaking under her raincoat.

"Quit it!" I said. She quit it, but that dumb look come back.

"You killed him because he took advantage of you, and because he wouldn't marry you."

I was giving her an out, but she wouldn't have it.

"I didn't," she said. "I have no honor. I'm the daughter of one thief and the mistress of another. I shot him in self-defense. He was beating me, choking me. He was drunk."

"And you shot him in the back!"

"I had the gun in my hand," she said. "He didn't know it. I put my arm around him, in back of him, and fired."

"Nix," I said. "Nix! There wasn't no powder marks around that bullet hole. You shot him from behind. I'll tell you what you done. You and him had a fight here last night, in this room. Potts was here and Schnurr wanted to rent that house. You said you wouldn't live in it. He hit you. You ducked downstairs. Potts and Schnurr had a few drinks, and then come down and found you walking in the rain, without a hat, without a coat. Schnurr made you get in the car. You went out to that house in Larchmont Hills. The gun was in the pocket of the car. You sneaked it out when he wasn't looking, and wrapped your scarf around it."

I TOOK the scarf out of my pocket and showed it to her. It had her initials, G. S., Geraldine Smith. It was doused with the same kind of perfume she had on the bureau. It was a dirty white silk. It was damp. It had a burnt hole in it, where the bullet went through. I shoved it back in my pocket.

"You got out of the car and ran. He ran after you. You ducked him just as he was reaching for you. You got into the house. He followed you. You got the gun out and threatened to shoot him. He run, and you run after him and plugged him. Then you got back in the car and come home. The garage man says you were alone when you turned in the car."

On the way to the station I told her about Potts giving me the dough for her.

"You don't want a mouthpiece," I said. She give me a funny look, but didn't say anything.

We booked her on suspicion of homicide and threw her skirts in the can.

I went out to get her some sandwiches and coffee. I thought maybe that'd put some fat on them skinny shoulders. When I come upstairs I phoned New York, and about three o'clock that afternoon the three of us went to Ben Potts' real-estate office and took him to the station to see the chief and the district attorney.

Him and the chief palavered a minute or two, being old golf pals and like that, and he sat back in his chair and smoked a cigar the chief give him.

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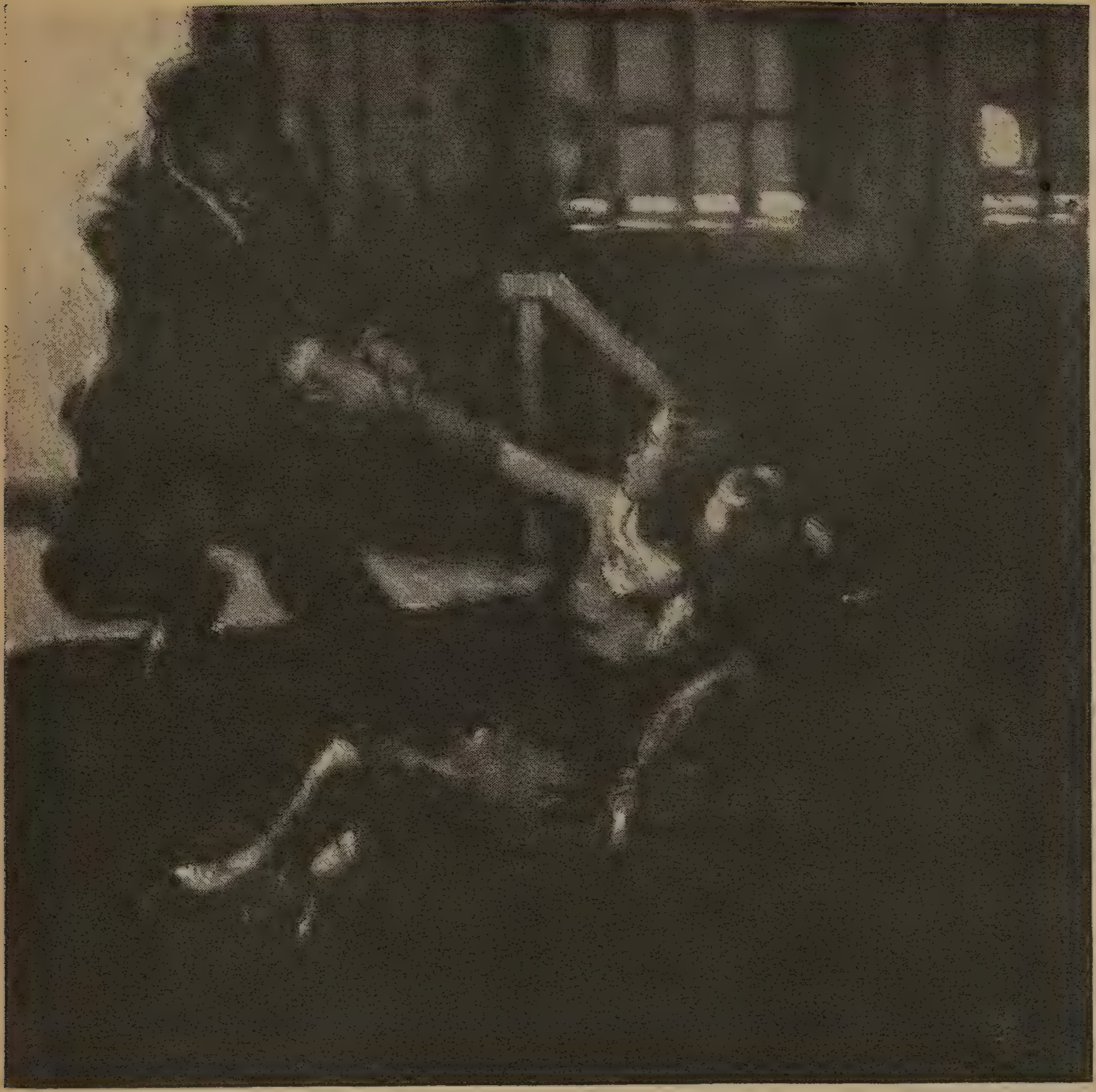


"Schnurr caught her and dragged her into the house."

THE RAP
Continued from page forty-seven

"She's so hard," he said. "No child should be so hard!"

"Hard?" I said. "Ben, she's just dumb. Ben, this guy Schnurr was a dirty crook, and you knew it. You didn't know what his game was, but you seen his roll, and you knew it wasn't come by honest. It's as big as that roll you got in your pants now—almost. By the way, I see you got your shoes shined this morning."

He didn't know whether to be insulted or not. He give a laugh.

"Well, you got Schnurr sold on that hideaway in the woods. I don't blame you. It was just what he wanted. Free from nosey neighbors. Hidden from the road. No cops hanging around. You went to talk it over with him last night at the hotel. Him and the girl had a row. She beat it. You both followed. And then the three of you went out to that house on the dirt road. Schnurr didn't know the roads. He had to have you guide him. The girl sneaked out the gun, wrapped her scarf around it—trying to conceal it from Schnurr—and slipped it to you when he wasn't looking."

POTTS' cigar fell on his fat tummy and bounced to the floor. The chief picked it up careful and put it in an ash tray. Potts didn't notice. He was getting paler all the time, and his hands was cold. He kept trying to warm them.

"You stuck the gun in your coat pocket. When you got to the house the girl took it on the lam. Schnurr caught her and dragged her into the house. I seen that in the mud. You followed. I seen your footsteps too. The girl was screaming, and you thought Schnurr was killing her. So you bumped him off."

"It's a lie!" Potts said, but not loud. "I want a lawyer."

"Shut up," I said. "You don't need a lawyer."

"Go on, sergeant," said the district attorney. "Let's have the rest of your theory."

"It ain't a theory," I said. "Potts was as scared then as he is now. But he was foxy, at that. He threw the gun in the weeds on the front lawn, with the girl's scarf still around it. Then he made her promise to say she done it. He's got a wife and two swell kids, and maybe he was thinking of them. The girl figured she could get away with the murder anyway — self-defense or something like that. And maybe she could. I don't know.

"ANYWAY, the point is, she took the rap, and he didn't. Ben made her go home alone. He stuck around. And it was then he wrote out that rent receipt for two and a half grand, and stuck it in the dead man's pocket. McCafferty, our fingerprint man, couldn't find Schnurr's prints on that paper, but he did find Potts'. Then Ben took every cent Schnurr had on him."

"Do you wish to make a statement?" the D. A. asked Potts.

"The girl did it," Potts said. He was whispering. "I didn't rob him. I didn't kill him. How does he know the girl slipped me the gun? She didn't. He's trying to frame me. He got one hundred dollars out of me this morning, and—"

I winked at the D. A., but Potts didn't see it.

"Let him make all the statements he wants," I said. "Me, I'm going down and give the girl the works."

I thought she would maybe start weeping, being alone so long in the lockup. But there wasn't no trace of tears on her pan. She was still dumb-looking.

"You ain't doing Ben Potts any harm by taking the rap," I said.

At last I seen something come alive in her.

"Oh!" she said, like I'd hit her.

"He killed Schnurr," I said. "And don't tell me different."

"He was choking me," she said. "And Potts—"

"Croaked him," I finished. She didn't say nothing, just looked at me. "Well, keep your trap shut about that," I said. "Take the rap. Potts is a pal of the chief's —and a big business man. Besides, he's got a family. We can't stick him—so we got to stick you."

She didn't know what to make of that.

"He—he's going to bring up my baby," she said, twisting them shoulder blades this way and that. "He's going to bring him up a gentleman. He's going to give him everything—everything!"

"Huh!" I said.

"He'll be better off away from me," she said quick—and now she began bawling a little. "I ain't fit to have a baby. But I can't help it. Mr. Potts—"

"Potts be damned!" I said. "Bring up your kid yourself."

"But I'll be in jail—or—or—"

I give her the horselaugh.

"If Potts confessed that killing," I said, "they'd make a hero of him."

She got mad at that.

"He is a hero," she said. "He saved my life. He's going to take care of my baby. And he give you a hundred dollars today for me."

"Swell, sister," I said. "That's the first time I seen you stick out that chin and get some gimp in your voice. You ain't so bad-looking that way. Potts did give me that hundred. That's why I pinched him."

If you'd seen her face then you'd have laughed too.

"You pinched him for giving me money?"

"Me and a couple other guys. When he give me that dough I knew he was mixed up in the killing. He had a guilty conscience—see? Try and get a hundred smackers out of Potts for anything but his own good! It would pay him to stand in good with you—you taking the rap. I knew there was three of you at the house. You left tracks in the mud. When Potts give up the dough I knew he was the third party."

"But—"

"Your hubby was a green-goods man," I said.

She didn't tumble to that.

"A counterfeiter," I said. "Didn't you know he was a counterfeiter?"

SHE shook her head. A prize dumbbell she was. Even when she was a kid she had shoved the queer for "Uncle Will," bringing him the change. And she didn't know what he was, and didn't care, I suppose.

"That hundred-buck bill Ben give me," I said, "was counterfeit. I found that out when I went to get them sandwiches for you. I didn't have enough change, so I flashed the big bill. And the counterman handed it back. Then I phoned the Secret Service guys. And we made the pinch."

"For—for murder?" she asked. I could hardly make out what she said at first.

"For a lot of things," I said. "After you left, this hero robbed your hubby's pockets. He's got Schnurr's roll now. And there's a hundred grand in it, or I'm an Armenian. And not orthodox at that. Talk about two grand and a half! And he kicks back only a measly hundred for you!"

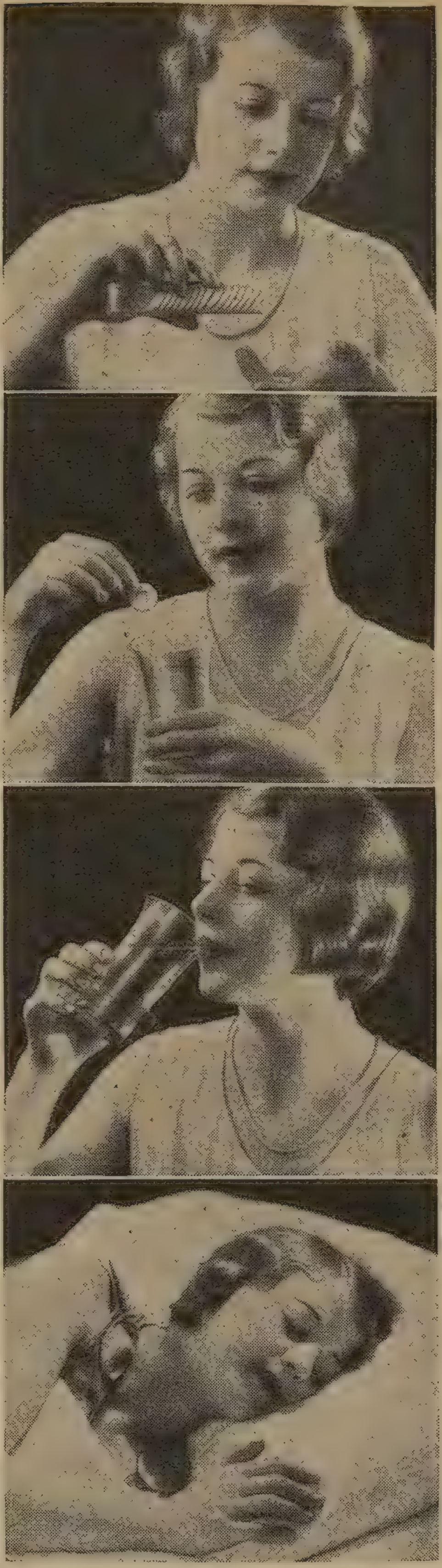
"And you want me to take the rap?" she said.

"And you'll take it," I said.

"But—"

"Don't be stubborn. Potts is upstairs now, saying you did the job. But he can't explain having that counterfeit dough on him. Them Secret Service dicks will make it unpleasant for him until he confesses he's a ghoul. But what he stole ain't got any value. It ain't any good, unless he tries to pass it. He ain't a counterfeiter. On the other hand, he's

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



Mrs. Ethel L. Shea, of East Lynn, Massachusetts, says—

"Your Effervescent NERVINE Tablets are wonderful. At night I would be so sleepy, yet so nervous I couldn't sleep. If anyone spoke to me quickly or slammed a door, I would jump and scream. I feel so much better after taking Effervescent NERVINE Tablets. Now I can go to bed and inside of a few minutes I am sound asleep."

AT ALL DRUG STORES

Small Size 25c *Large Size $1.00*

Special Trial Offer

We want you to try Dr. Miles' Effervescent NERVINE Tablets and enjoy their many benefits. That is why we make you this Special Offer. Take this coupon to your druggist and get your first 25c package to try for only 10 cents.

When "Nerves" Keep You Awake

When you go to bed — do your "NERVES" stay up? Do tense, work-weary "NERVES" play havoc with your rest? Thousands of nervous people have found in this sparkling, Effervescent drink a new delightful way to quiet overwrought "NERVES" and get sound restful sleep. We invite you to try this pleasing, harmless drink and see for yourself how effectively it relieves most nervous troubles.

SKILLED physicians tell us that the hustle and bustle—hurry and worry—of our modern daily life has caused a great increase in Nervousness and Nervous troubles, in recent years. You know that frenzied, irritable feeling of utter weariness that comes at the end of a strenuous, hectic day. Then your keyed-up, tense nervous system refuses to relax and you cannot get the sleep and rest you need.

That's the time to drop a Dr. Miles' *Effervescent* NERVINE Tablet into a glass of water. Then, after it bubbles up like sparkling spring water—drink it, and see how promptly this harmless drink soothes your "NERVES," relaxes the tension and helps nature bring you calm relaxation and rest.

Restful slumber comes only when "NERVES" are quiet and relaxed. When your "NERVES" are all up-set . . . when they cause Headaches, Irritability or Sleeplessness . . . just try this harmless **Effervescent** drink. Like thousands of others who are using Dr. Miles' **Effervescent** NERVINE Tablets—you too, will be delighted with the prompt relief they give for most nervous troubles.

This Coupon is Worth 15c to You

Take this coupon to any Drug Store and as a Special Introductory Offer, the druggist will give you a regular 25c package of Dr. Miles' NERVINE Effervescent Tablets (or Liquid) for only 10 cents.

Name ______________________________

Address ______________________________

____

DRUGGIST:—Mail this Coupon to us signed by customer and we will replace each package you give out on this Special Offer.
Dr. Miles' Laboratory. Dept. L-254, Elkhart, Ind.

Everyone Knows It but Betty

Too true! And no girl would have bad breath *if she only knew.*

Odorles-Breath-Kilers destroy the offensive odors of onion, garlic, tobacco or beverages. Not with perfume, but *by removing the cause.*

Delicious. Chew like gum. Delightful after smoking or to aid digestion. 5c a package at all dealers, or accept the liberal trial offer in the coupon.

DUFFYETS ODORLES Breath-Kilers

Liberal Trial Offer

Duffy Pure Malt Products Corp., Sioux City, Iowa.
I enclose 10 cents for one-fourth dozen packages.
Name ....
Address ....

A Vast Market for Food Products!

LIBERTY has developed a vast market for the sale of foods . . . The average number of women readers for each issue of Liberty is 3,009,389. The average number of men readers is 2,749,946. Liberty advertising has double influence on the food purchases for ten million consumers!

Liberty carries the sales message of food advertisers to this great army of consumers at the lowest cost of any major magazine!

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

LUCKY TIGER
A Proven Germicide!
For a clean, healthy scalp use Lucky Tiger. Destroys germs—gives to thin, falling hair a new life and lustre. Delicately perfumed and world's largest seller at Druggists, Barber Shops and Beauty Parlors.
TRY IT TODAY!

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME
YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

[THE RAP
Continued from page forty-nine]

helped the Secret Service to make a swell haul. They've got this hundred grand, or whatever it is, in no-good dough. They know Schnurr's pals, and they'll get them too. Schnurr was renting that house for his gang to move in presses and dyes and stuff, and print maybe a million dollars in tens and twenties. Potts, without wanting to, has helped the government. See? They'll probably street him when he signs his name on the dotted line."

She didn't say anything, but I seen she was thinking. She was a slow thinker. I give her plenty time.

"It's a good thing for Ben Potts," I said, "that Schnurr was a green-goods guy. If he'd been anything else that roll would have been genuine—and while maybe I couldn't have picked him up so easy, I'd get him sometime. I knew that rent receipt was queer as soon as I seen it. That's why I give it to McCafferty for fingerprinting. 'Mac,' I said, 'see if you can develop Schnurr's prints on this,' and I give him a set of prints I got from New York. 'A dollar gets you five you don't,' I said. No guy is going to give a real-estate man two grand and a half, cold turkey, without a lease. Not even when he's drunk."

"I won't let him have my baby!" the girl said. "He's a thief, too. He's worse. He killed Will to rob him. And you let him go!"

"Easy, easy, sister," I said. "Don't get excited."

BUT I might as well been talking to the wall.

"You tell me to say I did it. You want to send me to jail. You—you—"

"Sister," I said, giving her the hard front, "how long you lived with Schnurr?"

She wouldn't answer.

"Was you ever in Seattle?"

She give me a dumb look.

"Big town," I said. "Way out west. Water around most of it. One big building sticking up in the sky. A totem pole in the park. Remember?"

She shook her head and started to say something, but I beat her to it.

"Schnurr was out there two-three years ago," I said. "He had a plant there. Presses and like that. He turned out some queer money. But the dicks closed in on him. He killed a couple of them, and got away."

"I wasn't with him," she said. "I swear it!"

She was plenty scared, and just dumb enough to think I could do something to her.

"Don't lie to me, sister," I said. "Schnurr went to his flat right after he killed them dicks. He collected his woman, and blew. She was a girl about your size, brown hair and eyes. Just a kid."

"My baby!" she said. "My baby!"

I felt kind o' sorry for her, but what could I do?

"Do you want to take the rap for them two dicks," I said, "or for Schnurr? They might cook you for them dicks."

I give her plenty time.

"I killed Schnurr," she said, and sat down and began bawling—but without no noise.

I LEFT her alone and went upstairs again.

Potts had signed the statement exonerating himself of all blame and slipping it to the girl. He admitted he took the dough, but for the noblest motives. He was afraid someone might rob the dead man's pockets, he said, so he took everything to turn it over to the authorities, which he just done. He insisted, too, that the rent receipt was regular.

"Well, let's tear up the rent receipt, too," I said. "Potts has come clean, and the girl's taken the rap."

Everybody was agreeable, and Ben started out, not looking at any of us. His head was hanging, and he was still pale around the gills.

"So long, Ben," I said. "Don't steal no wooden nickels."

"Funny, ain't it?" I said to the chief. "The city of Seattle offered a reward of $25,000 for the capture of Will Schnurr two-three years ago. Dead or alive," I said. "If Ben had taken the rap he could 'a' had that dough. Real money, too. Schnurr was outside the law, and Ben had a right to plug him. Anybody had the right to plug him. But the girl done it. Lucky for her, too. She needs that twenty-five grand. She's goin' to have a baby."

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 22

1—Six years.

2—He was beheaded by order of Queen Elizabeth.

3—Rome and Carthage.

4—Lyric poets of the eleventh to the thirteenth centuries.

5—About forty miles southeast of the south coast of the province of Pinar del Rio, Cuba.

6—By, or of, itself.

7—Marchioness.

8—New Hampshire.

9—Children's garden.

10—The thigh bone.

11—Iris.

12—A garment worn by Arabs and Moors.

13—A cob.

14—Damascus.

15—In Providence, Rhode Island.

16—The keeper and driver of an elephant.

17—One-eighth.

18—A calf.

19—King's College.

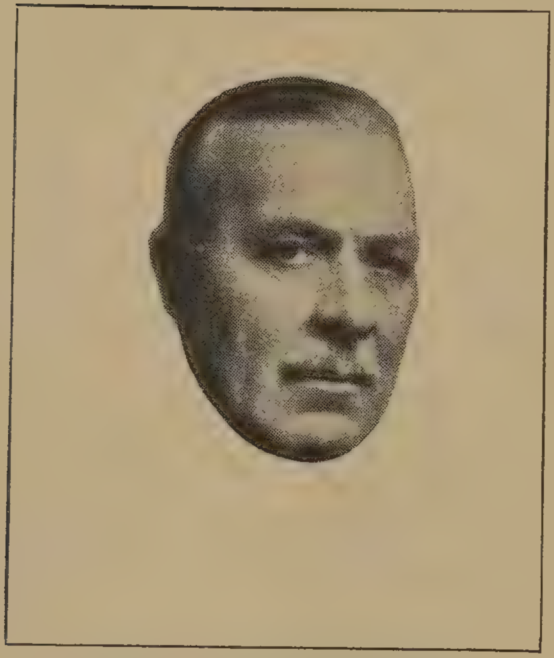
20—Nearsightedness.

Funny Faces! Can You Make Them?

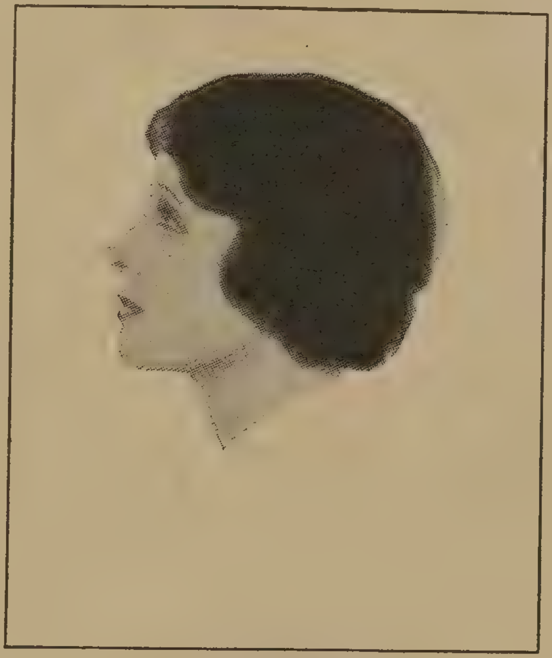
Liberty is offering One Hundred Fins a Week

For the funniest faces—distributed as follows:

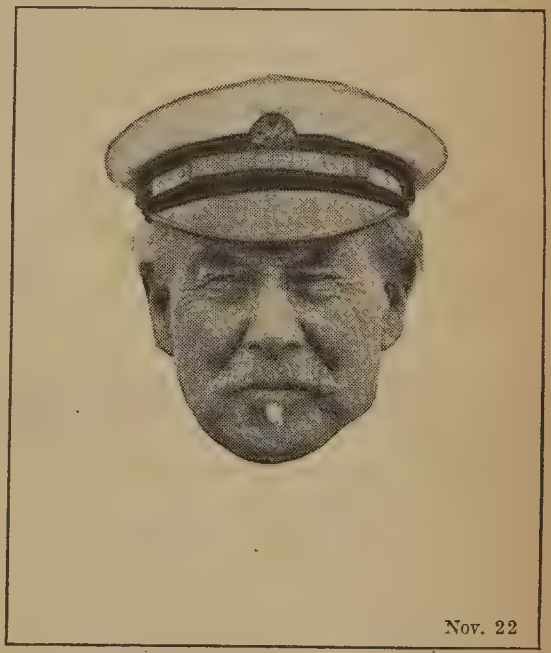
First Prize $200 — Second Prize $100 — Third Prize $50
and 30 prizes of One Fin ($5) each—Grand Total $500



ROBERT W. CHAMBERS
novelist



IRENE RICH
of the movies



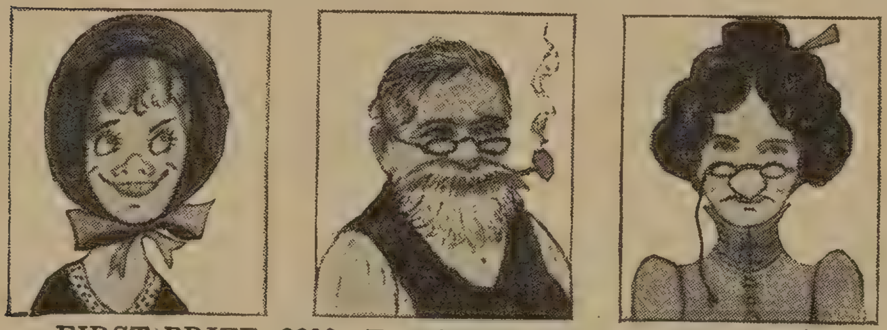
Nov. 22

SIR THOMAS LIPTON
yachtsman

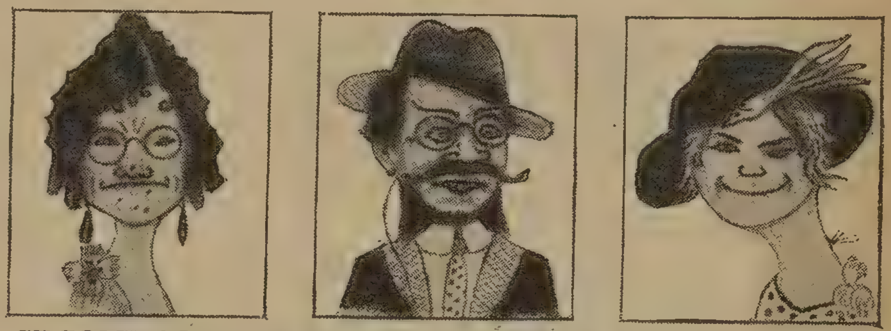
See what you can do to these pictures with a pen or pencil, making them look as funny as you can. Then mail them, as directed in the rules below, so that they will reach us before midnight, November 29. That's all there is to it!

HERE ARE THIS WEEK'S PRIZE AWARDS

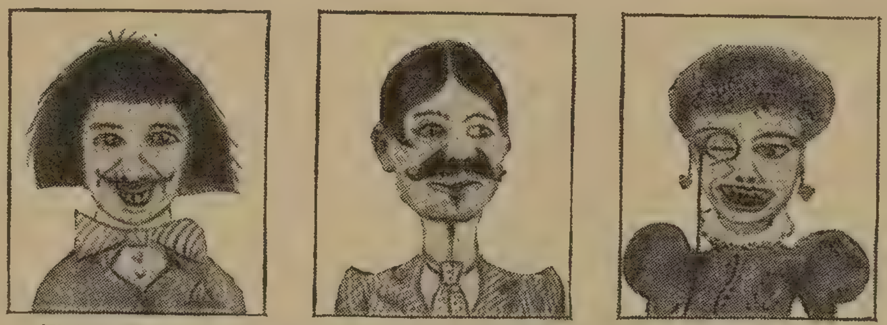
for the funniest faces made from the pictures of Winnie Lightner, Floyd Gibbons, and Lois Moran, in our October 18 issue



FIRST PRIZE, $200—For these faces by P. C. Nordell,
39 South Street, Brighton, Massachusetts



SECOND PRIZE, $100—For these faces by Bessie M. Dresler,
1611 Marburg Street, Dallas, Texas



THIRD PRIZE, $50—For these faces by Frank Eastman,
372 Kingswood Road, Toronto, Ont., Canada

THE RULES

Each week Liberty will publish a set of photographs under the heading FUNNY FACES. You are invited to mark them up—all of them—in any way you see fit, and send them, with your name and full address, to FUNNY FACES, P. O. Box 612, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

For the funniest sets of faces received each week, $500 will be paid, the prizes to be divided as indicated above.

You don't have to use the pictures on this page unless you want to. They may be copied or traced on another sheet of paper. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. The editors of Liberty will be the judges, and their decision will be final. Prize awards for the pictures in each issue will be announced five weeks later, and the pictures that win the first three prizes will be published. We cannot undertake to return any entries or enter into correspondence concerning these FUNNY FACES.

$5 PRIZES

for the week have been awarded to W. B. Adams, Omaha, Neb.; A. H. Beardsley, St. Louis, Mo.; Elizabeth Bedgood, Maplewood, Ore.; C. Frank Cagney, Jersey City, N. J.; Maud Dilweg, Detroit, Mich.; W. P. Dolan, Butte, Mont.; E. S. Hall, Kissimmee, Fla.; Mabel D. Hilliard, Malden, Mass.; Charlotte Howell, Atlanta, Ga.; Winifred W. Hubbard, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Ruth Kelly, Newport News, Va.; Bertha F. Kirk, Salt Lake City, Ut.; Mary F. Klaer, Narberth, Pa.; Hazel G. Koch, Demopolis, Ala.; C. May, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. Charles Neal, Starkville, Miss.; George W. Pointer, Indianapolis, Ind.; M. I. Purtell, Chicago, Ill.; Paul E. Reidy, Tulsa, Okla.; Barbara J. Sanderson, Houston, Tex.; Mrs. E. L. Sandford, Hamlet, N. C.; William H. Shea, Cleveland, O.; J. J. Sheehan, New Orleans, La.; Ada Shoberg, Minneapolis, Minn.; John J. Tanner, Hollywood, Calif.; William E. Vice, Dayton, O.; Edith R. Ward, Baltimore, Md.; Gladys Warren, Huntington, W. Va.; Cleo Wolf, Batesville, Ark.; Mrs. William Woolhiser, Council Bluffs, Ia.

Give First AID

This Quicker, Better Way

Not a second is lost when you apply Oil of Salt. Just pour it on—that's how easily and speedily you soothe and comfort with this ideal dressing. No sticking or adhering of bandage. Gives instant, soothing relief. Always keep a bottle for emergencies—burns, scalds, cuts, bruises. Wonderful also for sores, sore muscles, sunburn, poison ivy, and for sore, itching, burning feet. Millions prefer it for home use and for children. Be prepared. Keep a bottle on hand. Some loved one may need it soon.

Used by thousands of physicians, surgeons, fire departments—by over 50,000 factories for first aid and by millions of people, everywhere.

A Liquid SOOTHING **Oil of Salt** *Is Better*

First Aid *In Accidents*

All Druggists Sell and Recommend It

For Bad Complexion

Never again need you be ashamed of your complexion—the admiration lavished upon the vivacious, beautiful woman can be yours to enjoy—if you remove the causes of poor complexion. The cause of your trouble is probably constipation. It ravages the system, destroys beauty. Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets,—a substitute for calomel,—is a vegetable compound known by its olive color. Used for 20 years to help relieve constipation, cleanse the system, and bring the health that makes beauty. A harmless corrective. Non-habit-forming. No bad after-effects. Take nightly. At druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

Dr Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

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YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home oil painting photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process, and supply you with working outfit and employment service. Write for particulars and Free Book today.

THE IRVING-VANCE COMPANY, Limited
142 Hart Building, Toronto, Canada

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Absorb all blemishes and discoloration by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin fleck off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. **To quickly reduce wrinkles and other age lines,** use this face lotion: 1 ounce Powdered Saxolite and 1 half pint witch-hazel. At Drug and Department Stores Everywhere.

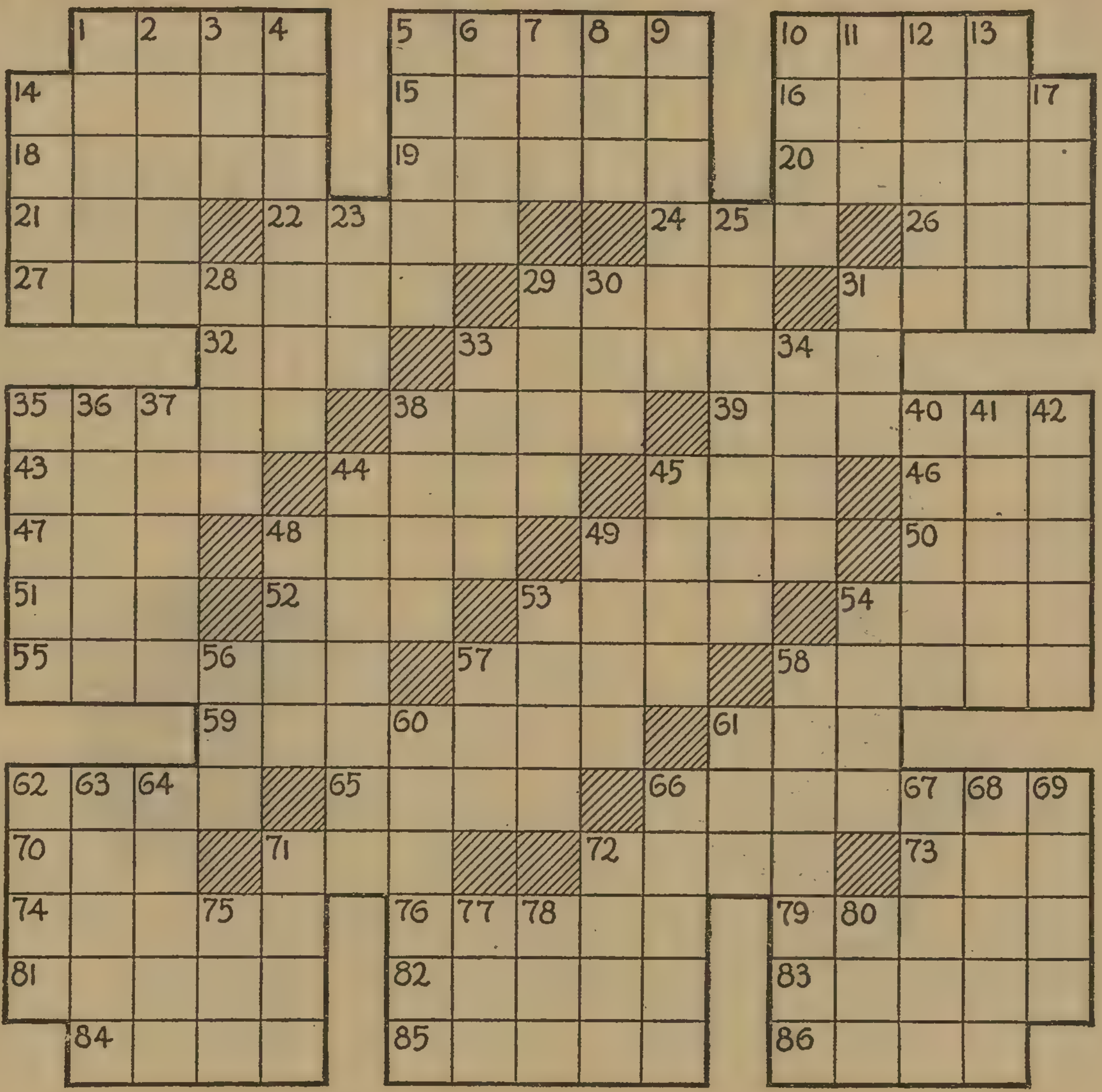
XMAS GIFT SPECIAL

The celebrated One-A-Tub bath salts, in individual, tinted transparent capsules, ten to a box, make an ideal Christmas gift. Exquisitely perfumed, One-A-Tub bath salts soften the water, and are an invaluable aid to beauty, health, and personal charm. Retail in the best stores for 75c a box. As a Christmas special, direct by mail, we offer

two boxes for $1.00 post paid.

Send cash, money order, or stamps to
WEAVER BROS., Adrian, Mich.

Two New Puzzles:



HORIZONTAL

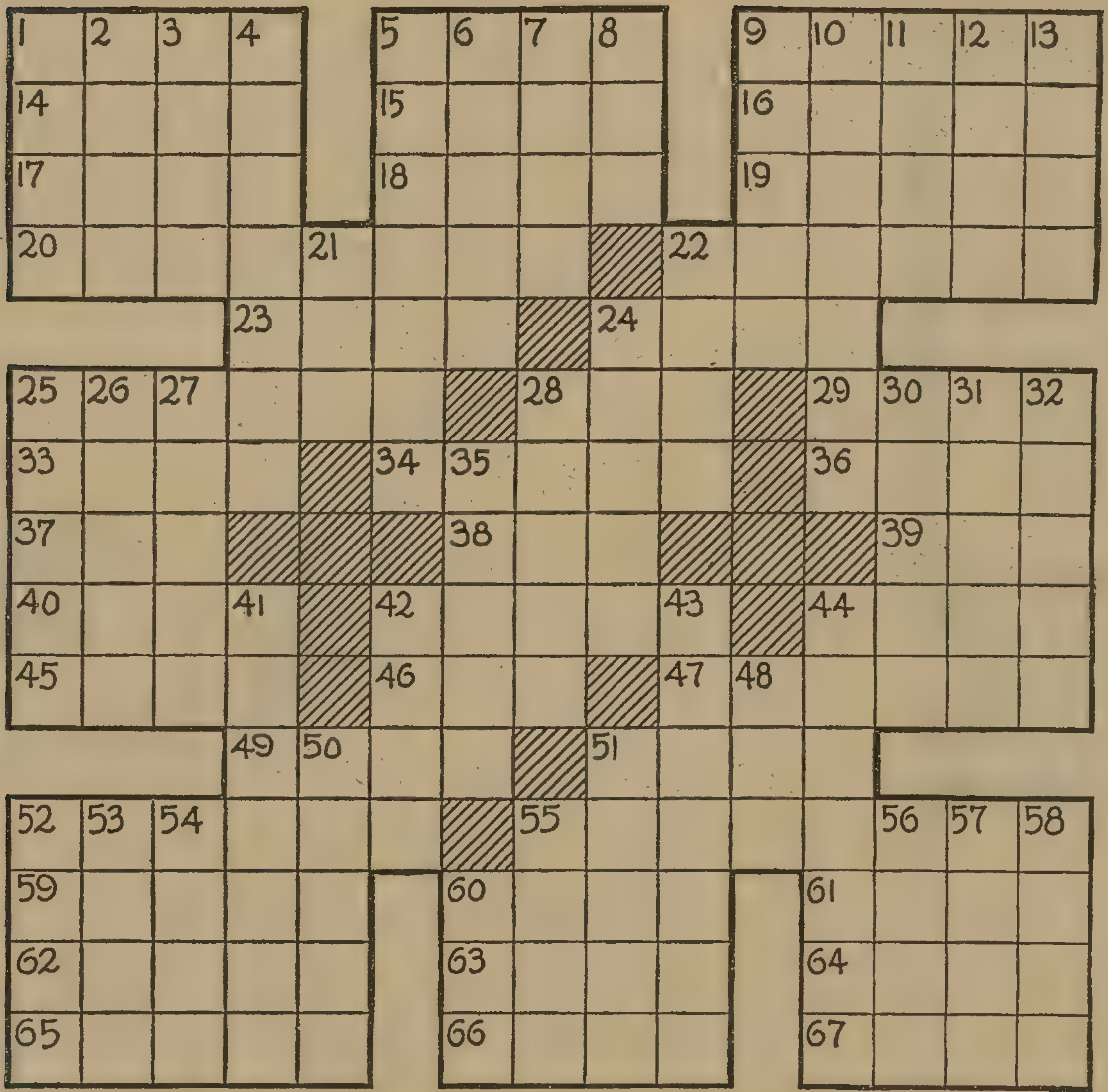
1 Man's name
5 One of the Apostles
10 A pronoun
14 To buy and sell
15 Ascended
16 Egg-shaped
18 Frame on which clothes are dried
19 Student at a military academy
20 Pertaining to the morning
21 Letter of the Greek alphabet
22 Entangles
24 Cover with frosting
26 Antiquity
27 Matures, as timber
29 Murmur of a feline
31 Measures of length
32 Termination
33 Moves in a continuous flow or course
35 Companions
38 Incline or deviate from a vertical position
39 Serf
43 A son of Isaac
44 Has (ancient or Biblical form)
45 River in Switzerland
46 Beverage
47 Make lace
48 Cooking utensils
49 Crafts
50 Obtained
51 Duration of life
52 Unrefined metal
53 Japanese sashes
54 Torn
55 A hurt
57 Old
58 Central part of anything (plural)
59 Ministered to
61 Domestic animal
62 Oily tissue (plural)
65 Large plant
66 Revolved
70 Anger
71 Man's name
72 Small particle
73 Form of to be
74 Sweet liquid
76 Portals
79 Mature
81 Gustation
82 Declaim
83 Public command or ordinance
84 Require
85 That by which a thing is known (plural)
86 Repose

VERTICAL

1 Ascend
2 Feminine personal name
3 Poem
4 Discourses on religious subjects
5 Agreements
6 Periods
7 A fox
8 Compass point
9 Withdraw
10 Domicile
11 Woman's name
12 Animal of the badger kind
13 Motionless
14 Strikes lightly
17 Comes to a close
23 Furthermore
25 Neckties
28 To look to be; to appear
29 Chief god of Memphis (Egyptian religion)
30 Vase
31 A worm
33 Collections of articles belonging together
34 A planet
35 Mettle
36 Maxim
37 Carries
38 Recent
40 Wiser
41 Single
42 Natives of Latvia
44 Insects
45 Dry; barren
48 Indigent
49 In bed
53 A molding
54 An ecclesiastical court
56 Pronoun
57 Corroded
58 Food purveyor
60 Former province of Spain
61 Bed
62 The closed hand
63 Pertaining to Arius
64 Concise
66 Flowers
67 Tapestry
68 Upstanding
69 Small hollow
71 Mimicked
72 Apportion
75 One of a tribe of American Indians
77 Constellation
78 Scotch cap
80 A small fresh-water fish

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy-four

Take Your Choice



HORIZONTAL

1 Lowest part in the harmony of a musical composition
5 To put on a basis; to found
9 Norse reciter and singer of heroic poems
14 One of the United States
15 Word of solemn ratification
16 To prohibit
17 Bristlelike organ or part
18 Dregs
19 Accustom or discipline; habituate
20 Shook involuntarily, as with fear
22 Fondler
23 To withstand, as a strain
24 The Italian millet
25 Climbed, as if by a ladder
28 One of the supreme triad of Babylonian deities
29 A mineral
33 Diminish the bulk of; reduce
34 A narrow or relatively long piece
36 At sea
37 Areas ten meters square
38 Hurried
39 Japanese measure of area
40 To wind cylindrically or spirally
42 To rule
44 A coin of the United States
45 Otherwise
46 Furthermore
47 District and city in Portugal
49 Eager; greedy
51 State to be true
52 Ornamented with small globular bodies
55 An evergreen shrub
59 A genus of typical geese
60 A fortified seaport of Arabia
61 To relieve of strain or tension
62 Imparts movement to; disturbs
63 Coin of Italy
64 Prong
65 A sentiment that is drunk to
66 Stake in the game of poker
67 Wheelless vehicle

VERTICAL

1 Portion of the human figure between the head and waist
2 Biblical name (Ezra ii)
3 Satisfy the desire or appetite of
4 To walk awkwardly and unsteadily
5 Simple songs of a romantic kind
6 A prince of Afghanistan or of Sind
7 Ovule
8 Being, in the most abstract sense
9 Charger
10 Choral composition
11 To reach or touch with an end
12 That which may be learned
13 One who is wont and ready to act
21 An insect
22 The soft, succulent part of a fruit
24 Existing
25 Interval between two or more objects
26 Sing joyfully
27 Unaccented part of a foot (Greek prosody)
28 To plait
30 A flower
31 Inclined from a vertical position
32 Division of a poem
35 Take a particular direction or course
41 Conductor of a band (plural)
42 Predatory incursion
43 Series of religious devotions (plural)
44 Wind instruments
48 Edible seed
50 Russian measure of length
51 Watchful
52 A fiber
53 Combining form meaning within
54 A continent
55 Norse deity
56 Irish legislative assembly
57 Slave
58 Bamboolike grass
60 Wing

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy-four

There's one pencil as good as a Ticonderoga. It's another Ticonderoga!

DIXON'S "TI-CON-DER-OGA" An extraordinary five cent pencil JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY ©1930 Jersey City, N.J.

This Remington Sheath Knife is just what you need for hunting, fishing or camping trips. It has a 4¼ inch forged blade with strong, durable, keen-cutting edge, bone stag handle and leather sheath. We will send you this knife **FREE** of charge on receipt of only $1.00 for a TWO-year subscription to Hunting & Fishing, a 52 page monthly magazine crammed full of hunting, fishing, camping and trapping stories and pictures, valuable information about guns, revolvers, fishing tackle, game law changes, best places to get fish and game, etc. Clip this adv. and mail today with $1 bill to **Hunting & Fishing, 140 Transit Bldg., Boston, Mass.**

HUNTING AND FISHING 5

Next to WINGS

Rollfast SKATES

For the feet of kids who are loved

D. P. HARRIS HDW. & MFG. COMPANY
D. P. Harris Building New York, N. Y.

The Jacket with the
REINFORCED SLEEVES

Get This Extra Value

When you buy a knit jacket, choose a Nockabout and get the extra service that only this patented reinforced sleeve can give you. Extra threads are knit in from cuff to armhole, where the wear is greatest. Ask your retailer to show you a Nockabout and he will explain this exclusive feature.

NOCKABOUT
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KNIT JACKETS

NOCKABOUT jackets combine style with comfort. Shaped shoulders, reinforced pockets, stronger buttonholes, correct colors make Nockabout an exceptionally good purchase. Look for the Nockabout label —at your retailers.

The Companion Knit Jacket, at a lower price, also has reinforced sleeves

Illustrated Style Folder sent on request
GRUSHLAW & SICHEL
Dept. L, Collom & Lena Sts., Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

Sauce Without Lumps!

Have you ever spent a frantic half hour—guests coming—dinner waiting—trying to beat smooth a lumpy white sauce? Then you will appreciate Ethel Somers' instructions on making sauce without lumps.

This is but one of the practical, simple recipes in the Liberty cookbook, 100 STANDARD RECIPES. Send for it today! Fill out the coupon and inclose 10 cents.

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Please send me a copy of 100 STANDARD RECIPES, 10 cents.

*Name*____________________

*Street or R. F. D.*____________________

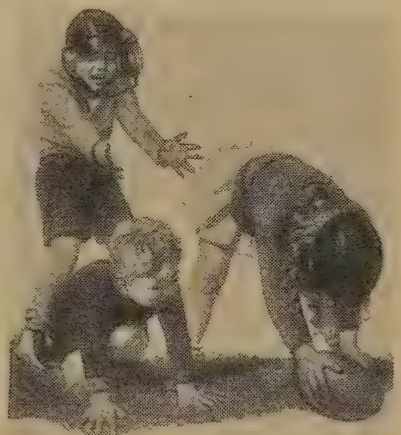
*City*__________ *State*__________

FOOTBALL

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

"GOT a dime you don't want?" Gwen asked the egg man, who was making his Saturday morning round.

"I should put the price of white eggs up one dime just because you want candy," the man grumped. He was so intent upon his grump that he forgot to watch his step, and land only knows where his eggs would have flown if he hadn't grabbed the gate.



This week's cover picture.

"See?" Gwen giggled in a delighted shriek. "See what happened 'cause you was mean? And I don't want candy, anyway. I want chesssssssssssssssnuts."

"You do, do you?" he laughed. "Well, go get 'em. But you don't get 'em on *my* dime."

"Mean old thing! Mean old thing!" she yelled.

"Mean?" a nice old lady queried. She was out for a constitutional with her poodle, which looked like last year's kitchen mop on four legs. "Where are your sweet polite manners, my dear?"

"I couldn't tell you, 'cause"—Gwen gulped trying not to laugh—"'cause I lost 'em. A witch swiped 'em."

"You'd better pray to some good fairy to bring them back again," the lady told her. And she turned around three times. The poodle's leash had wrapped itself about her flouncy satin skirt. "Now," she said, quite out of breath from such intense physical exercise, "tell me why I am mean."

"You're not mean." Gwen smiled sweetly. "The egg man was mean. I was yellin' at him. He was mean 'cause he wouldn't give me a dime for chestnuts."

"Gracious!" said the nice old lady. And she poked one hand into a black tasseled bag. "Is this a dime?" she asked. "I left my glasses home on the sewing table beside my silver sewing bird."

"Sure it's a dime," Gwen giggled.

"Take it for chestnuts," the lady said, walking away. She had handed over a quarter—not a dime.

"Watcha doin'?" Red Hancock suddenly yelled from the Smithers' side lawn. Little U. was with him.

"Nothing," Gwen laughed, tucking the quarter away.

"We're going to play football," Ulysses said.

"With what?" she asked, deciding to play herself.

"With this," Red said. He produced a helmet from behind his back. "And this." He dived under the side-porch steps and emerged with another helmet and a ball.

"Those are mine," U. announced. "We hid 'em."

"Maybe I'd better wear the helmet," Gwen told him, snatching it away and cramming it on her head. Then she got excited and shouted, "Come on out in back an' we'll have a real game like they play at Jail an'—an' Quinceton." She kicked the ball and it zigzagged from her shoe over a flower bed, through a bush, against a shirt hanging on the clothesline, and into a basin of clothespins.

"Line up!" Red yelled. "Half back, get in position!" He pointed a dramatic finger at Gwen.

"Get in position yourself!" she flared. "I'm no half back. I'm a whole back or nothing. Get in back of me—an' call out numbers. Step on the gas, an' when I pitch this ball atcha from under my stomach, you run. You run so that all the guys in the bleachers will say, 'Some girl! Didja see how she slipped him that ball?'"

"What'll I do?" U. wanted to know.

"Shut up!" Red told him. And then he bellowed out a wild, pointless order as he wondered where he'd better run: "Four—sixty—six—eighteen—three, A!"

(Next week's cover adventure: Thanksgiving)

Problems of Conduct

What Would You Do?

$100 Each Week for the Best Question

$200 Each Week for the Best Answers

Here Is This Week's Question

for which $100 has been paid to
NEIL HENRY TASKER
122 South Sixth Street, Shamokin, Pennsylvania

Suppose you were a Junior in high school, in perfect health and condition. You want to play football, the coach has asked you to report for practice time after time, and the team needs you badly.

Your father and two uncles were stars on the gridiron before you. They fought for the colors of the school you want to fight for.

Your mother is of a nervous temperament and in ill health. She vows that if you play football, the dread of your becoming injured will kill her.

Your classmates think you are yellow; and the thought hurts you.

What would you do?

Answers to this question must reach us before midnight, November 29. They should be as short as possible—brevity will count in their favor. In no case should they contain more than 1,000 words.

THE RULES

1. Liberty invites its readers to submit problems of conduct similar to the problem which appears on this page. One of these will be published each week, and for those published $100 each will be paid to the persons who send them in.

2. Liberty invites its readers also to submit answers to these problems as they are published. For the answers which, in the judgment of the editors, are the best submitted each week, $200 will be paid, the $200 to be divided among the senders, and these answers will be published.

3. Problems and answers should be written on one side of the paper only—typewritten if possible—and should be brief. Problems stated in 150 words or less are preferred. Answers should not in any case contain more than 1,000 words, and should usually be much shorter than that. Brevity, always, will count in their favor.

4. It is understood that the decision of Liberty's editors will be final, both as to prizes awarded for problems and those paid for answers.

5. Entries—both problems and answers—should bear the sender's full name and address, and should be sent to PROBLEMS, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. WE CANNOT UNDERTAKE TO RETURN ANY ENTRIES OR ENTER INTO CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING THEM.

HOW would you answer the question on this page? Can you suggest a better one, or one as good? Try your hand at either—or both. As indicated in the rules below, Liberty is paying $100 each week for a suggested problem of conduct, and offering $200 for answers to each of these problems.

* * *

This week we are publishing three answers to the problem which appeared in Liberty for October 18, and dividing $200 among the senders, whose names appear below. The problem was:

You are obliged to spend one week above the timber line in a dry season, going on horseback and returning the same way at eleven o'clock on the night of the seventh day. There is no vegetation except inedible foliage and the only water is a spring fifty-four feet straight below.

The following equipment is offered to you: a safety match; the safety-match box; an ordinary match; a blanket; oats; bag for the oats; a horseshoe; a flashlight; a rope fifty feet long; a raw steak; a watch with a luminous dial; an ordinary watch; a bucket.

You are to choose only five of these articles. Which five would you take with you?

The Winning Answers

By CAROLINE WALKER
1243 Trenton Street
Los Angeles, California

OF course it wouldn't be ladylike for any modest female to go off into the mountains in any such way as your problem suggests.

BUT . . .

Being a woman, for such a trip I would insist not only on food, shelter, water, and transportation, but also on safety and some degree of comfort.

Therefore, the articles I'd stick into the pockets of my coat and tie onto my saddle would be the rope, the bucket, the luminous-dial watch, and the bag and the oats.

And Why?

Water is the essential of the entire trip. Both the horse and myself could sustain a week's strenuous diet. (With benefit to my curves if not to Dobbin's.) But we

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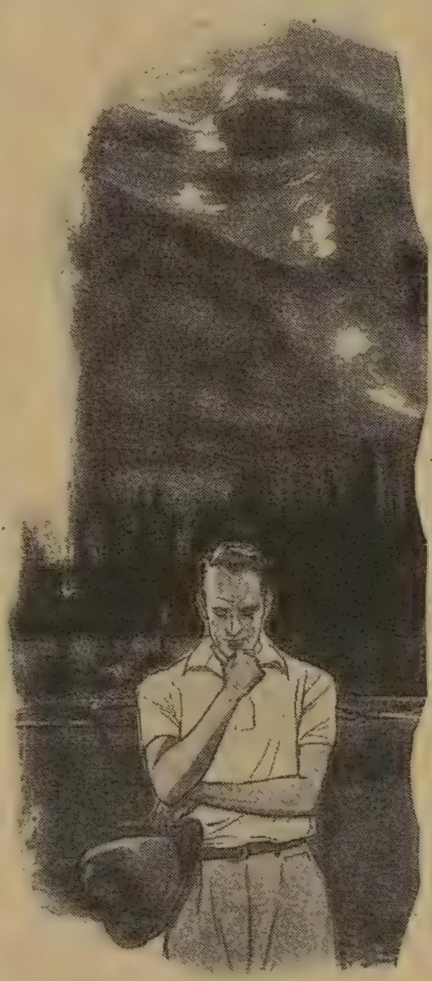
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FIVE]

could not get along without some H_2O—neither of us being in the Dry camp. Besides, I'd just have to wash my face and my teeth.

I'd find a nice dry branch and eke out the rope's length so I could be sure of reaching that Tantalus spring you set just four feet from that rope's length. On the other end of said rope I'd carefully attach the bucket. And I'd guard and double guard both attachments with some braided grasses.

Then I'd warble "The Old Oaken Bucket," lower my bucket to the spring, and haul up the old aqua pura for myself and my thirsty steed.

(NOTE: Of course the branch would probably break and the bucket would fall, but remember we are only theorizing.)



Also theoretically, I would use the rope and some more dead branches and snare myself some nice little wild animals and roast them on crotched sticks at my fire.

(NOTE. *Do* skunks have their habitat above the timber line? And don't snakes stay below it? If not, I refuse to continue even to theorize.)

Again—being a woman, I'd just about expire with fear of all the wild denizens of the forest who, according to the best fiction, sit around in a circle at night, with only their gleaming eyeballs showing in the black darkness.

So I must have a fire, to keep away the beasts, to cook my food, to give me the warmth and light which would mean shelter—and even to heat water for my ablutions. To say nothing of keeping my already nervously frigid extremities from succumbing to mountain temperatures.

So I would choose the luminous-dial watch. I'd use its crystal for my fire glass.

(NOTE: Of course it would probably rain all week and the sun never show one grin—but then either the safety or the parlor match might go out, too, so I'd take a chance on the crystal.)

And being temperamentally and chronically tardy, and not able to tell time by the stars, I'd have to have the luminous dial to make that 11 o'clock date on time. Besides, the ticking of the watch would be sort of companionable in the wilderness.

Then Dobbin must be looked after if I expect to get back to civilization. So I'd choose the oats for him. And because scattered oats just aren't any good at all, except to the jolly farmer, I'd have to take the bag along.

AND OH GOSH, wouldn't a hot bath and a filet mignon and a soft bed for me, and some carrots and alfalfa and dry warm straw for Dobbin—wouldn't they be marvelous when me and my noble palfrey got back to sanity again!

By E. B. HAMOR
1604 Derry Street
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

IF obliged to spend a week above the timber line together with a horse, it being necessary that I return at a specified time, I would choose as articles of equipment and supply the following:

1. *A watch with a luminous dial.* This watch would assure my return at the specified time and would also serve as a compass. By using the crystal, the sun's rays could be utilized for making a fire from brush and scrub trees to furnish heat, light, a means of cooking food, and a protection from any marauding wild animals.

2. *Oats.* Since the journey is to be made on horseback, and since food is essential to both horse and man, I would take a supply of oats. This would furnish food for the horse and, cooked, for myself. It requires no special preservation, is light in weight in comparison with food value, and is easily transported.

3. *A blanket.* The blanket will be necessary for protection against chilly nights and will serve as a container in which to transport the oats. Tied with a rope, oats may be carried easily in each end of the blanket, thus making a pack convenient for man and horse. By tying a rope fifty feet long to one corner of the blanket, water may easily be procured from the spring fifty-four feet below in a bucket fastened to the other end of the rope. This will make it unnecessary to lower myself to the spring.

4. *Rope fifty feet long.* As before stated, the rope will be used to secure the pack, also as a means to procure water. It will also serve to tether the horse, keeping him close to camp and at the same time away from the oats, which, of course, must be emptied from the blanket. By its use larger pieces of firewood may be obtained, using the horse for power and transportation.

5. *Bucket.* The bucket may be filled with oats when making the trip into the mountains. During my stay there it will be used to obtain water for my horse and myself. Oats, for myself, may be cooked in it, making my meals more palatable and more easily digested.

By C. M. GRAY
155 S. Lincoln Street
Nappanee, Indiana

THE Boss sure has got a grudge at me. Gotta go above the timber line, he says, for a week. No vegetation there but inedible foliage, whatever that means. Hope it burns, or I'll be out of luck for fire and light these cool nights. Spring water fifty-four feet straight below. Tough, at best, and what's worse, I can take only five articles with me out of this list of his.

Safety match; safety-match box; ordinary match—well, by heck, all three of those go out. No, I didn't mean it that way—they go out of my list. Flint stones and dry grass will be my matches.

Blanket. Yes, I'll have to have that. Can use it for lots of things. Article No. 1.

Oats. Yes, Baldy and I both have to eat. We'll both be good Scotchmen when we get back, so oats go in. Article No. 2.

Bag for oats—no, can't be bothered. The oats will have to go in the blanket. Horseshoe—what for—luck? Couldn't be worse, so nothing doing. Flashlight. Sure would like to take it, but that inedible vegetation and flint will have to give me light, so out goes the flashlight.

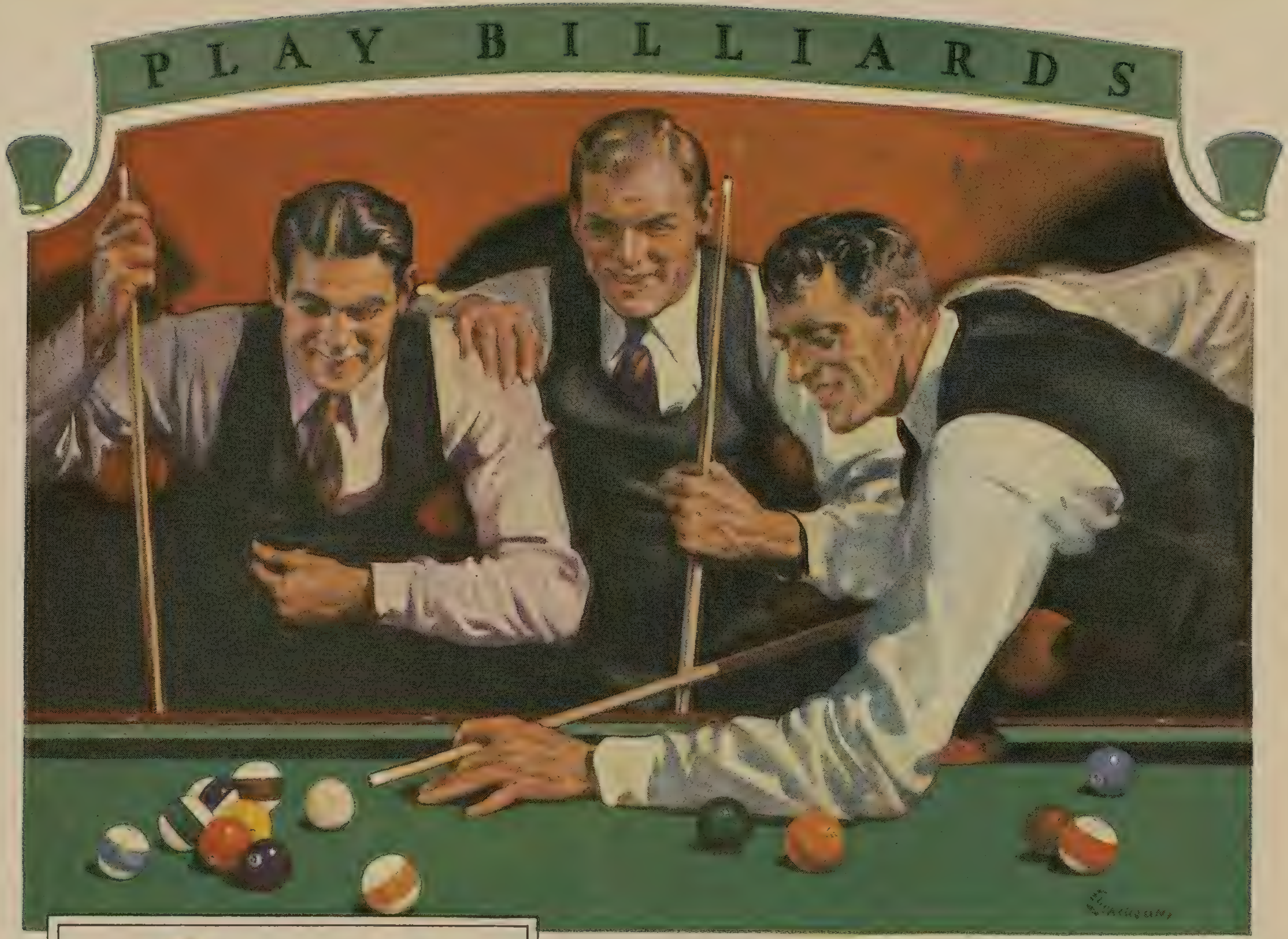
Rope fifty feet long. The Boss sure must hate himself. Why in thunder couldn't he make that rope four feet longer? But I'll fool him. Baldy will have a saddle and I can piece that rope out with stirrup straps or something for four feet. So, fifty-foot rope. Article No. 3.

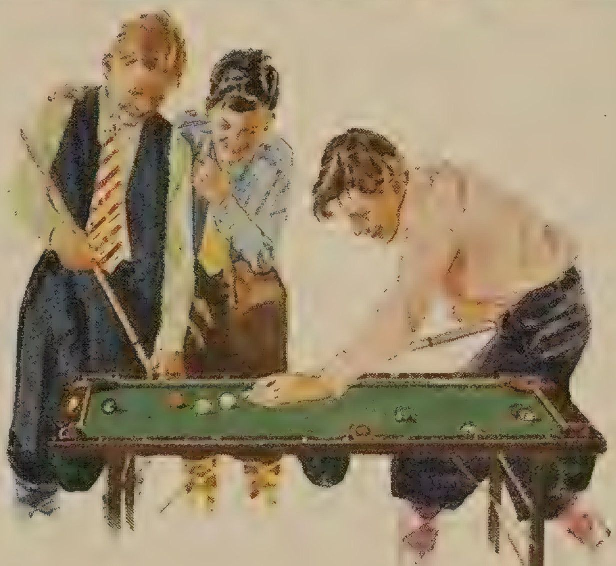
Raw steak. No. I'll be a true Scot and stick to my oats, so out you go. Watch with luminous dial. Gee, that must be one of them newfangled kind that you can see what time it is in darkest night. The Boss isn't so bad after all. I gotta leave there at eleven Friday night, and do just what he says, or I lose my job, and it will be just like him to be there at 11:15 to see if I have pulled out, so I gotta be on the dot. Then, too, maybe he'll let me keep the watch after I get back. So there's Article No. 4.

Ordinary watch. Nothing doing when I got a bright-face watch. Out you go. Bucket. Can't get along without you. Baldy and I both have to drink. In you go, Article No. 5.

Here, Spike, take this list to the Boss, and tell him I'm ready on the dot tomorrow.

Answers to the question in Liberty for October 25 will be published next week.





A Low Priced Billiard Table for the Youngsters, $7.50

The Brunswick Junior Playmate is a table for juvenile use which meets the exacting Brunswick standards of construction. It must not be confused with ordinary toy tables. It is sturdily built, portable, with folding legs and complete playing equipment—available in six sizes, at $7.50, $13.50, $18.50, $37.50, $60.00 and $100.00 (*prices slightly higher west of Denver and in Canada*), at leading stores everywhere. You will instantly identify it by its rich mahogany finish and the Brunswick trademark in Gold, which is shown below.

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JUNIOR PLAYMATE
MF'D BY
THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.

The Three Billiardiers

The balls are bunched—the game is close. This shot can make or mar his score. Skill will determine the result.

Situations like these (and they are constant), with their unexpected results, are what make each game of billiards an exciting adventure.

Good sport, good exercise, developing mind, muscle and eye, billiards keeps old friendships alive and creates new ones.

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THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., *General Offices: 623-633 So. Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. In Canada: Toronto.*

Back in Line

By

ROBERT BENCHLEY

Pictures by PETER ARNO

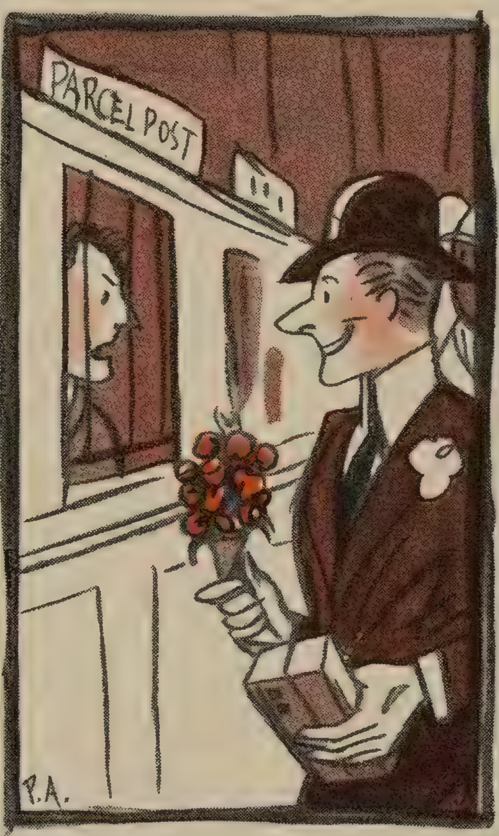
(Reading time: 7 min. 2 sec.)

FOR a nation which has an almost evil reputation for bustle, bustle, bustle, and rush, rush, rush, we spend an enormous amount of time standing around in line in front of windows, just waiting. It would be all right if we were Spanish peasants and could strum guitars and hum, or even stab each other, while we were standing in line, or East Indians who could just sit cross-legged and simply stare into space for hours. Nobody expects anything more of Spanish peasants or East Indians, because they have been smart enough to build themselves a reputation for picturesque lethargy.

But we in America have built ourselves reputations for speed and dash, and are known far and wide as the rushingest nation in the world. So when fifty of us get in a line and stand for an hour shifting from one foot to the other, rereading the shipping news and cooking recipes in an old newspaper until our turn comes, we just make ourselves look silly.

Most of this line-standing is the fault of the Government, just as everything else which is bad in our national life is the fault of the Government, including stone bruises and tight shoes. We would have plenty of time to rush around as we are supposed to do, if the Government did not require 500 of us to stand in one line at once waiting for two civil service employees to weigh our letters, thumb out income-tax blanks, tear off our customs slips or roll back our eyelids. Of course, there are times when we stand in line to see a ball game or buy a railroad ticket, but that is *our* affair, and in time we get enough sense to stop going to ball games or traveling on railroads.

The U. S. Post Office is one of the most popular line-standing fields in the country. It has been estimated that six-tenths of the population of the United States spend their entire lives standing in line in a post office. When you realize that no provision is made for their eating or sleeping or intellectual advancement while they are thus standing in line, you will understand why six-tenths of the population look so cross and peaked. The wonder is that they have the courage to go on living at all.



Mr. Arno's notion of what Mr. Benchley meant when he wrote Rule 5.

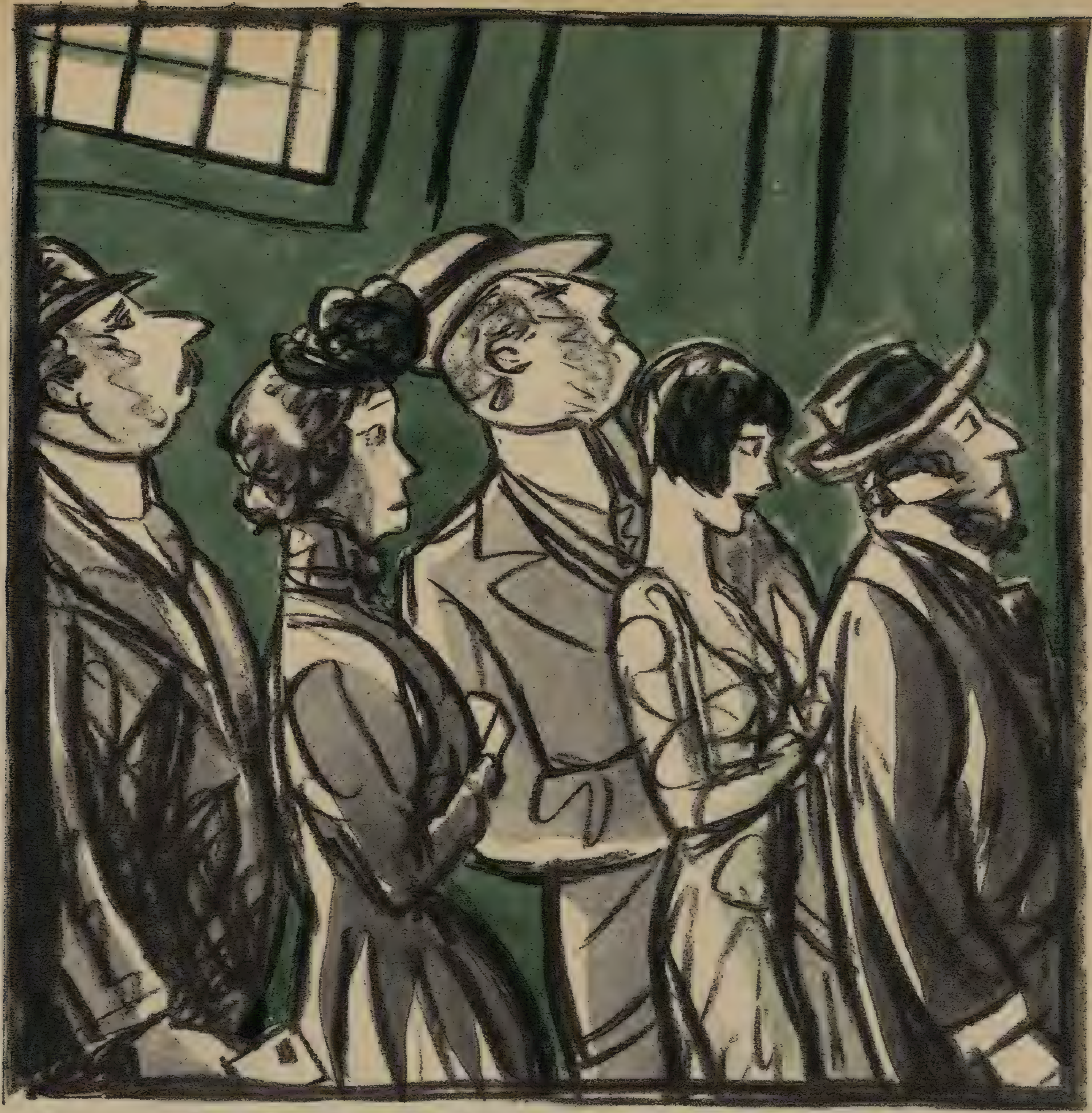
This congestion in the post offices is due to what are technically known as "regulations" but what are really a series of acrostics and anagrams devised by some officials who got around a table one night and tried to be funny. "Here's a good gag!" one of them probably cried. "Let's make it so that as soon as a customer reaches the window with his package after his forty-five minutes in line, he has to go home again, touch some object made of wood, turn around three times, and then come back and stand in line again!" "No, no, that's too easy!" another objected. "Let's make it compulsory for the package to be wrapped in paper which is watermarked with Napoleon's coat of arms. We won't say anything about it until they get right up to the window, so there will be no danger of their bringing that kind of paper with them. Then they will have to go away again with their bundles, find some paper watermarked with Napoleon's coat of arms (of which there is none that I ever heard of), rewrap their bundles, and come back and stand in line again. What do you say to that!" This scheme probably threw the little group of officials into such a gale of merriment that they had to call the meeting off and send down for some more White Rock.

You can't tell me that the post-office regulations (to say nothing of those of the Custom House and Income Tax Bureau) were made with anything else in mind except general confusion. It must be a source of great chagrin to those in charge to think of so many people being able to stick a stamp on a letter and drop it into a mail box without any trouble or suffering at all. They are probably working on that problem at this very minute, trying to devise some way in which the public can be made to fill out a blank, stand in line, consult some underling who will refer them to a superior, and then be made to black up with burned cork before they can mail a letter. And they'll figure it out, too. They always have.

BUT at present their chief source of amusement is in torturing those unfortunates who find themselves with a package to send by mail. And with Christmas in the offing, they must be licking their chops with glee in very anticipation. Although bundles of old unpaid bills is about all anyone will be sending this Christmas, it doesn't make any difference to the P. O. Department. A package is a package, and you must suffer for it.

It wouldn't be a bad idea for those of us who have been through the fire to get together and cheat the officials out of their fun this year by sending out lists of instructions (based on our own experience) to all our friends, telling them just what they have got to look out for before they start to stand in line. Can you imagine the expression on the face of a post-office clerk if a whole line of people came up to his window, one by one, each with his package so correctly done up that there was no fault to find with it? He would probably shoot himself in the end, rather than face his superiors with the confession that he had sent no one home to do the whole thing over. And if his superiors shot themselves too it would not detract one whit from the joyousness of the Christmas tide.

So here are the things I have learned in my various visits to the Post Office. If you will send me yours and get ten friends to make a round robin of their experiences, we may thwart the old Government yet.



The wonder is that they have the courage to go on living at all.

Packages to be mailed abroad must be:

1. Wrapped in small separate packages, each weighing no more than one pound and seven-eighths (Eastern Standard Time), and each package to be tied with blue ribbon in a sheepshank knot. (Any sailor of fifteen years' experience will teach you to tie a sheepshank.)

2. The address must be picked out in blue, and reenforced with an insertion of blue ribbon, no narrower than three-eighths of an inch and no wider than five-eighths of an inch, and certainly not exactly four-eighths or one-half), or else you may have to stay and write it out a hundred times after the post office has closed.

3. The package, no matter what size, will have to be made smaller.

4. The package, no matter what size, will have to be made larger.

(In order to thwart the clerk on these last two points, it will be necessary to have packages of *all* sizes concealed in a bag slung over your back.)

5. The person who is mailing the package must approach the window with the package held in his right hand, extended toward the clerk one foot from the body, while with the left hand he must carry a small bunch of lilies of the valley, with a tag on them reading: "Love from—[name of sender]—to the U. S. Post Office."

6. The following ritual will then be adhered to, a deviation by a single word subjecting the sender to a year in Leavenworth or both:

Clerk's Question: Do you want to mail a package?
Sender's Answer: No, sir.
Q. What *do* you want to do?
A. I don't much care, so long as I can be with you.
Q. Do you like tick-tack-toe?
A. I'm crazy mad for it.
Q. Very well. We won't play that.
A. Aren't you being just a little bit petty?
Q. Are you criticizing *me?*
A. Sorry.
Q. And high time. Now what do you want?
A. *You,* dear.
Q. You get along with yourself. What's in your hand?
A. Flowers for you—*dear.*
Q. I know that. What's in the other hand?
A. I won't tell.
Q. Give it here this minute.
A. You won't like it.
Q. Give-it-here-this-minute, I say.

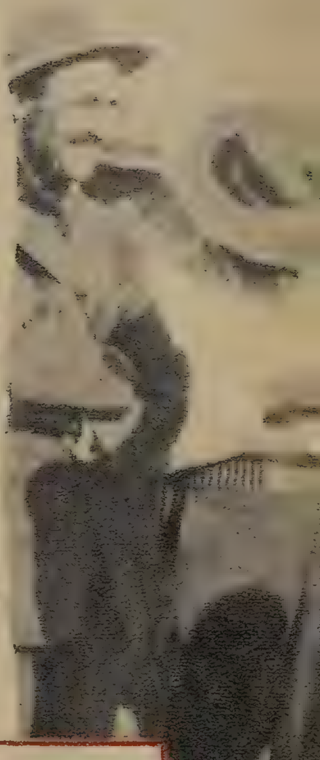
The sender reluctantly gives over the parcel.

Q. What do you want to do with this?
A. I want to take it home with me and wrap it up again.
Q. You leave it here, and *like it.*
A. Please give it back. Please, pretty please?
Q. I will do no such thing. You leave it here and I will mail it for you. And shut up!

The sender leaves the window, sobbing. The clerk, just to be mean, mails the package.

Another article by Mr. Benchley will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

The Charge of the LAST BRIGADE of Romance Riders



A HEADLINE HUNTER Adventure

By
FLOYD GIBBONS

(Reading time: 22 min. 8 sec.)

BRAVE men rushing recklessly and smilingly to Valhalla! Into the valley of death they rode, and into the mouth of hell . . . and the cannon volleyed and thundered. But it was more than six hundred men . . . it was a greater massacre than the Battle of Balaklava, in the Crimea, which Tennyson made immortal.

But there was no blunder in Mexico. It was sheer desperation. It was the only kind of military tactics that Villa knew. His strategy was that of a wild Indian. He had Indian blood in his veins. His wild savages tried to strike terror into the heart of the enemy by their own disregard for death.

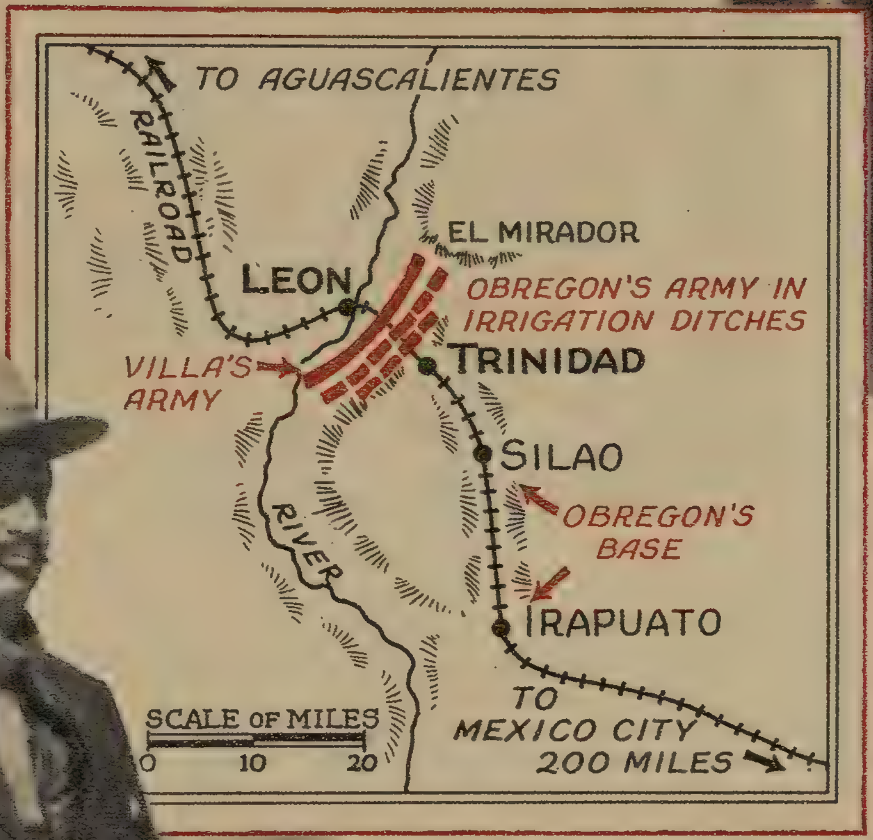
But this time the death of Villa's soldiers synchronized too perfectly with the deadly fire of the government troops. Nothing was left over for attack.

Three-fourths of a century converted the tragedy of the Charge of the Light Brigade in the Crimea into a historic event, a heroic thing. Brave men acted and died bravely without reasoning why.

And in Mexico that hot summer day, there too, thousands more died without rime or reason.

Brown Brothers photo

General Rodolfo Fierro, industrious chief of Villa's executioners.



The Villista and federal lines of battle and communications, described on page 62, are shown on this sketch map of the area.

Their charge, too, was heroic. But these poor devils will remain forgotten, the story of their bravery will not go down into legend or saga to inspire, thrill, or arouse sympathy. Unfortunately Mexico has no Tennyson, and I'm not a poet laureate. But I'll tell the story of that last battle of Pancho Villa.

Doc Wichman, that hard-fighting, romantic-looking giant, accompanied me back to the battle lines south of the city of León, where Pancho Villa's hard-pressed army, now 30,000 men, was facing an army of some 40,000 Carranzistas under the command of Gen-

Villa and aides in a merry mood near León just before the vain effort to stop General Obregon.

eral Alvaro Obregon, who was later to become President of Mexico. Villa was bringing up all reënforcements he could muster. The railroads were clogged with traffic. In spite of torn-up tracks and blown-out bridges the troop trains pushed southward—horses on the inside of the cattle cars, soldiers and women on the car tops, and the cowcatchers on the locomotives covered with adventure-seeking boys.

Those military trains represented one of the most picturesque phases of the revolution in Mexico.

THE more important commanders had private cars which had been the property in days gone by of railroad superintendents or government officials. Some of them had private trains for special use of their staffs and their bodyguards, their carriages and automobiles, their horses and their women. The vehicles were transported on flat cars. It reminded one of circus transportation to see a general's private train swing by.

One flat car near the rear would carry the general's limousine and his single-seated runabout. Another car would carry a touring car and an old-fashioned victoria. I saw one general who carried a high tallyho with six long seats on the top. In towns I saw it drawn about by eight military mules.

For his personal use Villa had the largest engine in northern Mexico. Two water-tank cars were carried on the train to supply the mogul with water. Two complete train crews, each man with his family, occupied two private cabooses. Villa's *escolta* (escort) rode in two first-class passenger coaches. Another car housed the general's headquarters' band of forty musicians—good ones.

The largest compartment in a private car was Villa's. It contained a brass bed so large that one wondered how it was ever assembled on the train. His secretaries, clerks, cooks, and waiters occupied berths in the other compartments. His staff had another private train.

Adjoining the general's private car was a yellow caboose, the interior of which was finished in white enamel. It was the barber shop. There was a modern white enamel barber chair, an abundance of mirrors and sanitary attachments, and a polished hardwood floor. The general's barber—Martinez by name—was the chief of that car. The general's barber was a general himself, having been made so in recognition of his excellent massages.

One-half of the barber car was occupied by three small brass beds, with canopies of pink mosquito netting. This compartment was called the "chicken coop." Youth and beauty were the qualifications of its occupants, who changed frequently. Pancho Villa had some of the characteristics of a sultan.

Villa's third private car was a freight car. It was the bathroom. It contained every modern sanitary plumbing attachment. A large white porcelain bathtub stood in one corner, and the floor and walls were covered with a linoleum giving the interior a tiled effect. There was a smile of boyish pride on Pancho Villa's round face the day he took me through his private bath car, pulling plugs and turning on the faucets to show me how well all this modern equipment worked. To a man whose previous acquaintance with plumbing had been limited to the sani-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-ONE]

tary arrangement of an outlaw's cave in the mountains, the comforts and accommodations of that bath car represented something that any general might be proud of.

A telegraph car adjoined the general's sleeping car at the rear and made up the quartet. Whenever the train stopped, the linemen connected the instruments to the wires beside the track, and the chief of the division of the north was immediately in communication with all parts of the domain.

In León, during the battle, which extended over some weeks, Villa spent part of his time in his headquarters train in the railroad yards and the rest of the time in elaborate offices in the City Hall, two miles away. I was there the day when he appeared on a second-story balcony on the broad façade of the cathedral called Nuesta Señora de la Luz—Our Lady of Light. Soldiers and peasants and priests cheered him as he made the unexpected statement that at last he believed religion was a thing as necessary to all men as their breath.

This was most startling, as his previous attitude toward churches and ecclesiastics in general had been exactly the opposite, and many were the wooden confessional boxes that had been torn out of churches under his orders and burned in the public square.

International photo

A sample of Mexican revolutionists in a skirmish charge at Zacatecas. Boys carried muskets along with their elders.

On that same day he presented another demonstration of his personal tastes when he sent a raiding party of soldiers to the largest *cantina* in León. The proprietor of the drinking place was executed in the street and all of his supplies were destroyed. Barrels of wine, demijohns of *tequila*, bottles of *aguardiente* and beer were broken open in the street until the gutters flowed with alcohol. Villa, himself, never drank and he despised tipplers. His prohibition outbreak in León had been occasioned by the fact that several of his staff officers had been served too much liquor in the *cantina* and had become hopelessly drunk.

With gambling, however, it was different. Hordes of gamblers followed his army wherever it went. And in León, during those days of his last stand, the games were wide open and the sky was the limit. The gamblers operated only with the permission of Pancho Villa, who had placed this most valuable concession into the hands of a character whom I can safely describe as the most cruel and bloodthirsty demon I have ever personally known.

HE was a general. His name was Rodolfo Fierro, and he was called *el Carnecero*—the Butcher. I am of the opinion that he, himself, killed more men than any single other person in Mexico. Murder was his mania and his delight. He was the chief of Pancho Villa's executioners and it was his pride and boast that all executions under his direction were managed with a professional *éclat*—with a dramatic touch—with real showmanship. He has been described as standing in mock sympathy over the prostrate form of a sentry found sleeping on duty. Drawing his revolver, he would become both sentimental and expansive, with the following observation:

"Look you, *señor*, the poor children of Pancho Villa work so hard for their great general that they are unconscious from fatigue. I will relieve this poor one from his arduous duties—from now on he shall sleep forever."

And so saying, he would place the muzzle close to the ear of the sleeping sentry and press the trigger.

That was Rodolfo Fierro, whose profits ran into millions of paper *pesos* garnered from the gambling tables.

I could never understand why any of Villa's generals needed special sources of income as long as the general controlled the printing presses and his own money-printing plant. Those Mexican *pesos* were worth about three cents apiece along the American border at that time. Billions of them were run off the printing presses. I used to buy mine from the army paymaster because I could get clean, uncut sheets—each sheet containing five twenty-*peso* bills. I used to tear off as many as were required to make a purchase. No merchant within the zone of the army could refuse them.

Silver money had practically disappeared from circulation. One revolutionary faction, however, having confiscated large quantities of bullion from a number of mines in the state of Chihuahua, started the coinage of silver dollars bearing the inscription, "Death to Huerta." The new coins, being apparently the same size and weight as the old Mexican silver dollar, were exchangeable at the old rate of forty-eight cents each in American money.

An American pawnbroker in El Paso, however, discovered that there was seventy-four cents' worth of silver in each of the dollars that could be bought for forty-eight cents. Before anyone else discovered the mistake, the pawnbroker had removed the three golden balls from his store, sent his two sons to college, and settled down to spend his declining years on an estate at Pasadena, California.

RODOLFO FIERRO must have had freight cars packed with money. On one of the days of the battle in front of León, I saw him brought back on a stretcher, wounded while leading a charge of his cavalry brigade. He survived the wound, however, and even survived the ultimate rout of Villa's army. His end came much later, when he had returned to the mountains and the desert as an outlaw.

He was swimming his horse across a swollen river when both he and the horse sank under the weight of rifles, pistols, cartridge belts, and bandoliers of cartridges. Rodolfo Fierro the Butcher slipped from the saddle and, weighted down by the arms and ammunition that he had used to execute so many men, was drowned. I shall always remember him as the hardest boiled egg I ever knew.

That battle in the once peaceful valley of Rio de León, where Pancho Villa met his Waterloo at the hands of Obregon, was the last engagement of major importance that Fierro ever took part in. In that battle, the opposing forces were drawn up in two parallel lines of steel fifteen miles long. The artillery strength of both sides amounted to about eighty cannon, and at one time or another during the prolonged combat, fifty thousand men charged and countercharged across a plain strewn with dead and dying.

The contest had been fierce from the start and the bloody nature of that struggle for Mexican supremacy decreased but little during the subsequent days. Both sides lost heavily in dead and wounded. There were no means of computing the losses other than to say that they extended into thousands. The opposing factions each gained and lost advantages—the tide of victory flowing back and forth across the battlefield.

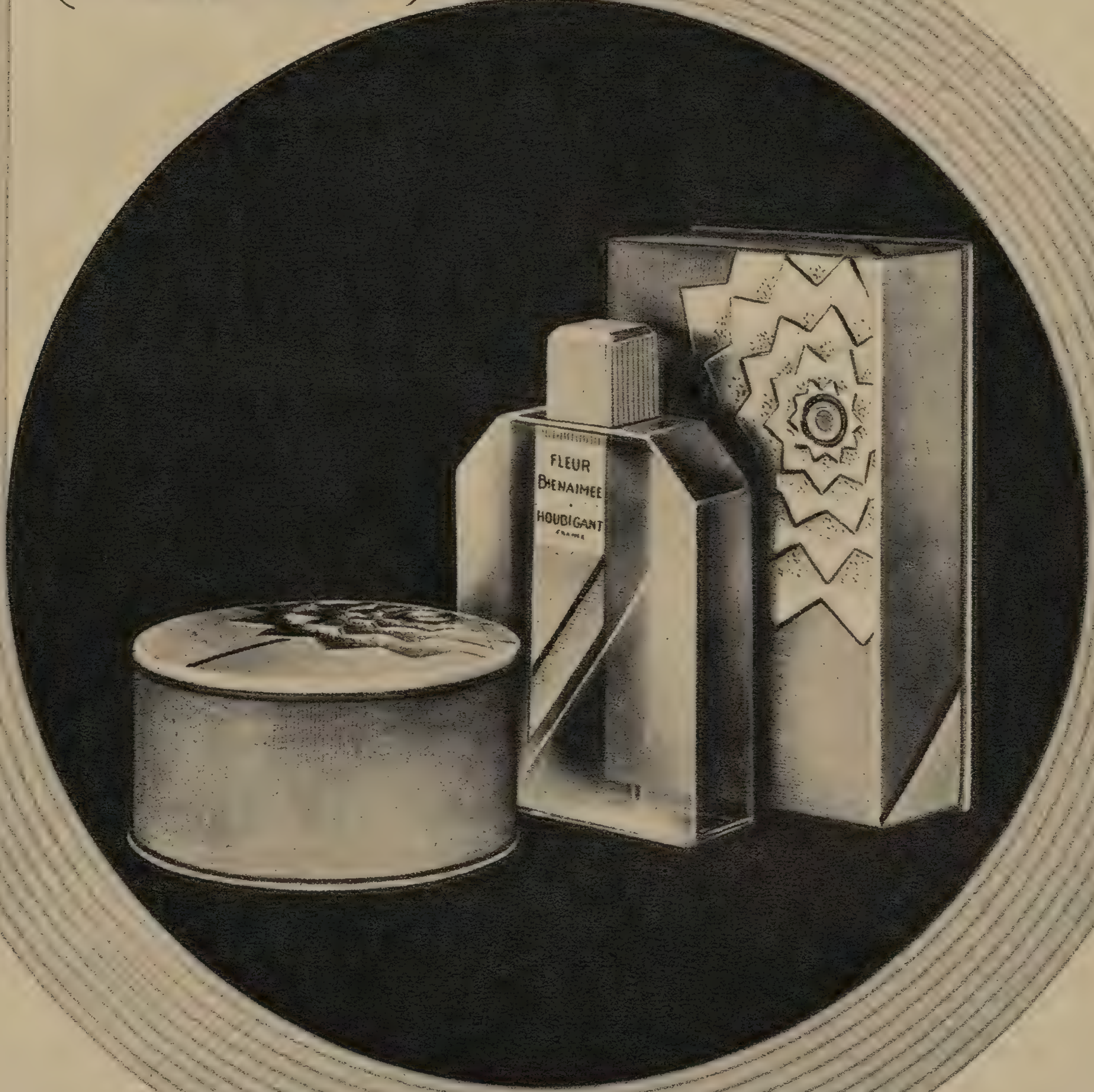
The battle front was between the railroad stations of León and Trinidad, the valley extending to the east and west. Villa's headquarters were at León, with Aguascalientes as his base of operations.

To the east, the first railroad point held by Obregon was Trinidad, with Silao and Irapuato as his bases. The railroad bisected Villa's firing line about six miles east of León. A thousand yards beyond were the irrigation ditches occupied by the Carranzistas.

For three weeks the contending forces had maneuvered

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-FOUR]

FLEUR BIENAIMEE
(*Beloved Flower*)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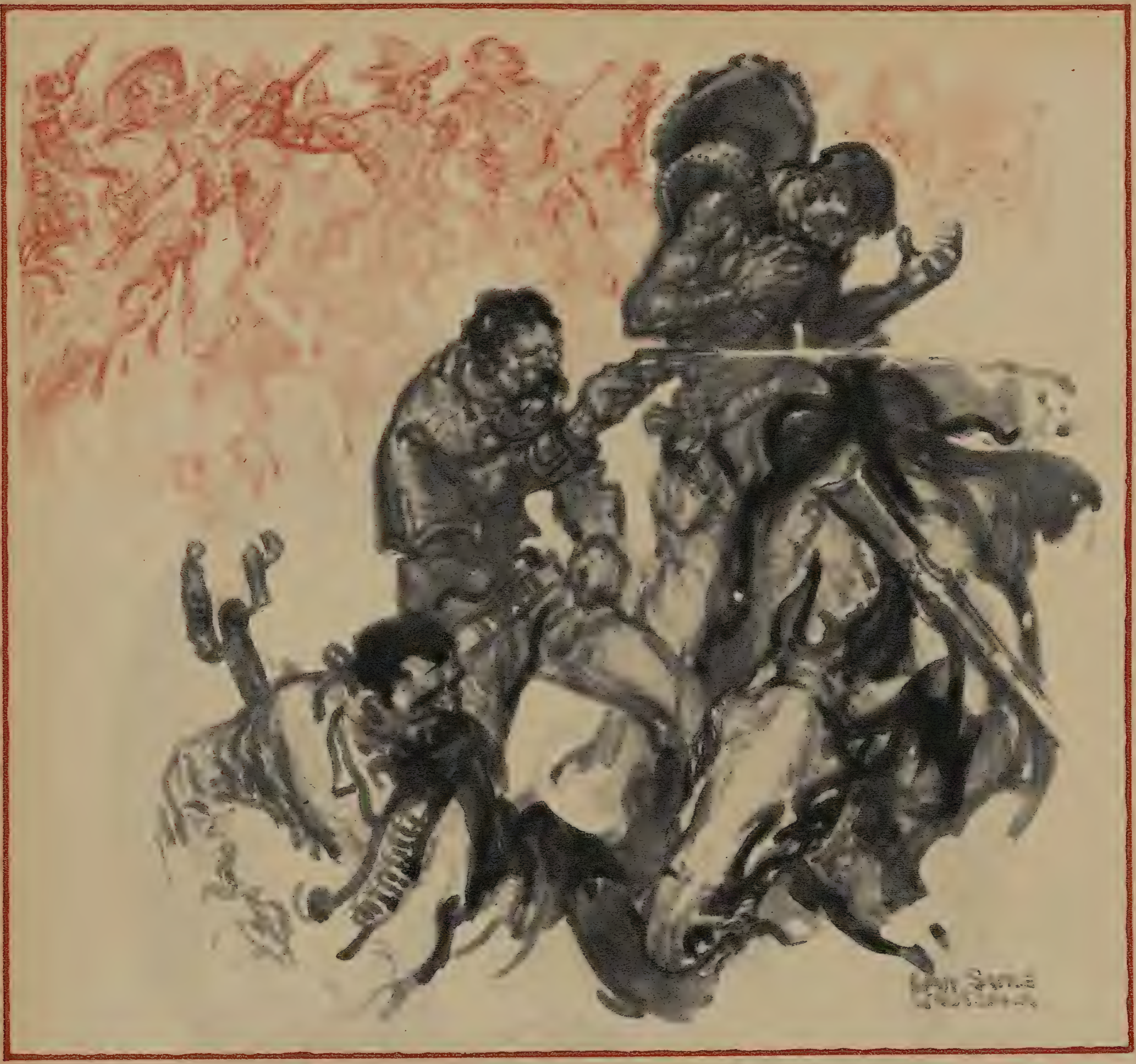

Picture by Dan Sayre Groesbeck

That murderous day I saw three successive waves dash themselves to pieces on the ramparts.

THE CHARGE OF THE LAST BRIGADE OF ROMANCE RIDERS
Continued from page sixty-two

for positions in the valley and there had hardly been a day in which there were not attacks at one part of the line or another.

General Angeles was sponsor for the defensive tactics which proved irksome to the Villistas, who were accustomed to push the fighting. The tactics, however, succeeded in stopping Obregon's advance into Villa territory and also elevated the morale of the Villa troops, which had been somewhat jarred by the defeat at Celaya.

I rode out of León with the staff of General Angeles as the Villistas took the aggressive. The column advanced with horses at the walk on account of orders not to arrive at the front before darkness.

The news of the impending battle of the next day had spread through the haciendas and small farms, and hundreds of country people were flocking to the city. Their burros and oxcarts, loaded down with women and children and household goods, almost blocked the road.

We reached a point near the northern extremity of the line at dusk. The horses were unsaddled at the base of a small mountain called El Mirador and blankets were unrolled in a gully.

The uppermost peak of El Mirador was capped with a small white turret of limerock to which the religious country folk in other days made pilgrimages for the saying of prayers or the execution of unusual penances. The stone structure overlooked the entire valley. A yellow dab of light shone in one window of the roundhouse.

Major Soloman, the veterinarian of the Angeles brigade and my companion at the Battle of Ramones, told me that Generals Villa and Angeles had preceded us by automobile and had established headquarters in the white house on the mountain.

A SHABBY vehicle of the victoria type, much in need of paint and drawn by five plodding mules, drew up in the camp. It contained baskets of food and four servants for the officers' mess. Each man who partook of the food extracted bread and meat and onions for his *asistente*—the man who took care of his horse. Those faithful *mozos* (servants) had no arrangements for their commissary and depended upon what their employers saved for them.

Save for the howling of disturbed coyotes on the hills and the muffled clank of accouterments in the road that wound about the base of El Mirador, the night was still. There was no firing. A half moon shone placidly on the scene.

Soloman and I moved our bedding off an ant hill whose occupants had made vicious objection to our presence.

"There will be no moon by midnight," Soloman said.

"The troops are to be moved up in the darkness. Villa has ordered the attack to begin from this flank. Obregon will be surprised when he wakes up and finds General Gonzalez and eight thousand men right under his guns. There's going to be some fight tomorrow."

Men's voices speak to horses, cursing and coaxing. A boy blows an involved call on the bugle. A laugh. They are singing the defiant, rollicking *La Cucaracha* again. The song comes back through the sweet, thin smell of the dust their horses have disturbed. They are disappearing like wine evaporating on black velvet. They are riding the night raid, grinning at the tortures of the desert and eager for the sharp taste of battle. They are singing *La Cucaracha.* And every living thing knows they are the *dorados*—the golden ones who fight and die under the cruel leadership of Mexico's greatest bandit chief. They are more than that—these singing ones. They are the last riders of romance. They go to make the final stand for melodrama. *Adios, compañeros valientes!* The stain of the wine fades from the black velvet. But it takes the live color with it. *Adios!*

A mist was coming over the valley as the gray light that precedes the rising sun came over the hills behind the Obregon army. It was five o'clock as the surprised Carranzistas fired the opening shots on the foe that had crept up in the night.

THE firing started near the center of the line. In fifteen minutes it had increased from a sputtering to a roar extending the entire fifteen miles of the opposing entrenchments.

Immediately Obregon's cannon began to speak from a rolling mound of earth behind the Carranzista center. Villa's artillery, which had also moved up in the night, responded in like manner. With field glasses one could see the fountains of dust that sprang up on the red hill, indicating that the pieces had the range.

"The doctor and I are going up near the center and take care of some wounded," Soloman told me. "I have ordered your horse so you can go with us." Five minutes later the three of us, with two *asistentes* on mules, were making our way across a plowed field in the direction of the firing. We stopped to bind up a gash in the head of an infantryman who had started for the rear, but had been forced to lie down on account of the loss of blood.

Farther on, in an irrigation ditch, eight feet deep, we came upon the Villista cavalry waiting for orders. Ten feet away from the ditch no one could tell that it was occupied. There were two men with minor wounds which the doctor did not think deserving of immediate treatment.

I was surprised when Soloman and the doctor drove their horses up the side of the ditch and on across the field and beyond. A quarter of a mile farther was a one-story farmhouse

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THE CHARGE OF THE LAST BRIGADE OF ROMANCE RIDERS

Continued from page sixty-five

and a large room full of wounded. They were lying on the earth floor. Down the road leading to it from the south ambulances were bearing more.

In the yard was a well, about which a company of unarmed soldiers were lying on the ground. They were the men who waited to take the places and guns of dead men.

This was as far as I had expected they would allow me to accompany them, but after cleansing and binding the wounds of the men in the house, the doctor said he would go closer to the line. Soloman gave me a Red Cross band for my left arm, in addition to the green ribbon which was the Villista insigne of the day.

We started down the side of the road leading south across the valley and on a line converging with the battle front. Litter bearers and limping soldiers filled the road. A mile and a half south the road met another at right angles and at a point not 500 feet from the first trenches.

It was the field headquarters of General Gonzalez, whom the soldiers called "Gonzalito" on account of his youth and small stature. A cactus plant not ten feet in height was the only thing that resembled shelter within half a mile behind the first trench. A field telephone was attached to this plant.

Gonzalez was dictating an order over the instrument when we galloped up. Around the cactus the ground was covered with wounded. There must have been fifty men who had been carried from the trenches to this exposed spot. The lack of shelter was not appreciated at that time while only rifle fire was being directed toward the trench, but later, when the Carranzistas began shelling the position, it was fully realized.

Soloman and the doctor started immediately with bandages and antiseptics. I assisted where I could, just for the purpose of having something to do. It was hardly the place to stop and take deliberate observations. This participation and the Red Cross on my arm caused unattended wounded to call to me. I had observed the doctor and Soloman long enough to learn that peroxide, iodine, and a bandage were the only treatments administered, so with two little bottles and a dozen bandages I started in on those lying in the doubtful protection of the cactus plant.

IT was surprising to note the number of bullet wounds that were not serious. The first object of my attention was a boy ten years old. A bullet had torn the flesh on the inner side of his left arm and grazed his shoulder; another had passed the left side of the neck, the blood had dried on the wound, and the shirt was sticking to the skin.

The only pain he seemed to experience showed when I pulled the shirt off. He winced at the first burn of the iodine, but seemed otherwise fit when he stood up with two bandages, which I had amateurishly applied, stripping the torn remnants of his shirt from his waist. He picked up his gun and went back toward the line.

Four soldiers, with a blanket suspended from their guns, stepped over the wounded and lowered an inert bundle beside me. One look at the man in the blanket cautioned me to point to the doctor and to Soloman. To me it looked as if half of the man's face had been shot off. He was alive, but I doubt if he remained so long. I thought it best to confine my attention to holes through the fleshy parts of limbs. Without moving many feet from where I had started, I had disposed of almost half of my second dozen of bandages when the Carranzista artillery opened up on the trenches in front of us. Their range was long for the trenches, but bad with respect to our position. The first shell burst 100 feet in front of us.

I must confess that without further ado I dropped to the ground behind the cactus, which would have given as much protection as so much pasteboard. Around me I saw every man bend to his knees and either drop flat on the ground or to his hands and knees. Even those wounded who were writhing in pain ceased their groans and tried to crouch.

A piece of shell then tore the hind leg off a pack mule standing fifty feet behind us and stampeded the horses. The doctor's *asistente* lost his horse in the stampede. I finished the rest of my bandages in haste.

I felt sorry for the wounded remaining unattended, but will have to admit that the doctor's announcement that he had expended his store of bandages was a welcome one to me.

We departed down the road we had come. I could not help observing that—punch my horse as I would—I could not pass either Soloman or the doctor. We heard the song of the shell particles three times before we reached the hacienda where we had left the first wounded. We waited there for the doctor's *asistente* who, on account of losing his horse, had to cross that field on foot.

There were two automobiles in the farmyard. They were carrying ammunition to the center of the line. Against the doctor's advice the driver of the first machine started out across the open road we had traversed.

Half a mile south we saw a streak of dust rise from the roadside as a shell struck the ground not far from him. He swung his machine to the right and took to the plowed field. The car was bounding from one furrow to another as the driver sent it across the field at full speed.

We saw him reach the rise of the irrigation ditch, struggle with the brakes on the brink of it, and then car and driver plunged out of sight. It was the trench in which we had seen the cavalry waiting earlier in the morning.

As if the plunge of the automobile had been the signal—which, of course, it was not—a line of horsemen three miles long climbed out of the trench and in fairly straight formation started a mad gallop across the field.

As the galloping line neared the hacienda a gap formed in the center so that it passed on both sides of us. The dust clouds brought shells from Carranzistas. A dozen of them burst over the line, tearing gaps in it at places. Horses and riders sprawled on the ground.

THREE times that day I saw successive brigades of Villista cavalry charge across that battlefield against the stoutly defended ditches of the enemy. Obregon's forces were well equipped with machine guns and thousands of casualties were inflicted.

Villa's repeated orders for these cavalry charges seemed foolhardy and extreme to me, as all element of surprise was lacking and it seemed absolutely hopeless to expect that any of those dashing riders could reach their objective.

Each time the bugle sounded and the long line of horsemen galloped forward, shouting battle cries, waving sabers, or firing from the saddle as they rode, the ominous staccato, the ripping, riveting sound of the Carranzista machine guns would open up—sporadic at first, with scattered bursts of lead, but gradually increasing until the volume of fire reached the crescendo of a roar as a perfect hailstorm of leaden pellets swept the field.

Dozens of horses would plunge to the ground as their bullet-shattered legs crumpled beneath them. Animals and riders would roll in the dust, struggling to rise to their feet, only to be knocked down and trampled upon by the next galloping line that followed.

Throughout the afternoon of that murderous day, I saw three successive waves frantically dash themselves to pieces on the ramparts of the irrigation ditches. And in those few instances where surviving groups were able to hurl themselves down upon the enemy, they were overcome by superior numbers.

I WATCHED the fight from the first-line infantry trenches and three times I saw the scattered remnants of the charge drag themselves back to the protection of the ditches we occupied. Riderless horses with wide-flying stirrups, some with the saddles under their bellies, caught the fright and swept back from the devastating fire of the machine guns.

Dr. Wichman and I administered first aid to hundreds of wounded that day.

There was a curious disparity in the ages of the foot soldiers in that front-line trench—some were boys in their early teens and to me it seemed that they were hardly big enough to lift and fire the battered and rusty Mauser rifles. Others were old men—gray-haired and gray-mustached veterans of long years of revolution.

I bound up the shoulder of one who had been punctured by a bullet. In spite of his wound he had not left his position and while I fixed the bandage and stopped the flow of blood, he smiled his gratefulness. Then he reached forward and took the felt hat from my head. We were both crouching behind the parapet. He placed the hat on the muzzle of his rifle and held it above the parapet. The hat jumped violently and the wounded man lowered the rifle to show me a bullet hole through the crown.

After midnight the firing died down to a few stray shots as the majority of the combatants on both sides wrapped themselves in their serapes and lay down in their trenches to gain strength for the continuance of the battle on the next day.

Next week Mr. Gibbons will tell how he lay under ten tons of dynamite with shells falling fast and how he risked a Villa firing squad order by carrying a plea for peace to the border.

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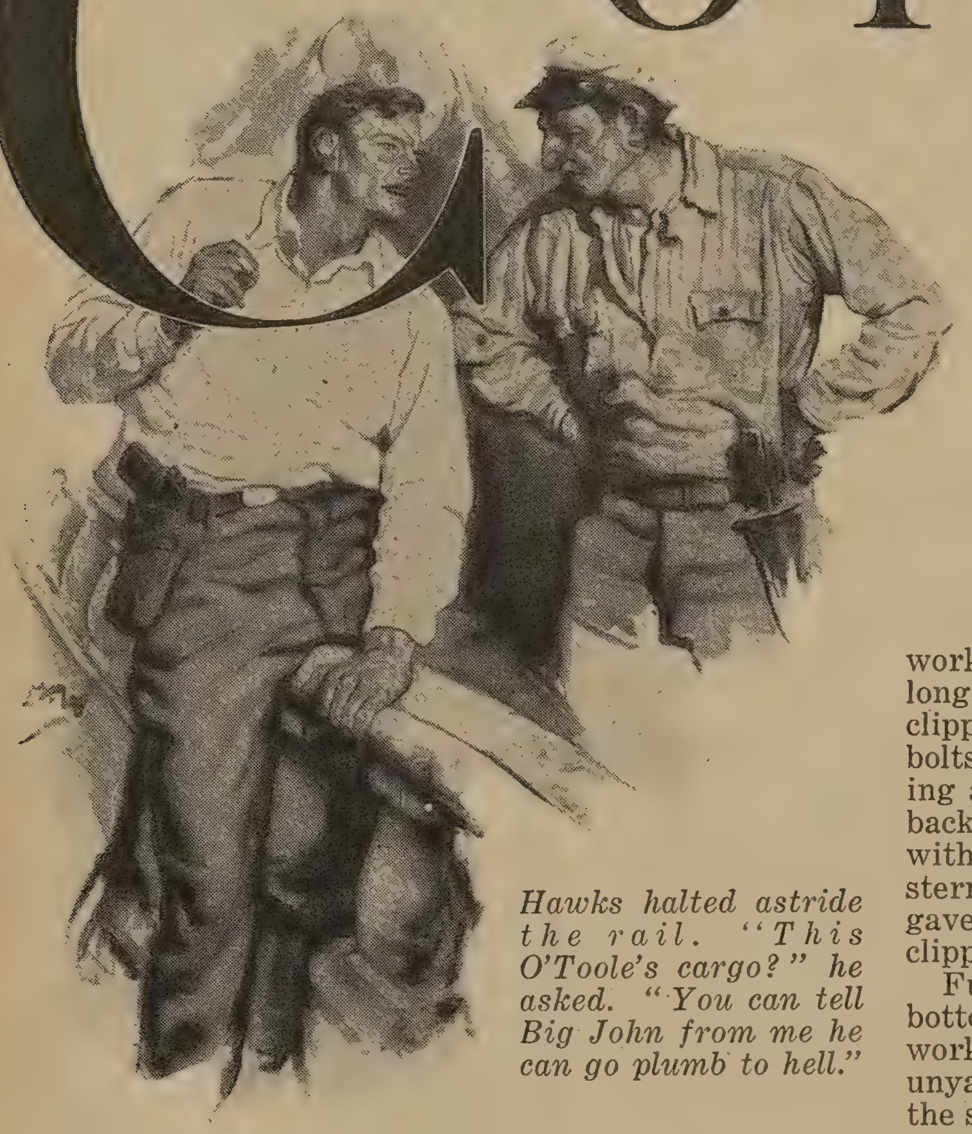


Hawks halted astride the rail. "This O'Toole's cargo?" he asked. "You can tell Big John from me he can go plumb to hell."

The Love Story of a Modern Buccaneer

By

WALTON GREEN

Pictures by E. F. WARD

(Reading time: 28 minutes 8 seconds.)

THIS is the story of John Hawks, college athlete who turned ocean hijacker. His rich pal, Chub Hopping, became his partner, and his underworld friends, Slim Hermann and Sophy Kolof, his helpers. John has decided to loot a three-master bound for waters near Miami.

PART TEN—A PIRATE'S HAUL

THE Nosila rolled and pitched in the ground swell of the shoal water off the Florida Keys. It was thirty-three hours later, and about ten o'clock of a hot and sunny morning. Havana lay two hundred miles to the southwest, and dead ahead, although they had just come from there. For their course from that port had described a fishhook arc to the east, leaving Cay Sal Bank and Orange Cay to port, and then circling shoreward until they again headed southwest.

The maneuver had a reason. Boats carrying contraband are far less suspicious of other craft which approach them head on from the opposite direction than they are of vessels overhauling them from astern. Why, it would be hard to say—the fear-engendering suggestion of pursuit, perhaps, evoked by the ship that overtakes you from the rear.

John Hawks had employed this stratagem whenever conditions permitted. Not only did it allay suspicion, but it shortened immeasurably the time for getting to grips once the enemy was sighted; gave him less time to think and to organize resistance.

John stood on the bridge and searched the horizon with his glasses. The bridge looked different from the way it had looked in port. The storm-window sides of the pilot house had been unhinged and stowed, and only the breast-high rail and wind dodger presented its profile to the world.

The whole ship, in fact, looked different. She was dressed now in what Mr. Hopping liked to call her working clothes. Her silhouette was a full twenty feet longer, fourteen of it gained at the stem with a lovely clipper bow—a false nose of white canvas lashed to ringbolts in the topsails six feet abaft the true bow, and covering a disappearing bowsprit which could be run out and back at will, as one might distend the finger of a glove with a pencil. And a few more feet were gained at the stern by means of a falsework counter and taffrail which gave her an overhang nicely in keeping with her clipper bow.

Furthermore, two of her lifeboats were now lashed bottom up on top of the housing abaft the funnel, and the work boats and new launch dangled awkwardly and unyachtily from davits left conveniently outboard. Also, the small round black funnel had grown into a large oval tan-colored funnel. This dummy funnel, big and squat, was made of canvas stretched over hoops, instantly collapsible and quickly stowable.

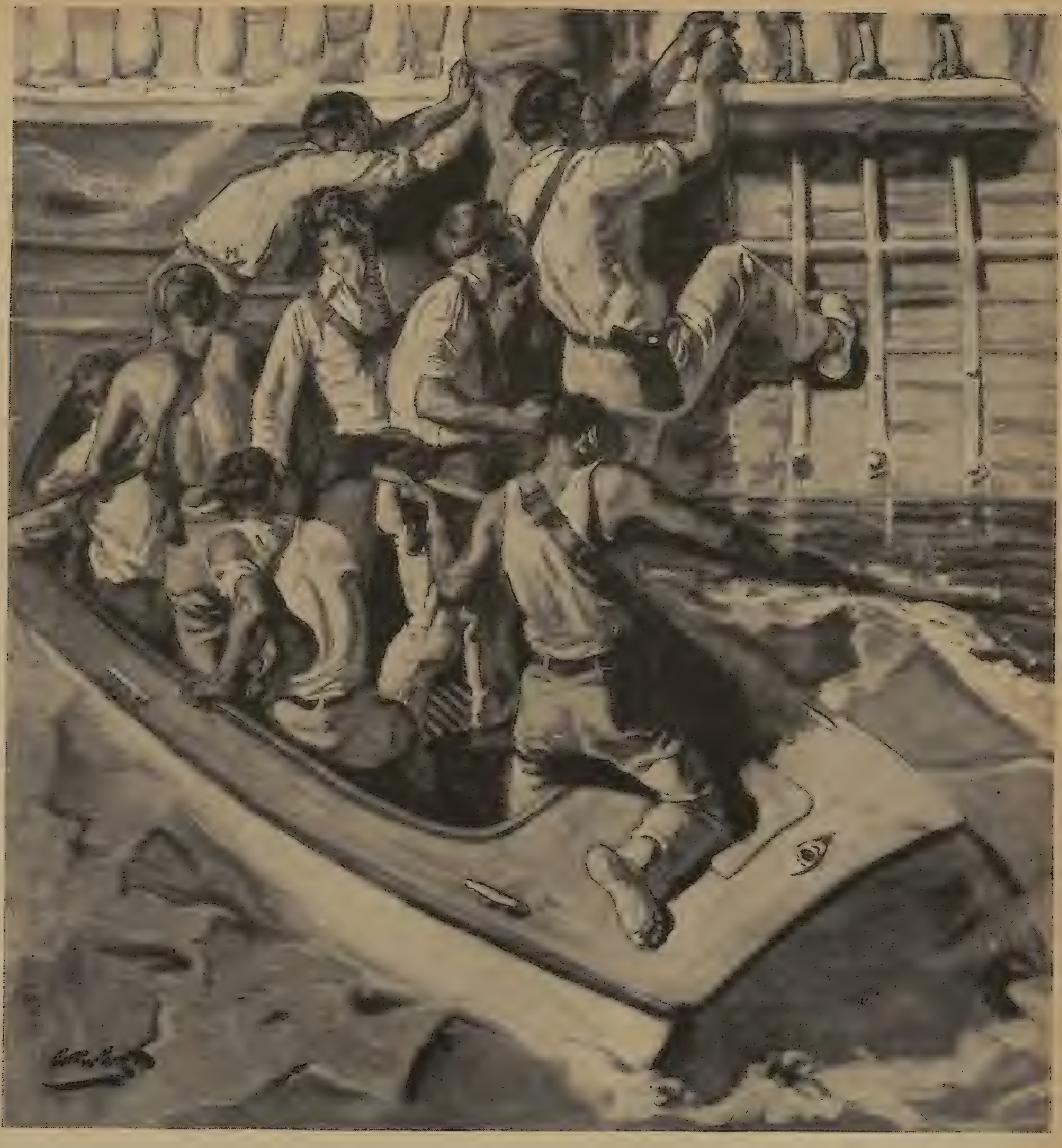
The commodious afterdeck, which had been built on her at Corambia along with the deckhouses, was the same as at Havana. But again it did not look the same. For the high canvas-sided brass railings had been folded down to the deck on their hinged uprights, thus lowering the visible freeboard of the vessel by a good four feet.

Portholes and deadlights in the sides were stopped with white-painted wooden plugs. The wireless mast and signal yard had been shipped, and two squat and hinged cargo derricks, one on the forward and the other on the after deck, had been raised into somewhat precarious position and stayed to ringbolts and bittheads.

Just clearing the tops of the lifeboats lashed to the deckhouse were two excellent pom-poms, or river guns, which disappeared—after the fashion of submarine rifles—into compartments abaft the dummy smokestack. Four Stokes mortars, and an assortment of small arms and ammunition were similarly stowed in the ten-inch 'tween-decks space beneath the new afterdeck, but readily accessible under flush and invisible deck hatches.

AND, as last touches, the erstwhile gleaming white of her topsides was now dingy with broad streaks of coal dust and rubiginous splashes of calcimine tinting paint, both of which could be hosed and scrubbed off in short order. And the bright gold of the name Nosila—composed, by the way, of gilded letters of wood which bolted into position—had been replaced by the name of Swallow, in letters of muddy black. The criminal mind has ever a romantic slant to it, and John Hawks' was no exception.

The Nosila now appeared—from afar, at least—only another of the small and nondescript cargo steamers that ply in southern seas. Certainly she had lost the staring identity of the converted chaser which had entered the port of Corambia; and certainly she bore little



He clamped his teeth into the mouthpiece of his gas mask and sprang for the mizzen chains of the schooner.

outward resemblance to the trim house boat that had cleared from Havana the night before last.

John Hawks lowered his glasses.

"Not a blessed thing in sight," he said discontentedly.

Captain Runker picked up the glass in turn.

"Schooner to the south'ard heading this way," he said laconically. "That'll be your boat, I expect."

"Oh!" exclaimed John, abashed. "I guess the sun was in my eyes."

"Huh," grunted Captain Ben.

"How long before we meet?" asked John.

"She's hull down yet, and we're only going half speed. Soon's I kin see to her water line it'll be about twenty minutes, if she holds her course. Yeah—I c'n make her better now. She's running wing and wing. Yeup, that's your three-masted whiskero, all right, mister."

"Good. Do just like you did last time, Ben, and don't round-to until I tell you. And take the wheel yourself, will you? Ericson, you go below and turn out the crew. I want all hands on deck for five minutes. Stop at Mr. Hopping's stateroom and tell him I want him aft at once."

"Leave one man in the engine room," counterordered the skipper gruffly.

"Sure," said John. "I didn't think. Give her full ahead when you like."

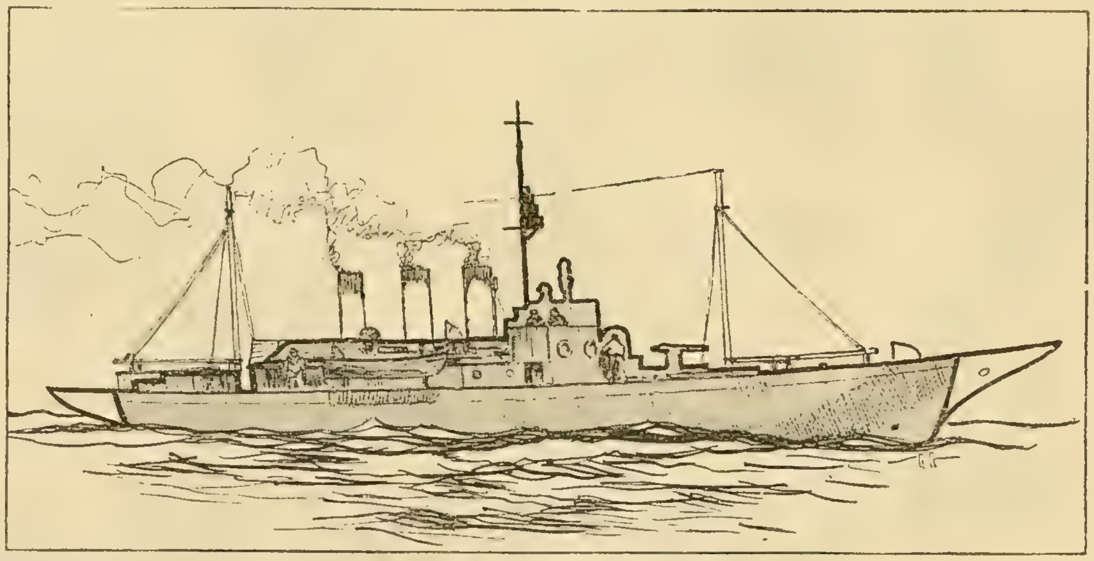
He walked aft, knocked the dottle from his pipe, and lighted a cigarette—sure sign of approaching action. The men turned out on deck by ones and twos. Mr. Hopping, with a thick hunk of cheese in one hand and a piece of pilot bread as large as a saucer in the other, ambled moodily up, and took his station beside his chief.

"Men," began Hawks curtly, "I want to make a few things clear, specially for the new hands we shipped this trip. Crew bonus on top of wages is the same—fifteen per cent of the price got for each haul. And that's

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

CORSAIR
Continued from page sixty-nine

divided according to length of service, just like before. But here's the chief thing: Don't let any of you huskies get the idea we carry any real money on this hooker." He smiled gently and gave this time to percolate. "We don't take money at sea any more—not since the time Olaf Hansen—er—left the ship." Some of the older hands grinned reminiscently. "Mr. Hopping collects from the buyers ashore, and only brings enough cash aboard to pay off you men. Get that?"



An artist's sketch of the Nosila. The shaded area shows the real vessel; the heavy lines, bow and stern, the disguising falsework.

"It's not that we don't trust you," added Hopping sweetly, "but only that if anyone wants to start something, why—"

"—why you'd better start it among yourselves," finished John with a brilliant and dangerous smile. "All right. Any questions? No? Well, I'm going to take a ship in about ten minutes now. There may be a battle this time, 'cause I'm told she's armed. Ericson, you can take the starboard gun today—I want the captain at the wheel. Murphy and Baldessi, set up the mortars. Levinski, take two men and pass out rifles. And not a man-jack on the ship to show, except the captain and myself. All right—stations! Snap into it, men."

They snapped into it. Johnny lighted another cigarette from the butt of the last and returned to the bridge. The schooner was a half mile away.

"Hasn't altered her course," stated the skipper, "but there's a bunch around the wheel an' the old man's got his glasses on us."

John reached up behind him for the whistle cord and pulled a single blast.

"Huh-huh," approved the skipper, altering his course sharply to starboard, "it'll make him feel better if he thinks we ain't looking to pass him too close aboard. Want to take her, mister?"

"Yes," said John, taking the wheel, "just for the fun of swinging round on him."

The captain leaned over the dodger and disposed of his quid with a plopping sound not unlike that of a small pneumatic gun. Then he drew a slab of Piper Heidsick from his hip pocket and worried off another great chunk. He was now all set for several hours.

THE schooner was abeam of them and three hundred yards distant. Captain Ben, his arms folded carelessly on the breast-high railing, waved one hand in lazy salute. The helmsman of the schooner lowered his glasses and waved in return. He could be seen putting his glasses back in their case. The knot of men beside him broke up and walked for'ard. The distance between the vessels widened.

"What d'you say, Ben? About right?"

"I reckon."

John put his wheel smartly to port and swung his ship on a wide circle toward the schooner's wake.

"Talk to him, Ben," he commanded.

Ben yanked down on the pennant cord and broke out the international code letters meaning "Heave to." The master of the schooner reached for his glasses again; then he began yelling. Men tumbled aft and tore feverishly at the 'paulins covering a machine gun.

"Take the wheel, Ben." John's voice was quiet, but his eyes were dancing joyfully. "I'm off in a minute. Hey, Chub," he called down, "give him a blank."

The port gun yapped. The sailing vessel held her course.

"Real one through his rigging," commanded John. The starboard gun yapped, and a hole showed near the throat of the schooner's mainsail. Still she held her course.

In the next instant a continuous cracking sound opened over John's head, as of a hundred whips being snapped in rapid succession. The wooden grip of one of the wheel spokes flew off in splinters. The captain shifted his untouched hand and spat with energy.

"Never did like them machine guns," he said petulantly. John laughed.

"All right, Chub—give 'em the gas," he called.

HOPPING, who was standing up in defiance of orders—standing full up and working his hand movie camera at the fighting group in the stern of the schooner, did not so much as move his head from the eyepiece.

"Right-o, boss," he answered, and then, to the kneeling sailors on either side of him:

"Hey, you big squareheads, give 'em the sob stuff."

Grinning delightedly, the Swedes yanked the lanyards of their trench mortars. The mortars plopped with the subdued detonations of their light propelling charges, and the slow, high trajectory of the bombs could be followed as easily as the batted ball of a home run. One shell landed astern. Three exploded on the deck of the schooner, now scarcely seventy-five yards ahead of them.

"Oh, my pineapples—my lovely pineapples!" crooned Chub in mournful ecstasy.

"Another round," called John, "and cover me with the boarding party. Come on, you devils!"

He raced to the starboard side. The launch, already lowered away, her motor running, her stern awash, and her bow towing from her davit falls, was half full of men. They all wore regulation police gas masks.

John dropped into the stern sheets, the davit blocks were cast off, and they tore snorting and snapping in the wake of the schooner. A V-shaped shield of light steel protected them from anything except a plunging fire. They rounded under the stern of the schooner.

"Give 'em some more eggs," commanded Johnny. "Two of you stay here; rest follow me." He clamped his teeth into the mouthpiece of his gas mask and sprang for the mizzen chains of the schooner. Three men clawed their way up after him.

As his head came over the rail he could have been shot a dozen times. But there was no one left to shoot. Hopping's pineapples, and the close-range barrage of hand grenades from the launch, had done the trick. There was enough tear gas loose on that vessel to put an acre of men out of action.

The skipper had dropped the wheel and was pawing at his eyes and coughing and retching abominably. The three other seamen on deck were in like plight, stumbling blindly about and cursing mightily. John tossed a couple of grenades down the main companion, and grabbed the loose wheel. One of his men ran forward and immobilized the for'castle hatch with the same medicine.

That ended it. There was no thought of resistance. The boarding party took charge of the ship—jibed over the mizzen, brought her on the wind, and let her lay to with sheets slacked and forestaysail aback. Three more work boats arrived from the Nosila. The deckload of whisky—half dozens sewed in gunny sacking—went over the side with the hand-to-hand speed born of much practice.

At the end of ten minutes John judged the decks clear of gas. He removed his mask, and took a sniff.

"Masks off," he ordered. He turned to the stricken crew. "Don't go below and you'll be all right soon," he advised pleasantly. "Cap'n, if you'd 'a' swung into the wind after the first shell you wouldn't have carried the gas along with you."

The master snarled at him, incoherent and vicious.

"Don't forget it next time," grinned Johnny amiably, "and stay right where you are with your men. We'll be out of your way pretty quick now."

In another half hour they were clear of the schooner. They had not disturbed the cargo in the hold. All Hawks wanted was the deckload, and only two-thirds of it at that. The make-up of the deckload—thanks to Slim—he had known to the last bottle. He took only enough to fill Ludington's order—two hundred dozen of assorted Scotch and Henessey Three Star—neatly and compactly sacked in bundles of sixes.

Just before he went over the side, John grabbed a capstan bar and smashed the trigger and firing-pin assembly of the Browning.

"Sorry to spoil your little popgun, cap'n, but you were shooting much too straight with the blamed thing. And don't start any sniping when we pull away—there's a little fat man on my boat that's just ornery enough to sink you. Well, so long."

He swung one leg over the stern and set his foot on the top rung of the Jacob's ladder which his men had rigged from the taffrail. The captain was recovering his voice.

"I KNOWED you when you come aboard, Braughan, an' if Big John O'Toole don't get yer for this job, I'm a Dutchman."

Hawks halted astride the rail.

"This O'Toole's cargo?" he asked pleasantly. He drew a cigarette from his pocket and tapped it carefully on the rail.

"Listen here, cap'n," he continued gently. "You can tell Big John from me that he can go plumb to hell, and that Bigger John says he's the first Irishman he ever knew that did all his fighting with his mouth."

Hawks struck a match, lighted his cigarette, and climbed quietly down the ladder.

Back on the Nosila, Captain Runker got under way in a hurry.

"Altogether too many ships in these waters," he grumbled. "I've seen six vessels while you was working. We might run into a destroyer from Key West any minute."

"Well, we haven't," said John tranquilly.

"No, but it's onhealthy to be hove to any longer'n we have to. Where we heading from here, mister?"

"Gun Cay—or, rather, twenty-five miles west of it. Due on that position tonight. Plenty of time, haven't you?"

"Uh-huh."

"Well, I'll go aft and start cleaning ship. We're far enough away to begin."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

AND I WARNED HIM ONLY YESTERDAY THAT A BODY WAS FOOLISH TO RUN AROUND IN KNEE LENGTH MEDIUMS THIS TIME O' YEAR
UGH-! BONESET TEA!
COUGH COUGH

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Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

CORSAIR
Continued from page seventy-one

In scarcely more than twenty minutes the Nosila was her white and sprightly self again. The falsework at the stern and the dummy funnel were left to the last against the chance of observation from the looted schooner.

The liquor sacks were stacked four deep around the edges of the canvas-covered rails—half of them on the for'ard and half on the after deck. They took up surprisingly little room, and they were conveniently accessible for transshipment that night.

John stood alongside Hopping. Hopping was checking the count of the sacks. A sailor ran down from the bridge.

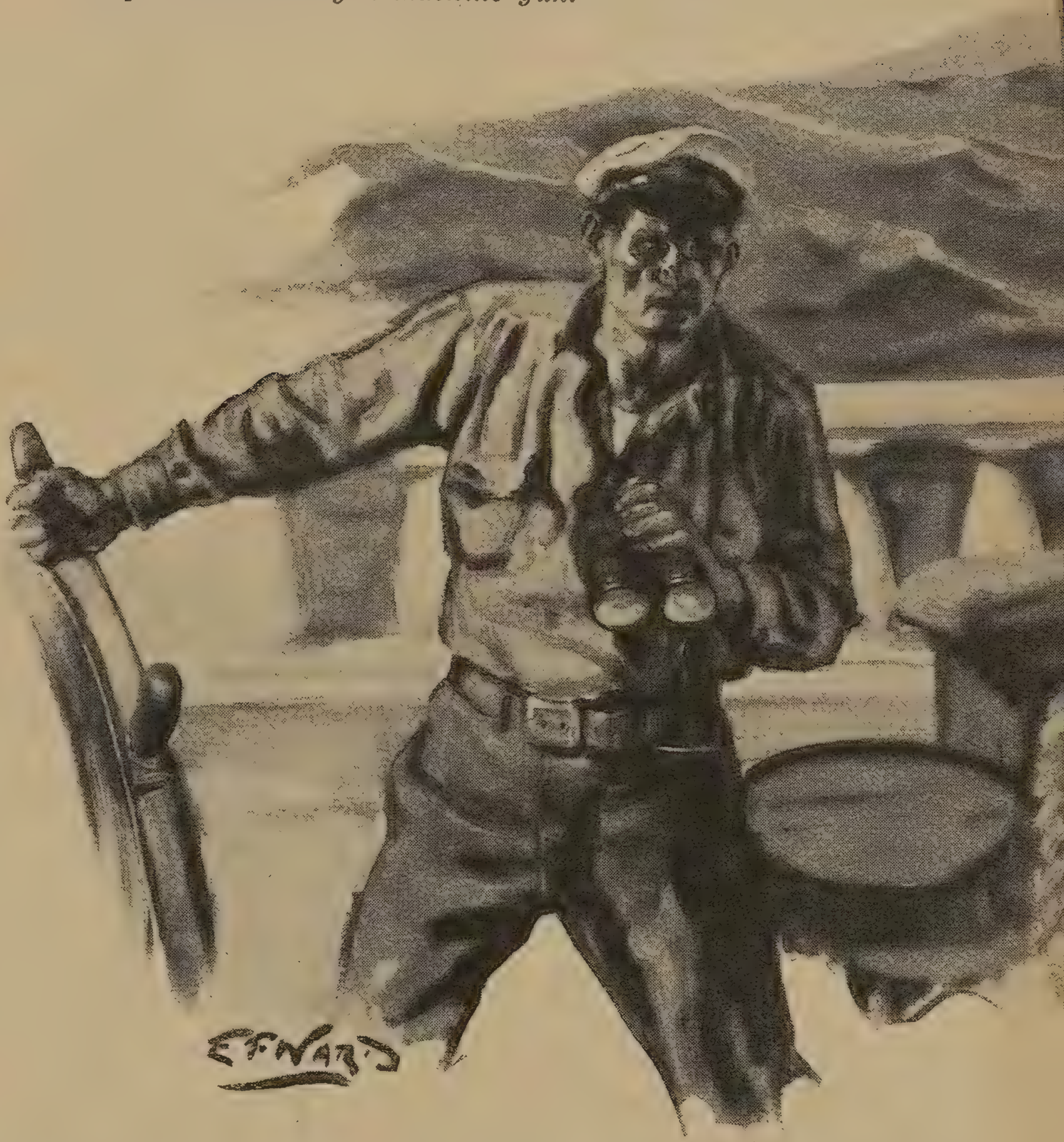
"Cap'n says a destroyer is speaking the schooner, sir."

"So?" said John easily. "Well, go back and tell the captain to take his exact position and to steam on a fixed course—take soundings if he can. Tell him we'll jettison cargo at the first sign of the destroyer following."

"Aye, aye, sir. He's got the nets out and he's kep' the for'ard boom up."

"Good. We'll look out for the stuff back here. Hey, Chub—"

But Mr. Hopping was already at the main companionway, blowing violently on his boatswain's whistle. His afterguard of six seamen turned out at the double, grinning as they came. They were devoted to the little man, throve on his mournful irony, and worked themselves to the bone for him.



THE master of the schooner reached for his glasses again; then he began yelling. Men tore feverishly at 'paulins covering a machine gun.

"SHIFT this deckload to the aftermost 'tween-decks compartments," he ordered mildly. "Four men to carry 'em down, two men below to rig the liquor trawl as fast as they come down. The lines are overhauled and coiled down alongside the bomb chutes. Two hundred pieces there are here. Step lively, gents. If the job isn't done in twenty-two minutes," he frowned at his wrist watch, "I shall shoot the last man to finish. I shall probably shoot him anyway. Afterward we'll have a drink."

The men guffawed happily and fell to passing the sacks through the deck hatch as though they were so many children's bean bags. Johnny watched a moment, smiling absently. Extraordinarily competent Chub was, rotten with leadership too, under his veneer of carelessness and lethargy.

"Got the rock salt?" John asked mildly.

"Certainly," said Hopping with some indignation.

Johnny walked slowly forward, inspecting as he went. Everything shipshape, except the contraband itself, and that was well in hand. He mounted to the bridge. The skipper laid down his glasses.

"Yeup, she's comin' after us," he stated impartially. He looked at the chronometer. "Wants three minutes to noon," he observed. He lifted his sextant from its case, moved out to the end of the bridge, and took a shot at the sun. Then he returned to the pilot house and placed a faint pencil dot on the chart.

Johnny had the glasses trained astern.

"She's coming fast—better shoot the works, cap'n."

"Couldn't be a better place," quoth Ben. "We're on a big shoal. Lead won't reach, but the chart gives no more'n sixty fathom."

He leaned out of the window and hailed the for'ard deck.

"Get 'em overboard fast as you like, Peters," he ordered. "Hundred fathom on your buoy line an' twenty on the salt."

"Aye, aye, sir."

The sacked liquor was piled on the foredeck in four equal-sized heaps. Each pile was secured in a great rope cargo net such as steamers use to swing baggage and small freight aboard. The derrick tackle was already hooked to one net. The boom arm swung outboard and three hundred quarts of imported spirits were dropped into the sea. The other three netloads followed at intervals of about two minutes. Then the boom was lowered away and secured in its chocks.

"A'right, Peters—report aft to Mr. Hopping," Ben ordered. "When he's finished with you, stand by for orders."

"We've got two more nets, haven't we, Ben?" demanded Johnny.

"Huh-huh—in the hold."

"Weight 'em, and heave 'em overboard."

"I get you," said Ben, and gave the order.

"Got our name changed back to Nosila?"

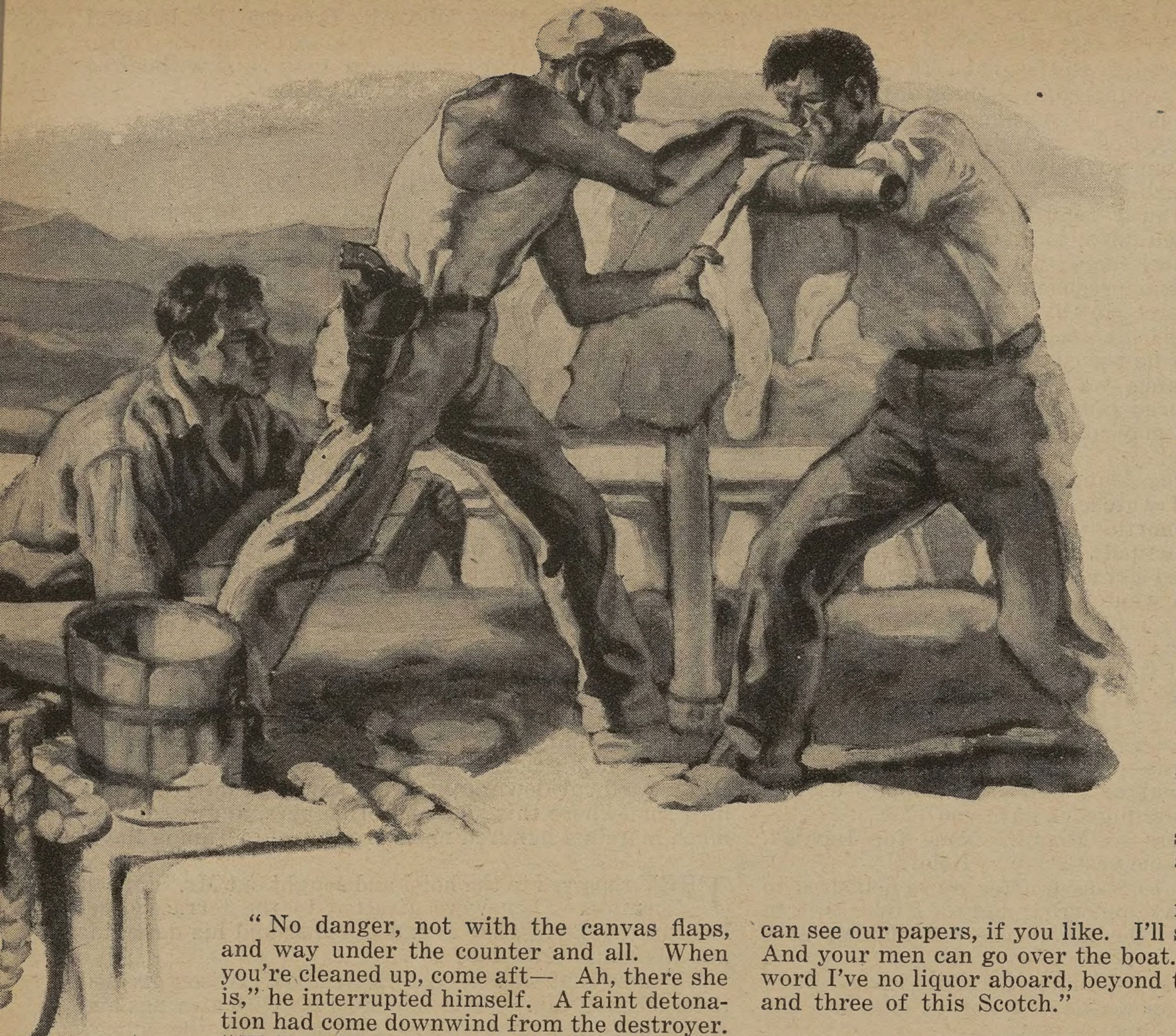
"Cripes, I clean forgot it, mister. I'll send a man aft." Ben looked almost crestfallen.

JOHNNY strolled aft. He met Hopping on his way to his stateroom. Chub was still in his dungarees, very dirty and sweating.

"Going to slick up and put on whites for our visitors," he offered cheerfully. Excitement—and food—always made him cheerful.

"Hoped you would," Johnny laughed. "I'm changing, myself. Got to remember this is a yachting party. Get rid of your stuff all right?"

"Absolutely. Say, that was one grand idea of yours, John, keeping the depth-bomb chutes on the old main deck. My sacks skidded out just as slick as anything. I hope to the Lord the discharge holes don't show from astern."



"No danger, not with the canvas flaps, and way under the counter and all. When you're cleaned up, come aft— Ah, there she is," he interrupted himself. A faint detonation had come downwind from the destroyer. "Well, we'll see how it feels to have someone board us for a change."

It was a very spruce and white-clad young ensign who boarded the Nosila some ten minutes later. And it was a very spruce and white-clad owner and a reasonably spruce guest who met him at the gangway. The officer came over the side very stiffly and impersonally. Hawks, who had been regarding him intently, suddenly smiled.

"Glad to see you on board, Jennings," he said. "Been playing any football lately?"

Young Mr. Jennings' head snapped up.

"WELL, for—for God's sake! If it isn't Johnny Hawks! But—but—must be some mistake. You haven't by chance been hijacking any rum schooners this morning, have you?" He looked utterly bewildered.

John smiled his crooked smile of charm.

"Not that I remember, Jennings," laughed John. "But come inside and I'll give you a drink. We're just from Havana and I've got some rather decent stuff aboard. This is Mr. Hopping—Lieutenant Jennings. We played against one another three years ago, Chub."

"Oh, yes," said Chub shaking hands politely.

"Not 'lieutenant,'" corrected Jennings; "haven't got there, quite, yet. Comfortable-looking boat you have here. One of the converted hundred-and-tens, isn't she? Rolls a bit in a seaway, I expect."

"She certainly does," agreed Hopping.

They sat in the cool of the small dining saloon. The steward—who had already set the luncheon table for three—fetched ice and soda and various bottles of whisky. None of it, by the way, any part of the recent haul, but all of it quite choice, and quite designedly and amateurishly purchased in Havana by the astute and detail-loving Hopping.

The young officer had been looking about him carefully but with obvious embarrassment.

"Awfully sorry, Hawks, but it looks as though I'd pulled a boner. Dago runner hailed me back there and claimed he'd been stuck up for his deckload. You were the only ship in sight, so I chased you. Minute I got near enough I saw that you weren't the boat he'd described. But there was nothing else in sight and —er— You haven't sighted anything headed north the last hour, have you?"

"Not a thing," said Hopping innocently, "except a funny old tub with high superstructure and a smart yellow stack."

"That's the boat!" exclaimed Mr. Jennings. "I'll be off. Well, if you insist, just one more peg—don't mind if I do. An' I'm damned sorry, Hawks—and all that."

"Don't mention it, my dear fellow. You can see our papers, if you like. I'll send for the skipper. And your men can go over the boat. But I give you my word I've no liquor aboard, beyond two cases of Bacardi and three of this Scotch."

"NOT interested in your liquor, not a particle. You're miles beyond the limit, anyway. But hijacking—that's piracy—tha's s'nother matter, you know—ridiculous in your case, o' course. No, Mr. Hopping, not another drop. Well, if you insist—no more than coupla fingers—got to be going. Funny thing, but you know—when I was overhauling you I thought I saw a dove—looked like a pigeon or something—flying away from your ship. Must 'a' been a gull—didn't fly like a gull, though. Damn' funny, wasn't it, what?"

"Ha-ha!" laughed Chub hastily. "Certainly was damn' funny."

"Yes," continued Jennings, "must have been a gull." He ruminated a moment, and took a long drink.

"Where are you gentlemen bound, by the way?" he asked vaguely.

"We were bound for Nassau, but we've just had a wireless and I've got to run into Miami to leave Hopping."

"Yes," enlarged Hopping somewhat superfluously, "my mother's dead." Which was well within the truth, since the old lady had been dead these ten years.

"Oh!" exclaimed Jennings with deep sympathy, and draining his glass. "How very too bad—awfully, awfully, awfully sorry." He reached for the bottle this time without invitation.

"Sure you won't stay and lunch with us?" urged Hawks.

"Can't be done, Johnny—simply cannot be done. Love to, Johnny old dear, but duty's duty. Call of duty to the squat stack smoker—squat smoke stacker, should say—but you know how it is."

"And then some," agreed Chub heartily.

"Well, I got to be going." Young Mr. Jennings rose decisively, and with surprising and absolute steadiness.

"Wish I could take Mr. Hopping into Miami for you, but I'm on patrol—back to the base tonight—got to get the smoke stack squatter—squat stacker, should say—

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

CORSAIR
Continued from page seventy-three

first. Funny that, isn't it? Gotta-git-back-to-the-squat-smoke-stack! Almos' poetry, come to think of it. Well—absolutely got to go now. Thousand 'pologies, gentlemen—" his voice trailed off wistfully.

They escorted the young officer up the deck to the gangway. Once out of the cabin, and in the presence of sailors, he pulled himself instantly together. He became steady as a rock. He dropped down to his boat with alertness and careless confidence, snapped his orders to his boat crew with curtness and precision. And the way he stood easily erect in the stern sheets and balanced himself against the rolling ground swell, the way he waved a genial farewell across the widening water, was a credit to the service that bred him, to the service which takes when it may and holds when it must.

Hawks and Hopping lounged comfortably against the rail and watched the destroyer tearing away to the north.

"Queer about his actually spotting the carrier pigeon, wasn't it?" remarked John. "Had me worried for a minute. By the way, what did you say to Slim?"

"Told him to notify Ludington's boat we'd be delayed one full day—meet us same time and place tomorrow. Also told Slim to beat it back to Havana and pick up the latest dope on sailings for us. We'll have to telephone him."

"Y-e-s," agreed John doubtfully. "I don't like this sending notes by birds—or any other way. Damn the wireless—having it out of commission cripples us terribly. How many more pigeons have you?"

"Two—both homers to Miami. None for Havana. You used up the last one yesterday to Kolof."

"Well, we'll put in to Nassau after we've delivered to Ludington at Gun Cay tomorrow night. I told Slim to wire me a code there the minute he had another ship for us."

"Fine," piped Chub. "I'm due for shore leave. But I suppose you'll stay on board so's not to run into the Corning crowd," he added sweetly.

John frowned.

"I've got to see Mr. Corning on business," he said shortly. "He wants another big load late in March."

"Of course, of course," Chub acquiesced soothingly. "And you've got to congratulate Alison in person. The engagement's announced—you knew that, I suppose?"

"Certainly I knew it," snapped John, and turned on his heel.

"The hell you knew it, young fellah me lad," murmured Chub gloomily to himself as his chief's back disappeared down the companionway.

IT was shortly after sunup the next morning that the Nosila might have been seen steaming at half speed back on the same course but in the opposite direction.

Captain Runker stood on the bridge, sweeping the early-morning flatness of the sea with his glass.

"There's the first of 'em—two points on the stabbord bow," he announced with curt satisfaction.

He swung his ship, stopped his engines, and drifted gently down on the big white lobster buoy.

It was a calm sea and easy. The heavy bags filled with rock salt had melted overnight, and the buoys were now bobbing gently and invitingly on the surface.

They were hooked aboard, the twenty fathoms of light line were taken in by hand, and then the cargo booms came into play on the heavily laden rope nets.

They recovered all four of these in an hour's work. Hopping's liquor trawl, as he called it, presented more difficulty. The buoys were located readily enough. But the sacked whisky—each individual sack made fast by a clove hitch to a continuous line at four-foot intervals—was hard to haul inboard. It looked and behaved like a gigantic subterranean necklace of brown rocks. But at last everything was aboard again, and without so much as a sack missing or a bottle broken.

John watched approvingly from the bridge.

"Bend on new salt bags and leave everything the way it is," he commanded.

"How come?" asked Chub.

"A long run and all day before us—might bump into another C. G. that won't give us so much time. Well, I'm going down and read a book."

That night they met Ludington's yacht and discharged their cargo. Hopping received his pay in cash and hid it out on the boat. As a matter of fact, that was what he always did—hid it out on the Nosila, took it ashore at the next port, and brought back enough for the crew and current expenses.

At three o'clock the Nosila crept gingerly into the harbor at Nassau. Chub and Johnny had turned in after leaving the position off Gun Cay. They arose to a late breakfast, donned fresh whites, and went ashore.

At the cable office they found a code from Slim. A schooner of Ferguson's—name, description, cargo, hovering position, etc., etc., given—sailing that night for Fort Myers on Florida west coast.

"Good!" exclaimed John. "Burton Childs has a big estate outside of Tampa; wants a load as soon as we can get around that side. We'll leave here in short order, run across to Miami, get Childs on the long distance, and tell him to send his boat to meet us off Tampa. If he says O. K., we'll cut down around the keys and intercept this bird somewhere this side of Fort Myers, and it can't be much more'n a hundred miles from here to Tampa Bay."

THEY repaired to the hotel and sought out Mr. Stephen Corning. They were directed to the terrace overlooking the bay. They found Corning and his daughter and his daughter's fiancé.

"I knew that was the old pickle boat," Alison greeted them offhandedly. "You can't fool me with awnings and deckhouses and new paint. I know her by the clumsy way she rides over her anchor chains.

"What kept you so long?" Alison then demanded. "Steve said you were due yesterday. Dick and I have been sitting around all packed and ready to go since yesterday morning?"

"Go where?" asked John with heavy presentiment.

"We're going out with you on your next trip."

Chub's eyes were wide.

"Over my dead body," he moaned. "I don't mind your getting shot, but I'd rather you did it ashore. John, you had this all fixed when you enticed me in here."

"No," said John slowly, looking intently at the girl. "It's news to me." He turned to Mr. Corning. Corning shook his head resignedly.

"I have nothing to say. Her mother has nothing to say. Bentinck has nothing to say—"

"Well, I have something to say," exploded John, "and that's this: There's absolutely and teetotally nothing doing. We're pulling out of here in an hour, and we're pulling out alone."

"Hear, hear!" applauded Bentinck.

And within the hour the Nosila did indeed pull up her mud hook and steam slowly out of the harbor of Nassau. But that night Mr. Hopping and Mr. Hawks slept on transoms in the main saloon. The Honorable Richard Herbert Francis Calmady Bentinck had Hopping's stateroom. The owner's cabin was given up to Miss Alison Corning.

The racketeers whose fortunes you've been following have lived through strange adventures—but none more extraordinary than those in next week's startling installment of Corsair.

	A	M	O	S		P	E	T	E	R		H	E	R	S	
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Answer to the puzzle on page 52

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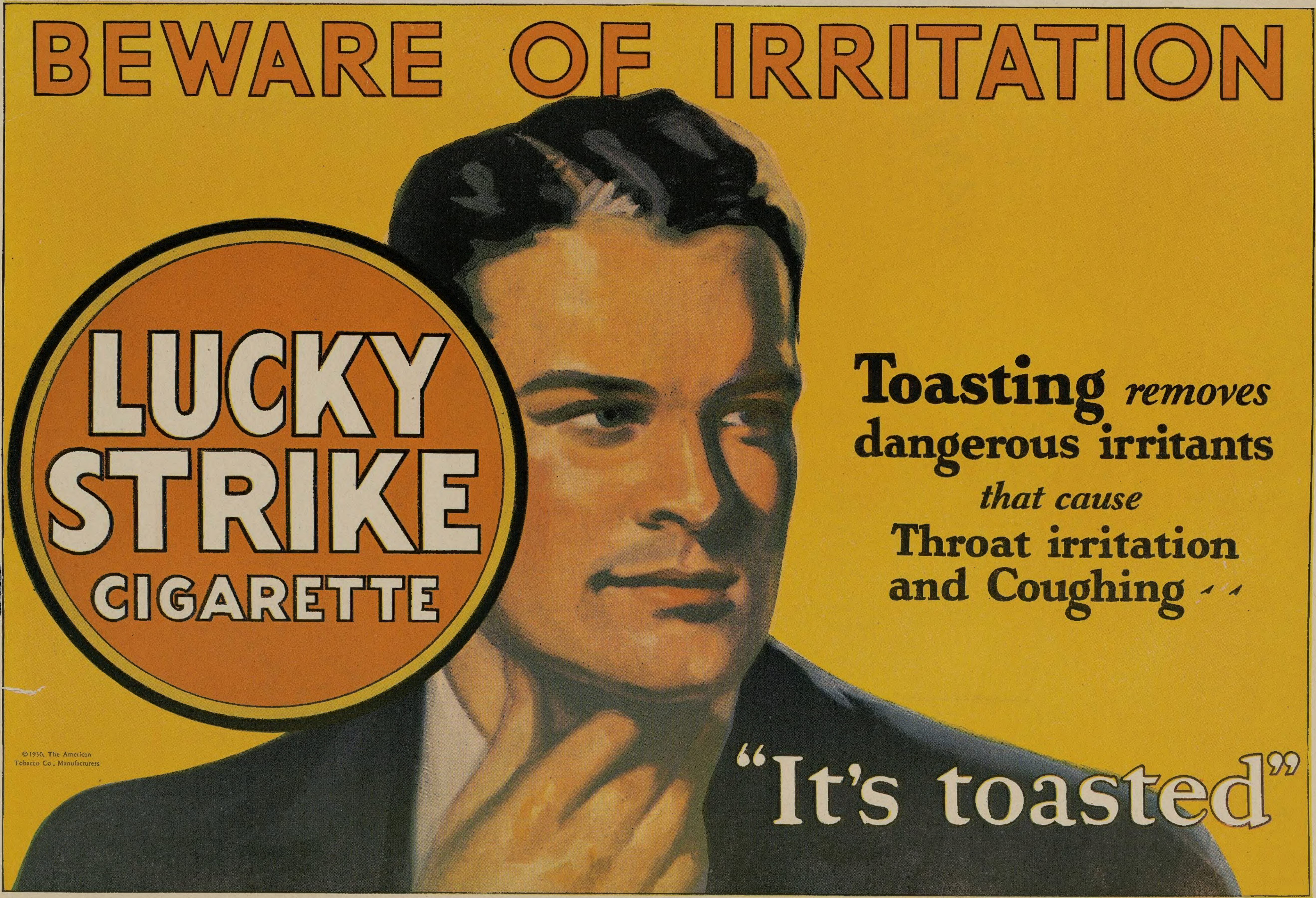
A	N	S	E	R		A	D	E	N		E	A	S	E
S	T	I	R	S		L	I	R	A		T	I	N	E
T	O	A	S	T		A	N	T	E		S	L	E	D

Answer to the puzzle on page 53



BEWARE OF IRRITATION

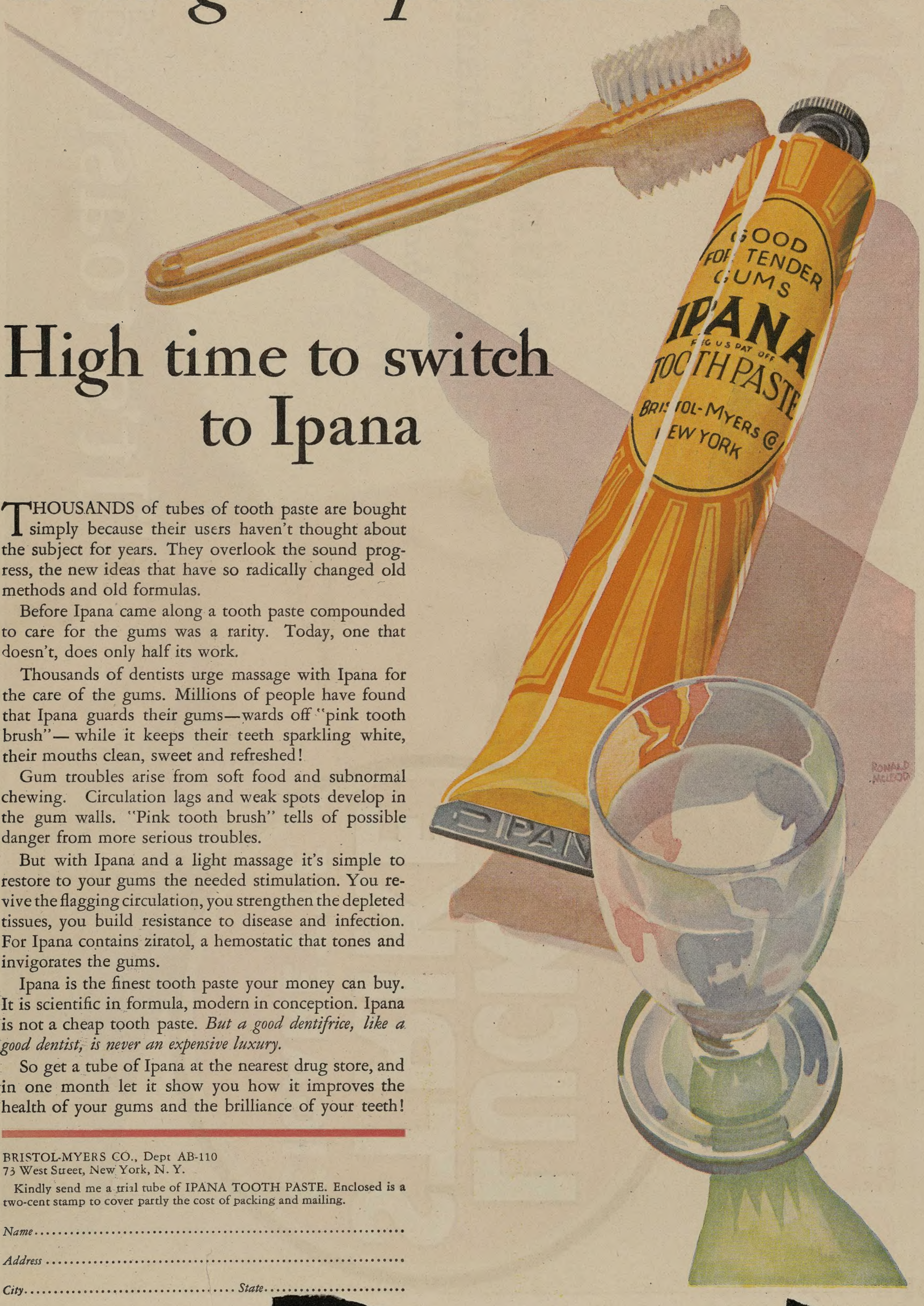
LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTE

Toasting *removes* **dangerous irritants** *that cause* **Throat irritation and Coughing**

"It's toasted"

©1930, The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturers

Tender gums . . "pink tooth brush"?



High time to switch to Ipana

THOUSANDS of tubes of tooth paste are bought simply because their users haven't thought about the subject for years. They overlook the sound progress, the new ideas that have so radically changed old methods and old formulas.

Before Ipana came along a tooth paste compounded to care for the gums was a rarity. Today, one that doesn't, does only half its work.

Thousands of dentists urge massage with Ipana for the care of the gums. Millions of people have found that Ipana guards their gums—wards off "pink tooth brush"— while it keeps their teeth sparkling white, their mouths clean, sweet and refreshed!

Gum troubles arise from soft food and subnormal chewing. Circulation lags and weak spots develop in the gum walls. "Pink tooth brush" tells of possible danger from more serious troubles.

But with Ipana and a light massage it's simple to restore to your gums the needed stimulation. You revive the flagging circulation, you strengthen the depleted tissues, you build resistance to disease and infection. For Ipana contains ziratol, a hemostatic that tones and invigorates the gums.

Ipana is the finest tooth paste your money can buy. It is scientific in formula, modern in conception. Ipana is not a cheap tooth paste. *But a good dentifrice, like a good dentist, is never an expensive luxury.*

So get a tube of Ipana at the nearest drug store, and in one month let it show you how it improves the health of your gums and the brilliance of your teeth!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept AB-110
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name..

Address..

City.. *State*...........................